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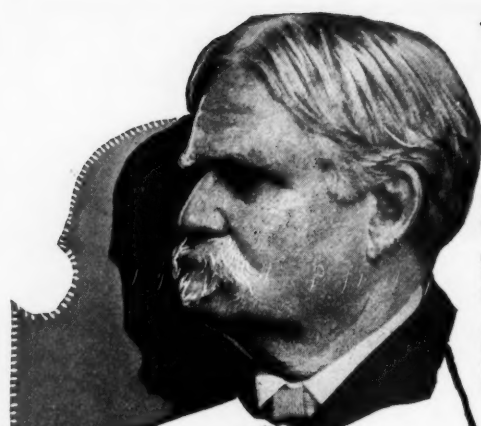
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Shear Nonsense

Seeking to Avoid the Penalty.

Congressman Hull of Iowa, according to the *Christian Register*, once sent free seed to a constituent in a franked envelope, on the corner of which were the usual words, "Penalty for private use, \$300." A few days later he received a letter which read: "I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is \$300 fine for private use. I want to plant them in my private garden. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately? I am a law-abiding citizen, and do not want to commit any crime."

A Victim of the War.

"Madam," said the tattered and torn supplicant to the benevolent woman who answered his timid rap at the door, "have you any old clothes you can spare for an unfortunate victim of the European war?" The *Truth Seeker* reports the conversation.

"I think I have, my poor man; but how can this happen? You cannot have been in this war, surely."

"No, madam," humbly replied the sufferer; "but my wife has sent all my clothes to the Belgians."

New England Weather.

The late George M. Stearns of Chicopee, Mass., spoke once at the dinner of the New England Club of New York. Previous speakers, says the *Christian Register*, had remarked concerning the different varieties of weather this section could produce. During his speech Mr. Stearns said: "I note what you say about our remarkable New England weather, but, gentlemen, let me tell you that any man who lives here the first twenty years of his life builds up such a vigorous constitution that if he then contracts a fatal disease he can live twenty years longer on the by-laws."

A Reason for His Baptist Faith.

An old negro, near Victoria, Tex., who was the only Baptist in the vicinity, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, altho he was unable to read a word. This, the New York Methodist *Christian Advocate* relates, was the way he "put 'em down."

"Yo' kin read, now kain't yo'?"

"Yes."

"Well, I s'pose yo' read a Bible, hain't yo'?"

"Yes."

"Yo' read 'bout John de Baptis', hain't yo'?"

"Yes."

"Well, you never read 'bout John de Mefodis', did yo'?"

The Power of Suggestion.

The teacher, wishing to impress on her pupils' minds the vast population of China, said, "Think, children, two Chinamen die every time you draw a breath!" A minute later, observes the *Woman's Journal*, her attention was attracted to little Jimmie James, who stood puffing vigorously, with face reddened and cheeks distended. "What is the matter, Jimmy?" asked the teacher. "What are you doing?" "Nothin', Miss Mary; just killin' Chinamen."

Childish Questions.

Sir William Ramsay once heard a brief conversation between a little boy and girl which *Tidbits* repeats:

"I wonder what we're here in the world for?" asked the little boy, who seemed to be suffering from some childish grievance.

"We are put here to help others, of course," answered the little girl, with an air of superior wisdom.

"Um!" exclaimed the boy, disdainfully; "then what are the others put here for?"



CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

ALEXANDER HARVEY

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

ONE YEAR OF THE EUROPEAN WAR— RECKONING UP THE COST

FOR twelve months now the most civilized nations of the earth have been devoting their greatest energies to the destruction of each other's lives and property. There are no very clear signs that the war is nearer an end to-day than it was two months after it began. On the contrary, it is being waged with greater resources and on a larger scale than ever, and the sodden misery that it spreads is deeper than ever, tho it is becoming a little less articulate as it becomes more despairing. The deadlock in France remains unbroken and the results in Poland and Galicia do not point to any finality. Probably eight million casualties have been incurred and fifteen billion of dollars worth of property destroyed. Great Britain has just floated the largest loan in history—five billion dollars—representing that part of her cost which she finds it necessary to turn over to posterity to pay. And Great Britain, according to Lord Lansdowne's speech in the House of Lords a few days ago, has only about 450,000 men in the arena of war and has not supplied them with the necessary munitions. "Wars always end more savagely than they begin," remarks H. G. Wells. Neither side is desperate as yet. What we shall see when one side or the other feels itself up against a stone wall is appalling to contemplate, tho how it can be any more appalling than much that has already been seen it is hard to conceive. The worst thing about the continuance of the struggle is that every additional month now prolongs the period of recovery in a rapidly increasing ratio. "This war and its consequences," says the usually optimistic Mr. Wells, "will never be 'over' and we have not even begun to realize what it has cost us." And this heretofore rosy painter of the future adds:

"There never was so blind a superstition as the belief that progress is inevitable. The world has seen the great civilization of the Western Empire give place to the war-

ring chaos of the baronial castles of the ninth and tenth centuries; it has seen the Eastern Empire for five hundred years decay and retrogress under the militarism of the Turk; it has watched the Red Indians, with rifles in their hands, grimly engage in mutual extermination. Is it still a blind world doomed to blunder down again from such light and order and hope as we were born to, toward such another millennium of barbaric hates and aimless wars? That is no mere possibility; it is the present possibility unless men exert themselves to make it impossible. It is quite conceivable that ours is the last generation for many generations that will go freely about the world, that will have abundance of leisure and science and free speech and abundant art and much beauty and many varied occupations."

The United States Breaking All Records as Europe Suffers.

IF EVERY war-cloud, as well as every other cloud, has its silver lining, then it is in the United States that the silver lining of this particular war-cloud must be visible. As the Old World loses its grip on progress and prosperity, the New World continues to break all records. Our monetary situation is described as "one of great ease." The surplus of the New York member banks of the Federal Reserve system had increased by July 1st to \$200,000,000—"a figure hitherto unapproached in the annals of the country." For the first time in our history our balance of trade has passed beyond the billion-dollar mark, and we have just begun to fill the huge contracts for munitions of war. Never before was an American dollar worth as much in exchange for the currency of other countries as it was worth last month. It was worth \$1.02 in British money, \$1.09 in French money, \$1.17 in German money, \$1.18 in Italian money, \$1.33 in Russian money, \$1.34 in Austrian money. The crop reports for July were glowing ones. Wheat seems reaching for a billion-bushel record and had got as far along in the July reports as 963,000,-

000 bushels. Corn aspires to a three-billion bushel record, the July reports showing prospects of 2,814 millions of bushels. Oats and hay are also promising record figures. Our stock exchanges, which a few months ago were closed for safety, have been doing a volume of business 70 per cent. larger than that of last year, before the war was even talked of, and the prices of stocks show an advance of eight points on an average for 25 industrials and two points on railways. Bradstreet's index number, based upon the prices of staples, showed "a new high level," and bank clearings had also caught the record-breaking epidemic and passed the high mark in the month of June.

**But a Day of "Retribution"
Waits For Us All.**

WELL, it all looks very fine, for an American, from a monetary and industrial standpoint, if he looks no further ahead than the end of his nose. But there is another side to the shield, even when it is looked at through the unsentimental eye of finance. "The United States," says the N. Y. Times, "has suffered a greater

loss on account of the war than any other neutral nation." Every wage-earner in the land probably has felt the adverse effect in what he buys or in what he earns or in both. Every investor has felt it, for, as the rate of interest has risen, the prices of old securities, at the old rates, have gone down. Business in general has felt it, for the vast amounts of capital being diverted into special lines for temporary purposes, and the vast credits extended to the warring nations, make so much less capital and credit available for the development of our normal business enterprises. Alvin S. Johnson, Professor of Economics in Cornell University, touching on this point in *The Independent*, says:

"We still have natural resources needing for their exploitation more capital than we can raise at home. But Europe has no capital to lend; instead, the European nations must secure for themselves whatever capital we can be forced to yield up. And this is the meaning of our favorable balance of trade. England and France are taking our goods and paying for them with our own securities. Sound values; but there is no way in which they can be set to work to build railways and hydro-electric plants, business blocks and homes."

THE CONTROVERSY WITH GERMANY—HOW IS IT GOING TO END?

THREE times our Government has notified Germany that we shall hold her to "strict accountability" for any American lives lost as a result of her policy of sinking merchant ships without giving those on board warning and an opportunity to escape. Three times Germany has replied and each reply has been a defense of her policy. She has not in so many words refused to change it, but she has given no assurance of any intention to change it. In her latest note, of July 8th, she again justifies the sinking of the *Lusitania* and refrains from doing any of the three things which she was told our Government "confidently expects" her to do—namely, disavow the act of the submarine commander, "make reparation so far as reparation is possible," and "take immediate steps to prevent the recurrence" of such deeds. On the contrary, on July 9th an attempt was made to repeat the *Lusitania* horror. The *Orduna*, of the Cunard line, with nearly five hundred passengers on board, twenty-one of them being Americans, was attacked by a German submarine, the torpedo missing her stern by about ten feet. A number of shells were then fired at her, none of which took effect. But for a still more recent occurrence we would seem, therefore, to be just where we were at the beginning of the controversy. On July 14th, six days after the latest German note was sent and five days after the attack upon the *Orduna*, a dispatch was received at Washington, sent from Berlin by wireless, which ran as follows: "German submarines are using every precaution to prevent loss of life on ships they attack, the Admiralty announced to-day. It stated that passengers and sailors of the ships encountered by the submarines are given warning of the intended attack and are granted ample time to take to the boats if no resistance is attempted."

**The Latest German Note and
Its Four "Concessions."**

THE first half of the latest German note is an argument to vindicate the course of Germany in this war. It might be misleading to call it apologetic, yet

the length to which it is carried indicates a consciousness that Germany is on the defensive before the bar of civilization, and an earnest desire to rehabilitate herself in the good opinion of the world, or at least of America. When, in the latter half of the note, the case of the *Lusitania* is at last reached, we find nothing further said about that ship having been a naval auxiliary or about her having carried guns. In the first reply stress was laid upon these claims. They are now apparently abandoned, and the whole stress is laid upon the alleged facts that British merchantmen have been ordered to ram submarines; that warning to the passengers of the *Lusitania* would have meant "the sure destruction" of the submarine; that it was to have been expected that a ship like the *Lusitania* would remain afloat long enough after being torpedoed to allow the passengers to escape; and that, if the ship had been

**IF GERMANY, FIGHTING THE REST OF EUROPE,
CONSENTS TO PERMIT THE UNITED STATES
TO USE FOUR (4) BOATS UPON
THE SEAS HOW MANY BOATS
WILL GERMANY PERMIT
THE UNITED STATES TO
USE IN THE EVENT THAT
GERMANY IS VICTORIOUS**



GET YOUR PENCIL AND SLATE AND FIGURE THIS OUT
—Deland in Columbus Evening Dispatch



"LAWS? I MAKE MY OWN LAWS"

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

spared, "thousands of cases of munitions would have been sent to Germany's enemies and thereby thousands of German mothers and children robbed of breadwinners." Then we come to what the press of Germany seem to regard as "concessions" that are so important that they will eliminate the last point in controversy and effect "a perfect agreement with Washington." Concession number one: "American ships will not be hindered in the prosecution of legitimate shipping and the lives of American citizens in neutral vessels shall not be placed in jeopardy." Concession number two: American passenger steamers will be permitted a free and safe passage on the seas "when made recognizable by special markings" and when the Imperial Government is "notified a reasonable time in advance." But in making this "concession," the Imperial Government "confidently hopes that the American Government will assume to guarantee that these vessels have no contraband on board." Concession number three: A "reasonable number of neutral steamers" may be sailed under the American flag so that "adequate facilities" may be afforded for our citizens to travel without going on ships sailing "an enemy flag." No objection would be interposed even to placing "four enemy passenger steamers" under the American flag, which also would be given "free and safe" passage.

**The Elephant that Wished
to be Obliging.**

THESE are the proposals which the German press seem to have greeted with enthusiasm and to have expected to solve the whole problem. The Berlin *Tageszeitung* calls them "extraordinary concessions." The reception given to them in the American press appears to have been something of a shock to the German public and to the German-American press as well. "The principle of the German attitude is sound," says the N. Y. *Staats-Zeitung*, "and we have now but to continue the friendly discussion of details." The *Germania Herold* of Milwaukee regards the note as "a master-

piece of obliging and honest diplomacy." The Cincinnati *Freie Presse* thinks it gives us "everything that can be asked," and the Detroit *Abendpost* thinks it is "perfectly satisfactory" and "meets all demands of President Wilson's note." This is the opinion of nearly all the German-American papers. The N. Y. *Herald* caustically remarks that "the German newspapers printed in this country show even greater zeal in serving the Kaiser than do those of the Fatherland." But it should be remembered, in weighing the utterances of these papers, that the speed with which the Germans who come to this country to live graduate out of the reading of American papers printed in German is proverbial among journalists, and has made the struggle of even long-established papers of that class an unusually hard one of recent years. They voice the sentiment of the newcomers from Germany rather than that of the Germans long resident here, who are more likely to read the same papers the rest of us read than those printed in German. As for the press in general, two general observations may be made in regard to its reception of the German note. There is a disposition, more marked in the middle West than in the East, to recognize a friendly intent in the note, even tho, as one writer puts it, it reminds one of a well-disposed elephant offering to set on a nest of pheasant's eggs just to be obliging. The second observation is that even before the German Admiralty's new order was made known and before the attack on the *Orduna* had been made, many papers were noting with satisfaction the absence of any repetition of the *Lusitania* tragedy and finding considerable hope in that fact. "It has been evident for some time," said the N. Y. *Times*, "that it was not Germany's purpose to persist in murderous warfare and she has been careful not to give us another *Lusitania* case as a ground of complaint against her." "So long as Germany does not actually persist in the course it was following at the time of the sinking of the *Falaba*, the *Gulflight* and the *Lusitania*," says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "there remains hope that any dispute will be kept within the bounds of diplomatic negotiations."

**Discussing Uncle Sam's
Next Move.**

IT BECOMES again our turn to move. What should that move be? Continue the correspondence in an amicable manner; send an ultimatum; recall our ambassador from Berlin and end diplomatic relations; or what? All these courses have their advocates. The Milwaukee *Free Press* sees in Germany's proposals "an honorable loophole for retreat," and it favors retreat. So does the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, tho it does not call it retreat. The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* sees in the note "a definite step toward a satisfactory settlement," and it counsels "the exercise of reason and restraint" on our part. The Chicago *Tribune* and the Hearst papers are conspicuous in the stand they have taken. The former thinks Germany's proposals should settle the controversy. It says: "We can make it absolutely safe for any American to travel to Europe. We can obtain a guaranty of protection for American ships. We can make the American flag an emblem of security for passengers and non-contraband cargoes." There ought to be material damage, it adds, as a preface to war, and "if we may avoid the damage, do we want the war?" The N. Y. *American* thinks that in the case of Great Britain

we have not gone far enough in the assertion of our rights and in the case of Germany we have gone too far. "The sole point at issue," it says of our dispute with Germany, "is whether Germany's submarine warfare against the ships of her enemies is a matter subject to the dictation of a neutral nation or a matter for Germany to decide." Nobody, it holds, knows what the rules of international law governing submarine warfare are, because such warfare is so recent that international law has no rules concerning it. They remain to be formulated, and no single nation, such as our own, can formulate them in advance of a general conference.

**"Send the German Ambassador
His Passports," Says Edmunds.**

AMONG the weightiest of the words of counsel heard since the German note was received is that of the venerable ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, formerly of Vermont, now, at the age of 87, a resident of Los Angeles. "I am an old man," he writes to President Wilson, "and have for long worn the badge of the Massachusetts Peace Society, but I can no longer endure the awful spectacle without an expression of my opposition to further discussion under the present circumstances." His counsel is to "cease futile correspondence, withdraw our ambassador from Berlin, and send to the German ambassador his passport." Mr. Roosevelt takes the same view and would in addition forbid all commerce with Germany and encourage "every kind" with the Allies. Frederic R. Coudert, an eminent lawyer of New York City, regards Germany's proposals as insolent, and thinks that what they mean is "that we would be traveling at the license of the German Government and not because we are American citizens under the American flag and entitled to free transit on the high seas." Not to sustain the President now, says Mr. Coudert, "would be to stamp our people as a nation of bluffers." "What right have we," asks the *Boston Transcript*, "to retain a seat among the self-respecting nations of the world if we abandon our dead to their fate and bargain with the murderers for the safety of our living?" The *N. Y. Tribune* sees in the issue something larger than American rights:

"Our position affects the interests of many nations, some of whose dead have been scattered upon the seas in the *Lusitania* killing as were our own. If we accept German 'concessions' they will perforce have to do likewise. International law, all precepts and practices of humanity, will be swept aside and henceforth any nation that feels itself strong enough to make the venture will subordinate all questions of right and humanity to those of national desire and interest."

The *N. Y. Times* takes the same view. Any retreat on our part "would be a backward step toward the semi-barbarous times when neutrals had no rights at sea which belligerents were bound to respect; it would be an abandonment of one of the chief fruits of the long struggle for the better protection of the interests of neutrals, it would be a breach of our obligation to other neutral Powers." The *N. Y. Evening Post* considers Germany's proposals "either ridiculous or insufferable," yielding nothing of material value. That the President can retreat from his position it regards as "inconceivable."



MY WORD!
—Westerman in *Columbus State Journal*

**Shall We Desert the Cause of
the Neutrals?**

BUT this hot spirit of resentment is by no means confined to the Eastern press. It is widely prevalent. The *Chattanooga Times* is of the opinion that the President should "refuse to discuss any further the irrelevant matter raised by this last reply of the Kaiser's Government." The *Chicago Evening Post* thinks that to abandon our position and accept Germany's suggestions for immunity would be to compound a felony and desert the cause of the neutrals. The *Deseret Evening News* sees in the note "utter contempt of the United States' promise to omit no word or act to bring about a decision favorable to its own contention." "Should this Government attempt to guarantee that cargoes are not contraband," says the *Wichita Eagle*, "it would be equal to entering the war as Germany's ally." The *Louisville Courier Journal* sees evidence of a "widespread conspiracy" in this country such as filled the French and Belgian frontiers with concrete gun carriages, supplied volunteers in Ireland with arms prior to the war, and fomented a labor revolution in Russia. It urges Federal officers to begin at once to "throw a net about suspicious persons and places." The suggestions in the German note seem to the *Topeka Capital* "hardly short of insulting," and it thinks the time has come to break off the wordy conversation and to invite neutral nations to a conference. The *Houston Post* can see little reason to believe that any further negotiations will result in anything tangible, tho it is not averse to trying them. Here is the way the *Jacksonville Times-Union* sums up the case: "If his government will not protect the American citizen in the enjoyment of his treaty rights why make treaties? If we are to allow treaties made with us to be violated whenever another is willing to set up the claim that a violation is 'necessary,' then we should join Germany in the declaration that all treaties are but 'scraps of paper.'"

AMERICAN MUNITIONS AS THE DECISIVE FACTOR IN THE EUROPEAN WAR

IT IS far from absurd to assume that the decisive contest in the European war may yet be fought in the United States. That is to say, that the fate of Europe may yet hang on the question whether or not this country shall continue to furnish arms and ammunition to the Allies. This is a war of artillery. In a four-hour bombardment in the fighting in Galicia last month, 700,000 projectiles, according to an official report from Petrograd, were hurled from the German guns, or nearly 50 each second. "Generally speaking," so runs the report, "the enemy uses in an attack ten projectiles of medium caliber weighing over 800 pounds against each of our riflemen holding a space of about one yard on the front of our trenches." At the battle of Neuve Chapelle, in northern France, a few weeks ago, the British are said to have expended more shells in one day than were expended in the entire South African war. These facts are sufficient to indicate the tremendous importance of an unlimited supply of metal. Germany's advantage in this point has been marked. Her normal supply of pig-iron, for instance, is about 19,000,000 tons a year, as compared with 10,500,000 tons in Great Britain and 5,225,000 in France. But in addition to her own supply Germany also has command of a large proportion—estimated as high as 86 per cent. by the secretary of the German Association of Iron and Steel Manufacturers—of the pig-iron supply of France. The total supply in the hands of the Teutonic allies, as estimated in an editorial in the *N. Y. Times*, is 26,226,000 tons as compared with 18,000,000 tons in the hands of their enemies. The importance of the vast

production of pig-iron in the United States—31,000,000 tons in 1913—becomes obvious.

**The "Demand" that Congress
Put an Embargo on Munitions of War.**

NO WONDER, therefore, that the question of American munitions becomes one of prime importance to both sides and may become the decisive factor in the war. So important is the matter to Germany that she seems willing to take chances of war with us rather than abate her submarine attacks upon ships carrying supplies to the British or French. All the activities of the German-Americans are directed to the stoppage of these supplies. The Sons of Teutons in Chicago, who had arranged a large mass-meeting at which Mr. Bryan was to be the chief speaker, canceled the arrangements for the meeting when they learned that he refused to speak in behalf of an embargo on arms and ammunition. Large posters have been placarded on the bill-boards of the big cities carrying an address to American citizens as follows: "Uphold the hands of the President in his noble effort to preserve peace by urging that Congress empower him to stop the exportation of arms and ammunition from the United States to Europe." As the President has clearly declared that we can not stop such exportation without a violation of neutrality, the misleading character of this appeal ostensibly in his behalf is apparent. At the big meeting held in Madison Square Garden, New York, just after Mr. Bryan's resignation, a resolution was adopted after his address and the "demand" made that the government place an embargo on munitions, "thus giving the world an exhibition of practical wisdom, of humanity of spirit, and of the completest possible fulfillment of perfect neutrality." This was adopted despite the fact that Mr. Bryan had only a few days before reiterated his views, as expressed in a letter to Senator Stone, January 24th, that such an embargo "would be an unneutral act." A chain of mass-meetings has been planned to adopt similar demands. Petitions for an embargo have been sent to the President bearing three million signatures. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that an energetic campaign has been undertaken to secure action by Congress in favor of an embargo. The subject will figure conspicuously in the next session of Congress, and, unless the war ends before that time, in the next presidential campaign.

**Orders For Munitions Run
Into Big Figures.**

JUST the extent to which munitions have been already furnished by this country or have been ordered is a matter of dispute. In a widely published interview with the Crown Prince of Bavaria, he is reported as saying that fifty per cent. of the shells used by the French army in recent engagements were of American make. Official denial was promptly made by the French Government, July 1, saying that "France has bought no shells of any sort in the United States since the beginning of the war." The *Fatherland* of July 14th estimated that munitions of \$400,000,000 in value had at that time been shipped; but it admits that "even comparatively accurate data" have been very difficult



SAVAGE, WHY DO YOU STARE?

—Donahoe in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

to obtain, and its only source of information appears to be "reports published in newspapers," from which, it says, "we believe that we can give some idea, however limited, of this business of death." The N. Y. *Evening Post* declared several weeks ago that investigation showed that up to that time—the middle of June—not an American shell had reached the firing line in France, and it biting remarked of the Crown Prince's estimate that it furnishes another reminder of "the appalling unscrupulousness of German assertions relating to the vital facts of the situation in all directions." The most elaborate and definite statistics we have seen on the subject appeared in the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* in the last days of June; but they referred to orders, not to deliveries. It said that financial credits had then been established here by the Allies to the amount of \$1,500,000,000, and that "contracts involving practically half of this impressive total" were then traceable. Of this sum only about one-tenth was for ordnance contracts—shells and rifles and cartridges. About two-thirds was for heavy tonnages of iron, steel, copper, spelter, lead, antimony, etc. The steel "leaves this country in innocent form" and is manufactured into the various forms desired abroad. Other large contracts are for railroad equipment—\$78,000,000 of these from Russia alone. Machinery—electrical and steam—machine tools and small tools for trenching work amount to about \$100,000,000. According to Hudson Maxim, whose sources of information ought to be exceptionally good, American plants for the production of explosives, cartridges, shrapnel and rifles have increased their capacity since the war to ten times their former capacity, and by the middle of the coming winter the increase will be thirty-fold. Yet even so, he says, our contributions to the supplies of the Allies amounts so far to only about two per cent. of what they are consuming.

Our Country as "A Workshop of Death."

OUR country is fast "becoming a workshop of death." This is the way a pamphlet begins which has been issued in protest against this trade in munitions. It is signed by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, formerly of England, now of San Francisco, and the Rev. Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester Theological Seminary. Our government, so runs their joint argument, has power to forbid the exportation of arms. If the nation is silent, it consents to what is done. With us it is no question of self-defense, but merely a question of cash. We in this country have taken high ground on war questions. "If this war proves to be the bloody angle at which the road turns from ages of warfare to an age of peace, history for centuries to come will study the part played by different nations on this Calvary of humanity. Is America, then, to stand in the sight of posterity with a bag in its hands?" Stress is laid upon the after-effects of building up large plants for the production of war materials. "They will create an American war party. When the foreign market fails, they will turn to the home market and we shall feel their influence in the demand for American militarism." The sale of arms by neutrals is not to the advantage of the small and peaceful nations. It was Great Britain, not the Boer republics, for instance, that profited by such sales. Our government prohibited the exportation of arms to Mexico, and there has been no explanation why that action would not be a just precedent in dealing with

the one-sided war-trade with Europe. "Our trade in arms is bad because it is inhuman; it is also bad because it is so plainly and tremendously one-sided that our whole neutrality is tilted to a dangerous angle and needs the prop of labored arguments. However our theories may run, the fact is that we are to-day part of the economic and military system of Great Britain and her allies."

Germany's Course at the Hague Comes Back to Plague Her.

IN THE discussion that has attended the agitation, several interesting facts have come to light. One is that when this subject came up at the Hague Conference for discussion and the proposal was made to prohibit the supply of war material by neutral states in time of war, it was Germany herself that caused the rejection of the proposal. This fact is brought out by the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger*, an important German paper, which adds: "The reproach leveled against America for supplying war material to our enemies is unjust." Various American papers point out that the Krupp works, in which the Kaiser is reported to be a stockholder, have supplied war material in large quantities to belligerent states, especially to Turkey in the recent Balkan war. Another interesting item, as brought out by the N. Y. *Herald*, is that Germany herself is now receiving war material from the neutral state of Switzerland. "The leading machinery and electrical houses in eastern Switzerland," says the *Herald*, "are working to full capacity in furnishing material destined to Germany." Even the war material from this country, according to reports published in the Philadelphia *Record*, is going in no inconsiderable quantity to Germany. A dispatch from Waterbury asserts that 10 per cent. of the war material shipped from that town goes to Ger-



THE OPTIMIST

—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

many; one from Hartford asserts that 12 per cent. of the Colt Company's product goes to the same country, and a dispatch from Bridgeport says that 15 per cent. of the war material manufactured there since the war began has gone to Germany. "Germany is neither being starved," says the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, in commenting on these despatches, "nor deprived of the power to continue the war. Why should we change international law and offend all of Germany's enemies to give her a preponderating advantage?" The German government itself, as pointed out by the *Chicago Evening Post* and other papers, has not asked us to cease the shipment of munitions of war. It has recently transpired, however, that the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria-Hungary sent a note to our ambassador in Vienna June 29th raising the question in a diplomatic way, and laying stress upon the "dimensions" our trade is assuming. "A neutral government," so runs the note, "cannot be allowed to trade in contraband unhindered, if the trade take the form and dimensions whereby the neutrality of the country will be endangered. The export of war material from the United States as a proceeding of the present war is not in consonance with the definition of neutrality. The American Government, therefore, is undoubtedly entitled to prohibit the export of war material."

The Crazy Attempt to Murder Mr. Morgan.

TWO incidents have added to the intensity of feeling with regard to this subject of munitions. One is the attempt upon the life of Mr. J. P. Morgan, the banker, and the other is the advertizement that the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company inserted in the *American Machinist* for May 6th. The attack upon Mr. Morgan was made in his home in Long Island by a crazy university professor. Armed with three sticks of dynamite and two loaded revolvers, he forced his way into the house and, being grappled with and thrown

by the banker, managed to shoot the latter twice before being overpowered, inflicting two wounds not fatal. Before killing himself in the jail to which he was taken the would-be assassin admitted that it was he that had the day before placed the bomb that wrecked the reception-room in the Senate Chamber in Washington. He was also identified as Erich Muentzer, a teacher of German in Harvard, who six years ago was indicted by the Grand Jury for the murder of his wife but who disappeared before the murder was discovered. Since then, under the name of Frank Holt, he had been teaching in various universities and had married the daughter of a Methodist minister in Texas. After his disappearance from Cambridge, he wrote to the members of the faculty threatening to get "the bloodiest, the most brutal kind of revenge" upon them all and expressing the desire to annihilate both Cambridge and Chicago at one blow! His letter to his wife and his confessions after his arrest following the attack upon Morgan indicated that he felt commissioned by God to stop the slaughter in Europe by stopping the shipment of munitions. He had secured a large amount of dynamite. The bomb in the Senate Chamber was the first form his protest took. The bomb which exploded in the hold of the *Minnehaha* on June 7th, setting fire to the ship but not destroying it, seems to have been the second. Then he had a crazy idea of seizing Mr. Morgan's wife and children, holding them as hostages while he compelled the banker to go out and dissuade the manufacturers from making any more munitions. The efforts to connect Muentzer's attempts with the German-American propaganda received some countenance at first, but as the facts came out about the man the conclusion as stated by the *N. Y. World* was generally accepted. "Irritating as this propaganda has been," said the *World*, "and unbalancing as it has proved in the case of one misguided man, it is an outrage to hold an entire race responsible, and it is a libel upon American citizenship to lodge sweeping accusations against that large and respectable section of our population which has reason to be proud of German birth or descent."

That Poisonous-Shell Advertizement.

WHEN Arthur L. Garford, president of the Cleveland Automatic Machine Company and a candidate recently for Governor of Ohio on the Progressive ticket, sent an advertizement to the *American Machinist*, he little suspected, we presume, that it would soon become a topic of discussion in the press of Germany as well as the United States. The advertizement was entitled "WORTH KNOWING." The first ten lines called attention to a machine made by the company which was adapted to produce two sizes of high explosive shells. The company, it appears, does not make the shells, but only the machines for making them. After the first ten lines, which would have attracted little attention, came these statements:

"We are going to say a little more—something which might be interesting. The following is a description of the 13 and 18-lb. high explosive shells which are now being used so extensively in the war to replace common shrapnel.

"The material is high in tensile strength and very special and has a tendency to fracture into small pieces upon the explosion of the shell. The timing of the fuse for this shell is similar to the shrapnel shell, but it differs in that two ex-



AN "APOSTLE OF PEACE"

—Rehse in *N. Y. World*

plosive acids are used to explode the shell in the large cavity. The combination of these two acids causes terrific explosion, having more power than anything of its kind yet used. Fragments become coated with these acids in exploding and wounds caused by them mean death in terrible agony within four hours if not attended to immediately.

"From what we are able to learn of conditions in the trenches, it is not possible to get medical assistance to anyone in time to prevent fatal results. It is necessary to immediately cauterize the wound if in the body or head, or to amputate if in the limbs, as there seems to be no antidote that will counteract the poison.

"It can be seen from this that this shell is more effective than the regular shrapnel, since the wounds caused by shrapnel balls and fragments in the muscles are not as dangerous as they have no poisonous element making prompt attention necessary."

Fanning the Flames of Indignation.

THIS is worded as a mere item of information. It appears in the form of an advertizement. The *Fatherland* reprinted it as an advertizement of poisonous shells. The German papers took it up and commented on it in indignant terms. Crown Prince Rupprecht referred to it in an interview. It was discussed at a cabinet meeting in Washington. Various explanations have been made that do not harmonize easily. The *Toledo Blade* says that Mr. Garford, when sending his advertizing copy, "included with it the translation of an account of a particularly vicious and devilish shell, an account of which he had found in a foreign periodical." Through an error in the office of the *American Machinist*, this account was included in the advertizement itself. Mr. Garford declares that his company has "never made or dealt in any shells, shrapnel or other weapons or ammunition of any character whatsoever." Another official of the company, J. P. Brophy, wrote to the editor of *The Vital Issue* that the remarks were inserted for a double purpose—to "put ginger into our advertizement" and to impress upon the American people the horrible character of modern warfare so that there will be less clamoring for war. The *N. Y. Times* expressed the belief that the whole thing was "a hoax, diabolically planned for purposes of propaganda" against American manufacturers. There the matter stands, an incident which, in the strained relations between the two nations, has been made to fan the flames of indignation on both sides.

Victor Berger Reproaches His German Friends For Inconsistency.

FROM Maine to California and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, says Dr. Edmund von Mach, in the *Boston Transcript*, "Americans of German descent have risen like one man demanding that the traffic in arms shall be stopped." It seems unfortunate for the logic of their demands that some of them did not begin a little sooner. The *Milwaukee Leader*, the Socialist paper edited by Victor L. Berger, asserts that such a proposal was made by him and by the Socialist party at the very beginning of the war, when it could have been carried out without prejudice to either side. "Starve the war and feed America" was their cry. Did the German-Americans of Milwaukee support the proposal then? They did not, says Mr.

Berger's paper. Instead, the *Germania Herold* and the *Free Press* denounced him as an enemy to the Fatherland because of his assumption that Germany might require any help against Russia and her allies. But whether the German-Americans have been consistent or not, is, in the judgment of Mr. Hearst's papers, aside from the main point. "If this nation as a whole," says the *N. Y. American*, "is as sincerely committed to the cause of peace as it pretends to be, it ought not to be taking money for providing the belligerents abroad with murderous weapons of war. If we are going to stand merely on our technical rights, we can send arms and munitions abroad; but let us then stop prating about our deep devotion to the cause of peace." The *Chattanooga News* is another paper that takes this position. "If what international law permitted in the past," it says, "was wrong, ours as a moral nation should not continue to do immoral acts." We shall lose more than we gain in the centuries of bitter hatreds engendered and in the lowering of our ideals as to our nation's destiny.

Would An Embargo On Arms Involve Us In War?

IT CAN not be said, however, that this view has made much headway if the press of the country is any fair index of public sentiment. The position assumed by our Government in the note to Count von Bernstorff June 21st is sustained with wide unanimity. That position was that this Government has no choice open to it, but that "any change in its own laws of neutrality during the progress of a war, which would affect unequally the relations of the United States with the nations at war, would be an unjustifiable departure from the principle of strict neutrality. . . . The placing of an embargo on the trade in arms at the present time would constitute such a change and be a direct violation of



TALKING HIM TO DEATH

—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

the neutrality of the United States." According to Professor Ellery Stowell, of Columbia University, we have no right, during the progress of hostilities, to modify our neutrality regulations in any way such as to materially affect the interest of either belligerent, "unless such modification is necessary to protect our interests or to provide for our national security." To interfere now with the shipments of arms for any other reason "would be an unfriendly act toward the Allies, who would have us absolutely at their mercy should they wish to retaliate." The *Chicago Evening Post* does not believe that Germany dares to ask us to establish such an embargo, because such a request would constitute a precedent and would debar her from selling arms in the future to warring nations—a thing she has always done, and which she wishes to be free to continue to do. The *South Bend Tribune* can see but one outcome to

such interference: "We would be drawn into the war as certainly as the British fleet sails the seas." The *Springfield Republican* thinks that the agitation for an embargo has had very little effect except to drive a disordered mind into an attempt at murder. "If the United States should unhappily become involved in war with Japan," it asks, "would it be to our interest to be cut off from purchasing munitions in Europe?" It would be the height of folly for us to take such a course, in the judgment of the *Louisville Evening Post*, the *Knoxville Sentinel* and a long list of other papers in all sections of the country. "How much further," asks the *St. Louis Star*, published in a center of German-American influence, must the pro-German program in this country go before it becomes seditious? "It is dangerously near to that now, and sedition and seditious tendencies should be suppressed."

True, Jane Addams failed to end the war. All those who succeeded please join in the jeers.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

If Germany doesn't act better we may have to do something to Mexico.—*Toledo Blade*.

BERLIN IMPRESSIONS OF A WASHINGTON ATTEMPT TO BLUFF THE FATHERLAND

IN SPITE of hints in such Jingo organs as the *Hamburger Nachrichten* that Count von Bernstorff is not sufficiently Bismarckian for the Washington ambassadorship, there seems to prevail in the press of Europe a belief that his conciliatory methods reflect the present spirit of the Berlin foreign office. The Imperial Chancellor, it is positively affirmed in the London press, is very anxious to avoid not only war with the United States but anything like a rupture of diplomatic negotiations. His attitude on this point is faithfully reflected in that of Herr Gottlieb von Jagow. That explains the somewhat drastic action of the censors in suppressing for a day or two certain newspapers which, like the *Tageszeitung*, insist upon giving utterance to pronounced anti-American sentiments with particular reference to the crisis affecting present relations between the Wilhelmstrasse and our Department of State. There have been moments when the *London News* was tempted to speculate upon the possibility that Germany is trying to goad this country into war. This suspicion prevailed even prior to the last attack on a ship of ours. Emperor William and the men in his confidence are at this moment, we are now assured by the foreign press, doing what they can to keep the peace with the last important neutral left in the world.

German Popular Misconception of the United States.

WHAT hampers the Wilhelmstrasse in conducting its negotiations with Washington is the prevalent belief among the German people that this country is "bluffing." Readers of the German press for the past four or five years will not have to be told that important organs of opinion like the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and the *Kreuz-Zeitung* regularly indoctrinate their readers with unfavorable views of the American character, the latter daily going to lengths suggestive of the *London Saturday Review* in its pro-German days. Since the outbreak of the war, with its consequences upon relations between Germany and ourselves, the tone of the German dailies mentioned has grown more and more critical. The *Kölnische Zeitung* has joined in the chorus

of late. It would be easy to compile quite a list of German dailies which present this country to their public as a land of chicane, humbug, hypocrisy and, above all, bluff. These impressions have had their effect in forming opinion in the fatherland at the present juncture. German newspapers wittingly or unwittingly sharpen resentment at home when they intimate that in this country we deem the submarine campaign a sort of bluff for Americans to "call."

German Dislike of Lectures from America.

THE moment it became apparent to the leading organs of Berlin that our appeal to the German foreign office took the form of a lecture on humanity, there was a fresh outburst on the subject of the sale of munitions of war. The Americans, complains the *Tageszeitung*, read the fatherland their lesson in humanity at a time when they reap profits from the sale of the instruments of death. This attitude has been pointed out in every important German newspaper as a gross inconsistency, indicating conclusively to the *Kölnische Zeitung* that the United States is a land of hypocrites. What particularly exasperates the *Tageszeitung* and the *Hamburger Nachrichten* is the fact, as they put it, of official Berlin's willingness to meet official Washington half way. The campaign of the German submarine against British commerce is not, adds the *Tageszeitung*, a game or a timid experiment, to be abandoned at the bidding of however powerful a neutral. The correspondence between our Department of State and the Berlin foreign office leads this paper and some of its contemporaries to hint that it implies a bluff on Germany's part. This rasps journalistic Berlin violently.

German Suspicion of an American Alliance with England.

IS THE United States a secret ally of the British government? The question was asked first of all, apparently, in the *Vossische Zeitung* and it has been echoed everywhere in the German press. Ever since the Spanish war a strong pro-British tendency has been

marked in the diplomacy of Washington, according to the Berlin paper just named. The late Admiral Mahan, it adds, did his best to prejudice the opinion of his countrymen against the world-politics of Germany. The idea of a secret treaty between this country and Great Britain does not strike the German mind as an inherent improbability owing to the Bismarckian tradition. Germany has entered into compacts of a secret character with her powerful neighbors behind the backs of her allies, unless the career of Bismarck has been misrepresented. In the opinion of the Berlin press, at any rate, the German people are suffering from a tangle of secret treaties and agreements for their undoing which they suppose to subsist among the great powers. As the London *News* remarks, many Germans have secret treaties on the brain and they feel that relations between Washington and London are suspiciously close.

Growth of German Hatred of America.

THE idea that Germany should be brought to terms by the United States and compelled to make war more humanely seems to the average German preposterous presumption. We copy this assertion from the London *Times*, a correspondent of which traveled widely recently throughout the German Empire. In one city he noticed that the word "American" on a sign-board had been covered over with white paper. Americans are already treated as if they were "the enemy." They dare not speak the language of their country in public. American notes, American protests against violations of the laws of war and American public opinion are all treated with a sneer by persons of prominence in their respective communities. "That America, the one country whose military strength is negligible, and whose professed humanity is mere sentimental sham, should dare to dictate terms, is a subject of mirth." To make matters worse, it appears that the foreign office in Berlin is utterly discredited in the eyes of Germans generally. Its policy is treated with unconcealed disdain by the great military magnates, who take no stock in its notes to anybody. This fact is ascribed to the tremendous loss of prestige suffered by the diplomatic body of the German Imperial government. Nothing would be likelier to restore this lost prestige to the Wilhelmstrasse than a successful effort

to make the Washington government recede from its attitude to submarine warfare. That is why Herr von Jagow is so courteous, but he knows well, it is said, that the Jingoism in control of imperial policy will never listen to any concession to America.

Germany's Theory that We Want No War.

NOW that the press of Germany has recovered from the bewilderment into which it was plunged by the resignation of Mr. Bryan, it begins to conjecture that the peace party in the United States will prevail over the uncompromizing adherents of the sterner Washington policy. The democratic and pacific *Frankfurter Zeitung*, always inclined to greater friendliness to America than its contemporaries, professes to be aware that people in the United States want no war with Germany. To the *Kölnische Zeitung*, supposed to be close to the Wilhelmstrasse, the question must resolve itself in the American mind into one of dollars and cents. If the great financiers who dominate opinion here find war a source of loss in a pecuniary sense, they will not let Washington go to war, it says. Germany does not, it adds, take outbreaks of indignation on the part of neutrals "tragically." Germany even prefers such outbreaks of indignation to "the sympathy the neutrals might show us if our country were devastated." America is now warned. The first protests from Washington were displays of simplicity according to this Cologne mouthpiece of the Berlin foreign office; but any more protests will be impertinence. The *Vossische* has a variety of reflections of which this is a typical specimen:

"It appears as if America will shirk the obligation to discuss with us preliminary questions concerning the character of the *Lusitania*. Whether this British ship had weapons and ammunitions on board seems to President Wilson much less important than to learn from us what we think of the prosecution of submarine war. We confidently hope our government will have nothing to do with such distortions of fact. If President Wilson wants a decisive answer from us it can not be other than that the *Lusitania* was a British ship with contraband war material, to torpedo which we had an absolute right within the war zone. We can not allow ourselves to be lectured even by the United States, on this right, which we exercise in self-protection."

The Sea of Marmora continues to be strewn with predictions.—*N. Y. Morning Telegraph*.

In its avidity for concessions, Germany seems to have mistaken us for a South American nation.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

MR. ASQUITH'S MYSTERIOUS DISAGREEMENT WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE

NONE connected with the press of London seemed able all last month to ascertain definitely whether Prime Minister Asquith and his sometime follower and lieutenant, David Lloyd George, had become bitter enemies. There was much talk in gossipy political organs like London *Truth* of a plot hatched behind the scenes of politics to dethrone the Prime Minister and set up the Minister of Munitions in his stead. The difficulty is ascribable, it seems, to Mr. Asquith's adherence to certain traditions of Liberalism even in the stress of war. Mr. David Lloyd George has imbibed more Socialistic notions and would enforce an industrial policy indistinguishable from the collectivist ideal. At any rate, shells, high explosives

and big guns would be produced according to his program under conditions approaching public ownership of the means of production and distribution, with the state regulating wages and fixing the rate of profit. The theory is reconcilable with the attitude of such dailies as the London *Times* and the London *Mail*, which some Liberal organs accuse of being in the conspiracy to unhorse Mr. Asquith and place Lloyd George in the seat of power. The most important immediate result of the alleged break between these men is the possibility that the coalition cabinet now governing Great Britain may fall. This might mean a general election, which the coalition was originally devised to prevent.

Obscurity of the Political Crisis in London.

TO THIS day the coalition is invested with an atmosphere of mystery which no London organ has managed to pierce. For example, as the *London Mail* says, nobody really knows why this coalition emerged at all. In answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith replied that the formation of a coalition government was "not in contemplation." A week later he announced to an astonished Parliament that steps to that end had already been taken. "What had happened in the interval? What was it that precipitated a revolution without precedent in our political history? Why did Mr. Asquith change his mind?" To these questions neither the paper which asks them—*The Daily Mail* (London)—nor such well-informed Liberal organs as *The Westminster Gazette* can find an adequate reply. Even the Irish Home Rulers have yet to understand, according to Mr. Dillon, why the late Asquith ministry was displaced. Mr. Asquith's own explanation is held to be no real explanation. Up to the last moment, he said to the Commons the other day, he did not know what to do. Then he decided to broaden the basis of the cabinet so as to eliminate its party character—an explanation which is no explanation to many important English newspapers.

Continuation of the London Military Cabal.

EVER since the association of the name of Sir John French with the attacks upon the efficiency of Lord Kitchener in the *London Times*, there have been charges that commanders in the field are in a sort of conspiracy against the War Office in London. Mr. Asquith took one side in this controversy. David Lloyd George took another. That is the German view, set down in such papers as the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* on the authority of persons unnamed. The press of Paris, which paid some attention to the rumors at first, became suddenly silent, the result, it appears, of a very rigid official censorship. No French newspaper, it ap-

pears from our German contemporaries, is permitted to hint at the existence of anything but perfect concord among the English. Nevertheless, the evidences of strain appear everywhere in the press of London, *The*



THE WORD-LORD

KAISER (to Uncle Sam): "Everything can be explained; I can put the whole thing in a nutshell, if you'll only listen to me for three years, or the duration of the war." —*London Punch*

Morning Post, organ of the Conservative interests, making these remarks:

"When Lord Kitchener stated in a few grave words that more munitions were required, he said all that was either necessary or advisable. He did not divulge details. He did not say in what consisted the deficiency of ammunition or how much he wanted. The next step was to proceed to action. But the late Government, instead of proceeding to act, began to talk. Ministers said that the trouble was due to drink. Having wasted a good deal of time in trying to prohibit the sale of liquor, and failing to do so, the Prime Minister announced that there was no deficiency of ammunition at all.

"However, it presently appeared that Lord Kitchener had been speaking the truth, and after various volcanic disturbances in the political world, a Minister of Munitions was appointed whose single duty it should be to organize the resources of the country for the instant and sufficient manufacture of munitions. Could not Mr. Lloyd George, who has the cordial support of Parliament and of the entire country, have explained the scope of his office without at the same time quoting statistics which, if they are accurate, must at least convey an indication to the enemy of certain facts whereof it is advisable he should be ignorant?"

Will the Coalition in England Go to Pieces?

BECAUSE he insisted upon taking an independent line of his own without reference to the coalition ministry of Mr. Asquith, David Lloyd George has brought England once more within sight of a general



THE COLONIES TO ENGLAND: "HURRY UP, JOHN!" —Carter in N. Y. *Evening Sun*

election while war is raging. Such is the accusation hurled against him by some of his enemies. The country may before long find itself in the throes of a political campaign, concedes the *London Mail*, altho it does not deem Mr. Lloyd George responsible for the crisis. That gentleman has caused even his old-time Liberal supporters in the English press to comment with surprise at the lengths he seemed willing to go in suspending some constitutional guarantees. There was stern objection to some features of the "defense of the realm" act by the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *London Chronicle* has wondered at a tendency to restrict the privileges and rights of the House of Commons itself. This readiness to alter or abolish some traditional features of the British constitution under the stress of war has impressed the *London Standard*. Extreme radical opinion was affronted by hints from Lloyd George at compulsion of an unspecified kind, which he might bring to bear upon the workers if they were "slack." In short, the enemies of Mr. Lloyd George in the London press hint that his head is turned by the taste of absolute power he has enjoyed since the war began. He wants to become an absolute dictator. He is forsaking those Liberal and Radical ideas upon which he was brought up. In the cabinet, however, according to *London Truth*, he has not got his way.

**Mr. Lloyd George as the
Possible Prime Minister.**

SHOULD the schemes of the clique in the field be promoted by the success of the plotters in London, David Lloyd George would become the dictator of England. He has behind him a press once fiercely antagonistic, the most conspicuous representative of

which is the *London Times*. He is said to have been won over "in principle" to the idea of conscription, a project denounced in the *London Nation* as preposterous and unnecessary. Great Britain, we are told, has raised some three million men by voluntary enlistment already. Nevertheless, Lloyd George is accused of favoring conscription, of being committed to the view that Mr. Asquith and even Sir Edward Grey must go, and of deeming himself the savior of his country. He is praised from a somewhat different standpoint by his old enemy, the *London Times*:

"From first to last he [Mr. Lloyd George] has spoken to the people with the manly frankness which we have so often and so vainly demanded from those in authority since the beginning of the war. If any amongst them have felt honest doubts as to the wisdom of the course we have been rebuked for advocating, let them look at the effect of his words. Many of those who were foremost in disparaging and condemning the arguments and the statements he uses when they were used by *The Times* have 'found salvation' with exemplary suddenness. They are to-day convinced that nothing can be more patriotic than to say aloud from the house tops what it was *lèse majesté* to hint at last week. The nation have listened with gratitude and with relief. Here at last they have the kind of official statement for which they have been waiting; here they see a Minister who has the courage and sense to treat men as men, not as children; here they see a statesman who rises to the greatness of the crisis upon us, and who tells them that he is come not for talk but for business. That is the way to rouse Englishmen, and Mr. Lloyd George has done more to rouse them in forty-eight hours than all the Ministers together during many months." . . .

We have become so expert in war news that now we can tell by the date line just what we are going to read.—*Chattanooga News*.

Von Bülow says he made an earnest effort "to bring Italy and Austria together." And apparently he succeeded most admirably.—*Southern Lumberman*.



A MISSIVE FROM THE 42-CENTIMETER GUN

—Jugend



THE JAWS OF DEATH

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

COLLAPSE OF THE GERMAN SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN AGAINST ENGLAND

BRILLIANT as have been the achievements of Admiral von Tirpitz with the type of weapon with which his name must forever be associated, and formidable as must be the blows he is yet to deliver against the seaborne trade of Great Britain, there is little doubt among European experts best qualified to speak that the German submarine campaign does not attain the proportions of warfare. That is the well-nigh unanimous judgment of the press of Great Britain. It is endorsed by the press of France, where the submarine has been studied and used for years. The Italian experts do not disparage the submarine in the fashion of the English experts, but they marvel at the assumption in German newspapers that Admiral von Tirpitz has blockaded the coasts of Great Britain. Berlin dailies seem to have little doubt that England is now pent in as a result of Germany's war under water. That is not the impression of the allied press, which attributes the alleged disagreements among the men about Emperor William to a realization of the futility of the von Tirpitz campaign. In dwelling upon this phase of the existing situation, the *Paris Temps* admits that the lay world has an altogether erroneous idea of the progress of the famous war under water. The neutral world, it fancies, regards the submarine with a species of awe and the battleship as a relic of the past.

Why the German Submarine Has Not Subdued British Naval Power.

WHEN the resolute von Tirpitz promised the German people a victory over England at sea in no long time, he indulged in no insincere boast, according to an expert in the *Rome Tribuna*; but he did deceive

himself. The Germans thought the submarine a contrivance for which the English were unprepared. But, according to the *Paris Figaro*, few have any adequate conception of the pains taken by the British admiralty with the submarine. Admiral Jellicoe is deemed one of the highest living authorities on the tactics of the submarine. He first drew the attention of the British Admiralty to the fact that submarines can not be fought with submarines. That was prior to the outbreak of the war. Nevertheless, the British developed their own submarine equipment on an even greater scale than that of Germany. They experimented also with devices adapted to foil the submarine. That is why the transports have succeeded in taking General French's army safely to the mainland. In the list of Admiral von Tirpitz's miscalculations, as compiled by the allies, the torpedo tube is given a conspicuous place. The *London Times* professes to know that this torpedo tube has no flexibility of aim even in the latest type of German submarine. A hit by a submarine torpedo is often a matter of luck, unless the target be stationary. The submarines, moreover, will not face the destroyers and light cruisers with which the English police their waters. This has proved a bitter disappointment to Berlin, says the *Paris Temps*. Hints appear that the English harbors are defended by vast network contrivances in which a submarine enmeshes itself. There is reason to infer that Admiral von Tirpitz has lost important units from his squadron.



THE AMENDMENT

—Starrett in N. Y. Tribune



SOME BIRD

THE RETURNING DOVE (to President Woodrow Nash): "Nothing doing."

THE EAGLE: "Say, boss, what's the matter with trying me?"

—London Punch

Has the German Submarine Yet Won a Fight?

NOT once since the beginning of the war, according to the *London Times*, has a German submarine made a hit from a shot under water "in any colorable reproduction" of the conditions of actual warfare. There is much melodrama in the von Tirpitz "blockade" and much terrorizing of non-combatants; but there ensue no results from the standpoint of the science of naval warfare. Admiral von Tirpitz is said to ascribe some of his disappointments to inadequate cooperation by seaplanes, whose observations were counted on to aid in the actual aiming of torpedoes. The *London Times* insists, in direct contradiction to the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), that not once has a German submarine been able to enter a British harbor when an effort was made to obstruct its passage. While the allies thus speak of the collapse of the German submarine campaign, the press of the Fatherland still speaks of England as practically bottled up. The *Görlitzer Volkszeitung*, a Socialist organ which protested against the sinking of the *Lusitania*, can not, indeed, see what Admiral von Tirpitz has gained as a set-off against the increase he has caused in the number of Germany's foes. This paper, however, was suppressed. German dailies generally cherish no doubt of the triumph of the submarine in effecting the blockade of Great Britain. The *Paris Radical* deprecates the tendency of the allies to make light of the German submarines. The *Rome Messaggero*, on the other hand, notes that the plans of Admiral von Tirpitz for sinking Italian ships off the African coast proved a fiasco, tho the German press had hailed it as an important development of the war. Austrian submarines, it adds, keep in home waters, fearing to fall before the allied fleet. So far Norwegian commerce seems to have been the chief victim of the operations of von Tirpitz.

Admiral von Tirpitz and the Invasion of England.

ADDITIONAL evidence of the collapse of the German submarine campaign is seen by the British press in the abandonment of the German plan for the invasion of England. This invasion was a well-settled thing in Berlin military circles, according to the *London Spectator*, which believes that it must always be regarded as a possibility. There is still occasional mention of the coming invasion in the comments of military experts who discuss the war in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, but the scheme is by no means to the fore as it was a few months ago. That explains to the French dailies the nature of the rising feud between the military magnates in Berlin and the champions of Admiral von Tir-

pitz. The great general staff in Berlin, observes the *Temps*, consoled itself for the loss of Paris by the prospect of entering London. Admiral von Tirpitz need only retain the command of a narrow strip of sea for



"COME IN, THE WATER'S FINE!"

—Tuthill in *St. Louis Star*

eight hours to make possible the landing of two whole army corps. He has not achieved that feat yet and, in the opinion of the French daily, he never will achieve it. Admiral von Tirpitz retorts to this by the publication of maps of Great Britain and Ireland surrounded by numbers indicating the places at which ships have been sunk by submarines. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* is confident that London lives in terror of the German invasion by sea and land. What the foreign office of Berlin would have the English think is indicated by this extract from its organ, *The Continental Times*, issued in the English language for the benefit of neutrals:

"Mask after mask has been torn from Britain's face, rag after rag from her body, until now, bleeding at every pore and covered with stains and sores, she covers naked upon her island prison—the Sick Woman of Europe. England stands bewildered in the fog of her own obsessions, in the murky twilight of her own undoing, summoning up all the powers of darkness, greed, and malice to help crush her enlightened and heroic rival—so infinitely superior to herself in all the nobler phases of civilization."

THE EFFORT TO GET THE POPE AWAY FROM ROME

CERTAIN intimations of a tactful yet pointed nature were recently conveyed to Benedict XV. on behalf of the Quirinal that the departure of His Holiness from Rome now or in the near future would be interpreted by the Italian government as a manifestation of pontifical hostility. This assertion, so definitely made in some anti-clerical organs abroad but not confirmed by the *Osservatore Romano*, official organ of the Vatican, is the reply of the allies to what their dailies regard

as a scheme to place the Pope openly under German guardianship. When the Spanish government signified its readiness to provide His Holiness with a refuge, Madrid acted at the instigation of the British, affirms a correspondent of the *Vienna Zeit.* The contradictions and conjectures of the European press involve the episode in obscurity. A statement one day that Benedict XV. meditates a temporary departure from the eternal city is met on the following morning by an in-

dignant denial that such an idea ever entered his head. Foreign Minister Sonnino authorizes an emphatic denial of Berlin assertions that the Pope is not enjoying the full freedom which the law of guarantees provides. Roman dailies of the ministerial type assure Vienna and Berlin both that an alleged intrigue to make difficulties for Italy by raising afresh the question of the temporal power will prove futile.

The War and the Temporal Power of the Pope.

IN THE course of the diplomatic activities of Prince von Bülow as ambassador in Rome prior to the rupture with Italy he did all he could to assure the Vatican that the question of temporal power would be brought forward by Germany when the war ended. So says the radical *Secolo*, and there are suggestions of the sort in various foreign organs, which convey the idea that Pope Benedict XV. attaches great importance to the possibility. His Holiness has even been assured that to any general conference of the powers preparatory to peace, the Holy See will be asked to send a representative. Altho German papers imply that the invitation to His Holiness from Spain had a British origin, the English dailies, among them the *London News*, feel sure that the agitation to secure the departure of the Pope from Rome arose in Berlin. The Socialist organs adhering to the allies express their suspicion that Benedict XV. has been given a distinct interest in the success of the Teutonic foe by pledges with reference to the temporal power. If the allies win, matters must remain as they are, says the *Avanti*, at least as far as the temporal power is concerned.

The Pope and the Riddle of the Separate Peace.

BENEDICT XV. has been embarrassed lately by the efforts of the anti-clerical Paris press to connect him with the scheme of the Germans for a separate peace with Russia. The idea that the Vatican might promote this scheme arose in the court circles of Vienna, if we may accept a version of the tale in the *Messenger*. Cardinal Gasparri authorized a denial of the rumor at once, but it has since been revived. The nuncio at Vienna was said to have paid a secret visit to an important capital for the purpose of obtaining pledges on the subject of the temporal power in the event of a separate peace between Austria and Russia. Another rumor is discredited by the *London Times*:

"The idea that responsible advisers of the Pontiff could for a moment consider the removal of the Holy See from Rome cannot bear examination. Some such scheme was indeed mooted in 1878, on the death of Pius IX., and was speedily decided in the negative, on receipt of a courteous but firm intimation from Signor Crispi that the members of the Sacred College would be escorted to the frontier of Italy—and the Vatican be occupied once and for all by the Italian Government. Bismarck coquetted with a similar notion in 1881, when disorders arose during the transfer of the body of Pius IX. from St. Peter's to San Lorenzo. He used it, together with the threat of the restoration of the Temporal Power, to coerce a recalcitrant Italy into alliance with Austria and Germany. It is historically interesting that this idea should be revived now that the Triple Alliance has been destroyed by the adhesion of Italy to the Allied cause. But no words need be wasted to prove that in 1915, as in 1878, the Vatican will think not once or twice, but

many times, before entertaining any such plan. The dangers that confront the Roman Church and her Head are grave enough without adding to them unnecessarily other and graver risks."

The Political Sympathies of the Pope.

ON THE whole, it seems to responsible exponents of British newspaper opinion that the sympathies of the Vatican are with the German Emperor and the Austro-Hungarian Emperor-King rather than with the allies. This is explained in the *London Times* on the basis of the pontifical sympathy with the last of the great powers among Roman Catholic nations. France is a Roman Catholic land in a sense, concedes this observer, but she is not so Roman Catholic as is Austria. Anti-clerical organs in Europe, of the type of the *Avanti*, attribute this lack of sympathy in the Pope to his concern for the restoration of the temporal power. If Germany wins the war, the Pope will again reign over the historic states of the church. That is the anti-clerical belief. The possibility of the removal of the Pope from Rome is taken more seriously in Austrian dailies than in English organs. Never were the attacks of the *Neue Freie Presse* upon the rulers of Italy so virulent. Like many of its Austrian contemporaries it dwells every now and then upon the plight of the prisoner of the Vatican and upon the necessity of saving his august person from the perils incident to a state of war. A situation distressing to the entire Roman Catholic world might ensue were the sovereign pontiff misled into even an attempt at a spectacular procedure, in the opinion of the *Rome Tribuna*—a veiled expression interpreted in Germany as a threat. The press of the allies feels convinced that Benedict XV. is hedged about by a clique determined upon a policy of obscurity. "It seems doubtful," to quote a Roman Catholic correspondent of the *London Mail*, "whether the Holy Father has ever heard an honest account of facts." This authority attributes the alleged pro-German drift of Vatican policy to the machinations of Prince von



A DIFFICULT POSE TO HOLD

—Chicago Herald

Bülow before he quitted Rome. Thanks to his suggestions, we read, Emperor William has been very conciliatory in his attitude to the Roman Catholics within his own dominions. It is noticeable, too, that news-

papers supposed to be in touch with the Wilhelmstrasse, like the *Kölnische Zeitung*, comment upon the plight of the pontiff with unwonted sympathy and frequency. Italian sentiment, however, would be so gravely affronted, remarks the *Débats*, by any marked cordiality

in the relations of Benedict XV. with William II. that the Pope would never think of even seeming to act under German auspices. He could not leave Rome in the present posture of affairs, this paper says, without great loss of prestige.

We'll have to join the procession soon and issue a red-white-and-blue book.—Syracuse *Post-Standard*.

The Japanese have taken 1,511 medals at the San Francisco exposition. A meddlesome lot, those Japs.—Boston *Traveler*.

DOWNING STREET'S SUSPICION OF A PEACE PLOT AT THE WILHELMSTRASSE

WHEN Bernhard Dernburg reached the foreign office in Berlin a few weeks ago, he had a conference with Gottlieb von Jagow which, as some important press organs of the allies infer, may profoundly influence what the London *Spectator* calls "chatter about peace." The idea in the British mind, like the idea in the French mind, seems to be that President Wilson may be used by the Germans for the promotion of a fresh plot to undo England. This plot wears the innocent aspect of a suggestion for the freedom of the seas. The insistence of Great Britain upon mastery of the seas is, in this view of the situation, the real cause of the dilemma in which the world finds itself. This "freedom of the seas" signifies that Great Britain, as the London *Spectator* puts it, "should resign that maritime power which the present war has once again proved essential" to her national existence. German-Americans are even now agitating the scheme at the instigation, as some French dailies hint, of Bernhard Dernburg. At any rate, President Wilson is suspected of being so anxious to promote the peace of the world that he may, without realizing it, lend himself to the aims of the Wilhelmstrasse—a point respecting which the recent comment of the Paris *Temps* indicates some anxiety. It consoles itself with the reflection that Mr. Wilson is too astute to be imposed upon. He understands, it says, the indirections and subterfuges of the Berlin foreign office too well.

What Downing Street Expects From This Country.

OFFICIAL London would not feel embarrassed if even a large section of American opinion were won over to some Berlin scheme or other for what goes by the name of "the freedom of the seas." If American pacifists urge anything of the sort upon the Asquith government, they will get a blunt refusal to consider the scheme. In making these assertions, the London *Spectator* reflects the tone of responsible newspaper comment throughout England. Britain is and intends to remain the mistress of the seas, that position being indispensable to her continued existence. Nor is it easy for some British dailies to take quite seriously the revival of peace talk following the arrival of Doctor Dernburg at home. The Germans, from this British standpoint, have come too near defeat to risk England's continued existence as a free nation. They want to ruin the mistress of the seas completely, altho they might be eager enough to patch up a peace until the fatherland is in a better position to realize that aim. Mr. Wilson understands all this as well as anyone, in the opinion of the London *Standard*, which, while respecting him for his desire to bring the belligerents together on a peace basis, feels that he is too practical a statesman to invite the Downing Street fly into the

parlor of the Wilhelmstrasse spider. That strong party in this country which, as our contemporary believes, favors "decisive steps in the way of suggesting and almost imposing peace on Europe" and which would "unconsciously play Germany's game" is disillusioned.

French Impressions of a New German-American Crisis.

FRENCH opinion is somewhat inclined to take a serious view of the immediate future of relations between the Wilhelmstrasse and our Department of State. For that reason, as both the Paris *Temps* and *Gaulois* agree, the American pacifists, having discovered that Germany has all along been scheming to gain time, will think no more of bringing London and Berlin together. They may be considering the possibility of war between their own country and the Kaiser. A somewhat different impression prevails in a few English newspapers of the type of the London *Post*. They suggest that Mr. Bryan has such a large personal following as to make him a formidable factor in the new agitation of the pacifists. He must prove a source of considerable embarrassment to Mr. Wilson when matters reach the decisive phase, affirms the organ of English conservatism. It definitely ranges Mr. Bryan in the ranks of the pro-Germans on the peace question. Peace with no delay is viewed in England as an imperial German interest, and all who talk peace now are to that extent favoring the Wilhelmstrasse against Downing Street. Everything depends upon the correspondence between Herr von Jagow and Secretary Lansing, which, as the London *Mail* admits, has become a matter of vital importance to England. If this crisis be tided over, Germany will be strongly fortified in American esteem and a game of extraordinary cleverness will be played by official Berlin in order that official London



AN EXPENSIVE PET
—Sykes in Philadelphia Public Ledger

may appear in a false light before the American world. These impressions are too pessimistic to the *Paris Matin*, which even hints that war between Germany and the United States may terminate the present phase of the international situation.

Variable Nature of German
Comment on Our Policy.

WHILE a certain British press is expressing dread of the prospect that Mr. Wilson may lend himself to a peace plot in Berlin, various German newspapers incline to scold him severely as a tool of Downing Street. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* does, indeed, declare that American feeling is friendly to Germany notwithstanding British efforts to poison the human mind against her. But in the *Tageszeitung* and in the *Lokal-anzeiger*, to say nothing of less conspicuous organs, there is an almost freakish variability of mood from day to day. The German press can not quite make up its mind whether the United States is pro-British or not. Thus the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which has changed its tone lately on the subject of the Washington government to one of marked pessimism, allows itself these reflections:

"We have a perfectly good and clear conscience as far as international law is concerned, but has the government of Mr. Wilson a good and clear conscience? No.

"The feelings of the German people are excited in a high degree against America—not against the American people, a great proportion of whom are of our own blood and whom we deem our good friends—but against the government of Mr. Wilson. His government has been neutral only in form. In truth it has not been neutral and it has injured us as seriously as if it had been our open enemy. Hourly our army, our Emperor, are insulted in the American press in the meanest and most mendacious fashion. Is that honorable neutrality for a State conscious of its good name and worthiness, Mr. Wilson? . . .

"We accuse Mr. Wilson before God and the world of being guilty of the continuance of these fearful murders. That is the neutrality of Mr. Wilson, the Christianity of his Government. Good-will we no longer expect from America."

Why Germany May Change
Her Attitude to Us.

IN THEIR interpretations of the changing moods of Berlin with reference to the United States, Italian dailies like the *Tribuna* and the *Stampa* agree with some of their British contemporaries that the Wilhelmstrasse would like to make our Department of State a cat's-paw in dealing with Downing Street. As recently as last June Herr von Jagow and the Chancellor seemed indifferent whether they retained the friendship of the United States or not. Within the past few weeks the more or less inspired Roman *Tribuna* has been thinking that Germany depends upon friction between America and Britain to divert our wrath in another direction. The explanation is found by the Roman organ in the Italian pressure upon Austria. This impression annoys some Berlin papers, especially the *Vossische Zeitung*, which insists that Washington has been suggesting itself as a mediator between Germany and England. Washington seems to think, adds this German paper, that it is authorized to act as a go-between. There could be no more egregious misunderstanding. "The United States communicated to us that she would take the initiative in preventing England

from abusing the rules of naval warfare in the future. This we received with gratitude. If America's representations in London have remained unsuccessful, she may repeat them, but we have no new proposals to make to England." This tone finds an echo in other German dailies which resent the suspicion that the Wilhelmstrasse is playing a game for the sake of peace. After all, says the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, Germany has far less to gain from peace in the near future than Russia has or than even England has. The discussion tends to take the form of a debate regarding who is trying to fool Mr. Wilson.

Alleged Jingo Triumph in
Berlin.

WHATEVER Mr. Wilson may be doing to bring the belligerents in Europe together will be neutralized by the triumph of Admiral von Tirpitz over the enemies of his naval policy in Berlin, according to details given in the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, a paper somewhat unfriendly to Germany but in touch, nevertheless, with reliable sources of information there. The Dutch daily sees reason to believe that instead of promoting the aims of the Wilhelmstrasse in Downing Street, the President will be likelier to break off diplomatic relations with Germany. It doubts if even the English realize how fine is the thread upon which hangs peace between America and Germany. There was a time not many weeks ago when, as the Amsterdam newspaper believes, the friends of peace were powerful in the Kaiser's councils. It seemed as if von Tirpitz would be told to manage his submarines more discreetly. In the end he carried his point by promising to make the dead-line around the British Isles impassable. Too much depends upon von Tirpitz for the moment to incline Emperor William to discipline him, and for that reason the situation between Washington and Berlin is tense. The American people do not fully realize the gravity of the crisis, fears the *Telegraaf*. Downing Street, it thinks, has, through the formation of the coalition ministry in London, been stiffened. Mr. Wilson will get no encouragement there and he will not expect it. This impression is confirmed by the remarks of the London *Post*, supposed to be in touch with the more conservative and less liberal element recently introduced into the British foreign office:

"There is now only one thought: the defeat and destruction of Germany. Englishmen are slow to anger; but it is a mistake to suppose that they are quick to forget. Never again will Germans enjoy the hospitality of this country. If they want to come to London now, they must take it by force of arms. They have boasted that their victories will end in London. Englishmen, upon their side, are determined that the war will only end, as far as they are concerned, in London or in Berlin. We do not say that we shall ever get to Berlin; but what we do say is that short of that there can be no peace. For this war is not an ordinary war. Germany openly boasts that it will end in the destruction of the British Empire. She has made her hatred of England so obvious to every Englishman that in mere self-defence this country cannot conclude a partial and inconclusive peace. The war must be a final settlement either upon one side or the other."

If Great Britain is the mistress of the sea it is only on the surface.—Jacksonville (Florida) *Times-Union*.

It seems to be right smart of a distance to Trieste, too.—Baltimore *American*.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

WHO IS THIS MAN WALSH?—SKETCH OF THE TWO-FISTED IRISHMAN OF MISSOURI WHO HAS BEEN CATECHIZING CAPITALISTS

DESPITE the war news which has shoved all other topics off the front page of the newspapers for most of the time during the last eleven months, despite also the truce that has been officially proclaimed to exist or to be about to exist between capital and labor since Congress did its work and adjourned, one aggressive personality has emerged suddenly into public life, kicked the proposed truce into the gutter and rudely shoved the burly form of Mars over to make room for him on the front page.

He has been so unexpected, this man Frank P. Walsh. He has such unusual methods of conducting a Congressional investigation. He does not court the Truth; he goes after it with a rapid-fire gun. And there is no Maxim silencer attached thereto. He does not search a witness for the facts in his possession with a corkscrew but with a bungstarter.

So Mr. Walsh has offended people. The press has spoken harshly of him. The Louisville *Evening Post*, which is far from being a stand-pat paper, calls him a demagog, a mischief-maker, a bulldozer, and thinks he "ought to be allowed to pursue his search of useless information from the privacy of his own law office." The N. Y. *World* speaks of him contemptuously as "an expert in mare's nests," and the Springfield *Republican* asserts that he has "misconceived most egregiously" the primary purpose of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, of which he is chairman, and is now regarded by a large and influential section of the public as a blatherskite, while his commission is set down as "a travesty on the very idea of unprejudiced research." The N. Y. *Sun*, to add one more to this side of the portrait, describes Walsh as "a composite of Dennis Kearney and Mother Jones," and calls his commission "a vaudeville of claptrap playing to the radical gallery."

The "radical gallery," it may safely be observed, is enthusiastic over the show. Its praise of Mr. Walsh and his Commission has been hearty and remarkably unanimous. He may be proud of the criticisms that have been launched against him, declares the *United Mine Workers' Journal*, for example, and of the fact that he has

not been content merely to scan the surface conditions and to fix the abstract responsibility for industrial unrest. The Chicago *Public* speaks of him with enthusiasm, saying:

"Under the able and energetic guidance of Chairman Frank P. Walsh, no trail was abandoned until it was followed to its end. Witnesses, who did not like to disclose all that the public should know, were not gently allowed to keep such matters to themselves. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has found that not even the angry protests of a press anxious to serve the wealthy could save him from the treatment that an ordinary witness in court draws on himself when he withholds facts that he ought to tell. It required extraordinary courage on Chairman Walsh's part to brave the storm of abuse into which even some honest papers and individuals were drawn."

The service that this Commission has done Labor can never be estimated, writes Inez Haynes Gilmore, in *The Masses*, the socialistic journal of New York. For the first time, she thinks, Labor has had a chance to tell its own story, in its own way, at its own length, with the country for an audience. It seems to her that "the greatest story in the world has been told," and that Chairman Walsh has given us "the chance to see that Capitalism is doomed," while Labor will go on and on and on.

At least one daily paper of wide influence joins the radical press in defense of Mr. Walsh and his course as an investigator. That is the Kansas City *Star*, published in his home town. It says:

"Mr. Walsh and the commission he heads are helping to set up the visible government as against the invisible government. They are supplying to the people the defensive and offensive weapons of fact. It is a crucial service to enable the people to form their own conclusions; to make their own mistakes, if need be; to base their own demands for reform and for new laws and new institutions upon their own knowledge.

"Such service by the industrial commission and by Mr. Walsh may be a danger to special privilege. At least it is hoped that it is. But it is the essence of safety to democratic institutions and to popular government."

The life of the Commission on Industrial Relations expires by limitation this

month. It was authorized in 1912 to seek to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation. Mr. Walsh was appointed as one of the representatives of "the public" as distinguished from capital and labor members. Relegating the usual research functions to Prof. John R. Commons and others, Chairman Walsh has conducted the public hearings in all parts of the country. In many cities he has purposely aroused attention to the work of the Commission by public addresses. Here are some of the things he said outside the Commission hearings in New York City:

"I did not go on this commission as a judge, a jurymen or a 'tried business man.' I went on here as a live one, to bring out the facts."

"I say that the two greatest foes to the bringing about of an enlightened understanding of our economic rottenness are the 'judicial pose' and the 'trimmer' attitude of so many of our public officials. I mean the attitude of those who dodge the whole economic issue."

"More than half the employing power of the United States is lodged with persons residing on Manhattan Island."

"The source of power should be known, and responsibility that goes with power not dodged and seldom delegated."

"The idea is wrong that the employer is only an employer and organized labor just a powerful fighting machine. They are human beings."

"We went up into the far Northwest lumber country and down into the lumber camps. Some of the most terrible working conditions in the world have existed there and still exist; and there is one company which has been busy putting in improvements—new living cars, boarding accommodations, baths, etc.—and sending us photographs ever since."

Pending the preparation or publication of voluminous official reports, the chairman has certainly raised the public question, "Who is this man Walsh?"

Frank Patrick Walsh has a whole houseful of children, discovers the *Saturday Evening Post*; "accepts no retainers for permanent legal services; has the largest law library in the West of books relating to trial practice; is hard as nails; does not drink; is a handball player, a swimmer and an enthusiastic walker; reads law-books

for fun; arbitrates labor disputes as a pastime—and is not happy when he is not fighting for something he thinks is right."

"Men like Walsh very much—unless they dislike him. They trust him implicitly—unless they distrust him," wrote Dante Barton in *Harper's Weekly*. As a lawyer he severed connection

would consider it as 'flat burglary as was ever committed.' But Mr. Walsh and his coworkers and the *Kansas City Star* have so fortified it in public opinion that it is quite certain the courts will sustain it. Frank Walsh several years ago, when he declined to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri, spoke of the unsympathetic attitude of courts toward the efforts to smooth

boy, work in a barbed-wire factory, water-boy on railroad construction, rate clerk in a railroad office, stenographer, then court stenographer and student of law until admitted to the bar at 25—so runs the record of his early training in life. He became a Member of the Kansas City Tenement Commission in 1906 and president of the City Board of Civil Service in 1911.

The story of how Walsh began the political reform movement in Missouri a dozen years ago has been frequently told. He had proved in court that corporation contributions had corrupted his own Democratic party machine. He went to the State Convention with a resolution of denunciation against campaign contributions. The "Old Guard" said he could be chairman if he would hold back the resolution, or it could go in if aimed at Republicans. Otherwise the machine would "run over him." He went out, hired a hall, made a hot speech, and the convention "put over" his resolution of party self-purification.

Among the modernized laws forced through legislature and city councils by Walsh and his associates are: Pensions for widowed mothers, shorter work-days for women, paroles for persons guilty of misdemeanors, compulsory education, private pensioning of boys forced to work to support families, pensions allowing them to resume their studies in schools, separate courts for boy and girl offenders and delinquents, and county institutions for the worst of the cases instead of state penal institutions.

So it came about that Mr. Walsh's startling and much-criticized methods of questioning at the Commission's hearings had the background of some personal knowledge of certain conditions in industry and some thirty years of active interest in social legislation.

Animated, rugged, interested in the minutiae of life, with hundreds of friends and a photographic memory for persons and figures and some democratically original ideas of life, Mr. Walsh presents a peculiar study, writes Will Harvey, a Kansas City newspaper man who has intimately followed Mr. Walsh's career. "Having no ambition either for office or social position," says Mr. Harvey, "with wealth that makes him independent—his separate case law practice brings him \$50,000 a year—he enjoys peculiar immunity to attack by any interest. Virtually declining the nomination for governor of Missouri, turning aside repeatedly suggestions that he make the race for United States Senator, he has been the despair of those who see in political preferment the only obvious reward a person can gain in life." The same writer continues:

"Mr. Walsh shows in his club connections the varied activities of his life. He



A LAWYER WHO DISCOUNTS "JUDICIAL POSE" WHEN HUNTING FACTS

This persistent chairman of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, Frank P. Walsh, has publicly quizzed millionaires, employers, educators, social workers, labor leaders and laboring people, and claims the personal right to tell what he thinks he found out.

with corporation clients in 1900 and got more actively into social service:

"The Board of Public Welfare of Kansas City is a development of a board of pardons and paroles which Frank P. Walsh established. It is a development that he has fostered as legal adviser and political manager. This Welfare Board expends annually about \$130,000 of public money toward making private charities unnecessary. It supervizes recreation. Employers are made to walk the chalk by it. Free legal aid is one of its services.

"This board of public welfare is, by the old canons of constitutional interpretation, probably unconstitutional. The New York court of fifteen years ago

out industrial relations. 'Well,' he said, 'we can't amend the Constitution, but we can put men in the courts who will be for the rights of man rather than for the wrongs of property. We can put a progressive sentiment behind the laws so strong that the judges, from the lowest to the highest courts, will be afraid to overthrow the people's will.' This readjustment of the courts to life is an important part of the Walsh philosophy."

Mr. Walsh was born in St. Louis fifty-one years ago. His wife's name was Katherine M. O'Flaherty, of Vicksburg, Mississippi. His schooling is credited to St. Patrick's Academy, St. Louis. Western Union messenger

is a member of the Kansas City Athletic Club, the City Club, the Commercial Club, the Catholic Club of Kansas City, the Evanston Country Club, the Catholic Club of New York, the National Arts Club of New York, the Cosmos Club of Washington, D. C., the American Bar Association, the Missouri Bar Association, the Kansas City Bar Association and several other organizations which have as their purpose social welfare and advancement.

"He is a 'gentleman' farmer, owning 200 acres of land near Kansas City which has quadrupled in value in the last ten years.

"When not working, Mr. Walsh may be seen with from one to a half-dozen of his eight children going to some place of amusement or visiting friends, or it may be that he and Mrs. Walsh and all the children pile into the family motor car for a spin. Visitors to his home may meet either the family washer-

woman or a bank president, according to which is there, for his ménage is conducted on the wide open democratic plan that has a heart and interest in every person any or all of the family know. He enjoys asking answers to riddles with the youngest Walsh as well as he does a verbal duel with a friend or opponent, but his greatest recreation is the companionship of human beings, men and women, especially those who can find a funny conception of life."

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ: THE GERMAN SAILOR WHO CHALLENGES THE MISTRESS OF THE SEAS

SO FAMILIAR are the journalists of Europe with the essential trait in the character of Alfred von Tirpitz, Grand-Admiral of the Imperial German Fleet, that they venture, even in the absence of authentic details, upon analysis of the conflict in which he seems to be involved with the Chancellor. Admiral von Tirpitz has again and again told the magnates of the Wilhelmstrasse bluntly to mind their own business and to let him alone. "You attend to politics—I'll attend to the ships." He flatly refuses to heed intimations that treaties oblige him to do this, that and the other. The result is an appeal to Emperor William. The admiral is duly summoned into the presence of his august sovereign and informed that there is a diplomatic establishment connected with the imperial German government. There ensues a naval crisis of a type with which the press of Europe has long been familiar and Admiral von Tirpitz goes back to his squadrons more than ever convinced of the imbecility of bureaucrats ashore. He has, indeed, as the *London Spectator* suggests, been operating a sort of independent imperial German government of his own, quite separate and apart from that which has its capital at Berlin. Thus does the Tirpitz temperament work itself out, much to the disgust of a certain German radical press which in time past has openly wondered why Emperor William does not rid the country of so obstinate an old sea-dog.

No trait of Admiral von Tirpitz is more unexpected, as the *Paris Figaro* has admitted, than his geniality, for which the *London Mail*, altho it calls him a pirate, also praises him highly. The full, florid visage, cut in two by a long, irregular nose and forked beard, expresses this geniality before the man opens his mouth. The beard is neither white nor streaked but of a somewhat uniform gray, attained, say the sarcastic, by the Admiral's practice of combing it with a leaden comb. The whole countenance is typically Prussian to our French contemporaries, altho it is not of the pale, lean Junker type.

Tirpitz was born in Prussia at a little place called Küstrin-on-Oder, where his people have for generations been of the pious rural type, cultivating their few acres or teaching school, but not belonging to the nobility or even serving the military caste. Tirpitz rose without the slightest adventitious aid from family influence, and he was not even officially in the noble order of beings until Emperor William gave him permission to put the "von" before his name.

Tirpitz has followed the sea since he was a lad of fifteen, his fiftieth year of continuous service in the German navies arriving last April, when Emperor William, says the *London Mail*, found time, amid other anxieties, to embrace him. The half-century of service more strenuous than that of any sailor since Nelson seems to have affected von Tirpitz slightly. The bony frame and deliberate movement of legs and arms make the old man seem heavier and bigger than he actually is. The heartiness of his mode of salutation even when he meets a stranger, and the unflinching gaze of the eyes, together with a frankness of speech bordering at times upon indiscretion, receive their due from the British newspaper, which confesses, in fact, that Tirpitz is really a fine old pirate. His smile, to which that noted British naval expert, Archibald Hurd, also pays tribute, is irresistible. When he can carry his point in no other way, he will smile at you. He is a hot-tempered creature, we read, ready with a heated retort upon occasion, but he is capable of ineffable benignity in his persuasive moods. How he acquired his miraculous fluency is something of a mystery; but it is a well-known fact that he can talk the Reichstag into anything for the fleet.

One beholds Tirpitz at his best, in the opinion of all who know him, when the naval committee of the Reichstag, hesitating over some huge appropriation, listens to the Grand-Admiral. The deputies before him may be grotesquely ignorant of the sea, they may represent any form of radicalism and they may have no social standing what-

ever. Never, for that reason, would von Tirpitz abate a jot of his geniality. Nor would he crush a stupid objection with an expert's sarcasm. He simply beams upon the opponent, elucidating the mysteries of naval strategy with paternal benevolence. This is all a great change from the traditional Prussian mode of handling popular assemblies. Tirpitz suggests to the *Paris Figaro* in this aspect less the courtier and the diplomatist than the kind father laboring over a backward son. Many an hour has he sat with Reichstag deputies, maps and plans spread out before him, explaining in that low, guttural voice of his the significance of scout cruisers and the importance of torpedoes. He had the expert's knowledge of the subject; but, unlike the average expert, he could impart what he knew lucidly, convincingly, benevolently, making the theme entrancing. This is the real explanation, it seems, of the conversion of reluctant Reichstags to ambitious schemes of naval expansion.

The social gifts for which von Tirpitz is so famed—his felicity in anecdote, his hospitable spirit, his eagerness to win a place in the heart of any guest—promoted his ambition to make the German fleet invincible at sea. His capacity to develop the submarine is not more remarkable than his aptitude for the genial arts that make converts to a naval gospel. The object of the Grand-Admiral is ever to win over the young. A youthful deputy in the Reichstag is made much of, taken over a Dreadnought, invited to inspect something very important. A school in the country, according to our sarcastic French contemporary, will make the von Tirpitz heart bleed. He will never be happy until that school is put aboard a train and taken for a holiday to see the big ships at Kiel. How grandly does von Tirpitz tower in his uniform at the gangplank when the young people with their teachers come aboard! Cakes for the children, luncheon in the Admiral's cabin for their preceptors, music, a cruise on the water and a grand chorus of Deutschland über Alles, until at last all go home con-

vinced that there never was and never will be anything like the Kaiser's navy! If the school be too far inland to get the young people home that night, there is sure to be accommodation for them in an unused barrack with a good supper and breakfast in the morning. The

von Tirpitz benevolently protesting with uplifted hands that there could be no possible enmity between the fleets of the Kaiser and those of the King. On one occasion he gently chided the representative of the *London Mail* over a good dinner for suggesting that

servers agree in their high estimates of his statesmanship, his instinctive diplomacy, his masterful disposition and his temperamental geniality. Beyond these traits, underlying them, is the genius for engineering that made so extraordinary a career possible. He has the highest form of imaginative constructiveness—that of the mathematician. In our contemporary's view, his is the Euclidian mind. He goes in a straight line to his object, never losing sight of it. He does not lose himself in unbounded vistas after the modern German manner. He is a materialist, never speculative. He reveals in this his simple Prussianism. He is the Pomeranian grenadier turned sea-dog. His characteristics are not those of the sailor in the British sense. He thinks in terms of the torpedo. How that projectile can be aimed, its range, its possibilities and its limitations—such details absorb him, we read. Hence his concentration upon the submarine. It is to him a device for torpedoing. He manifests exquisite subtlety in the reduction of sea-power to terms of engineering science, but he can do nothing outside the realm of mathematics. He is not a fighter of the deep, like the long line of sea-kings of Britain, from Drake and Rodney on. He has no conception of glory in the sublime French manner. Sea-power is to him a matter of machinery, and very wonderful machinery he has made of it, as all London dailies regretfully concede.

Like Emperor William, like the Crown Prince, for that matter, Admiral von Tirpitz makes no concealment of his admiration for many aspects of English life. His wife, as the *London Mail* informs us, was a Cheltenham College girl, and his two daughters were educated in part at that distinguished establishment. The only son of von Tirpitz spent a couple of terms at Oxford. This young man, when last heard of, was a prisoner of war in Wales. The Grand-Admiral imitated in the German service some conspicuous features of the King's navy, especially in the matter of uniforms for officers and men. He always professed himself shocked, however, by the easy-going life of the British aboard their ships. His idea has ever been that the efficiency of a fleet depends upon its engineers, the fighters on deck being of quite secondary importance. Since the outbreak of the war, von Tirpitz has been far more candid than he allowed himself to appear in the past concerning the British man-o'-war's-man. He is so convinced of ultimate triumph in his war under water that he is said to have designated the hotel in London at which he will put up when the British Empire collapses. He was the first to forbid the use of English in his home when the war came, and, accord-



THE REAL WAR-LORD OF GERMANY

Alfred von Tirpitz, Grand-Admiral of the Imperial German fleet, is said by the English to be conducting the submarine war against them at his own will and pleasure, indifferent to representations and remonstrances from the foreign office in Berlin.

ceremonies close with a distribution of little picture-books elucidating in elementary terms the importance of sea-power.

In dealing with journalists, von Tirpitz is no whit less entrancing than when he is occupied with the school-children. No haughtiness, no official manner, no secrets. You can not get away from von Tirpitz without a cigar, a seidel and an embrace, with a pressing invitation to come again. All this, of course, is a great change from the days when journalists had doors slammed in their faces and were warned of what terrible consequences would ensue unless they were careful. Even the visiting London journalist was welcome,

German Dreadnoughts could possibly become a subject of anxious concern to British admirals. For Tirpitz is not of the defiant, blustering type. He deprecated for years the tactics of the Pan-Germans. There are insinuations even in German dailies that he never quite approved of the Emperor's flamboyant eloquence relative to Neptune's trident. His aim was ever, while building up a great German fleet, to allay British apprehension on the subject.

The genius of von Tirpitz is primarily that of the engineer, or so goes the verdict of the many well-informed journalists who have studied his personality in such European dailies as the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*. All ob-

ing to one story, he burned every volume in that language he could find in his library. He likewise had a portrait of Nelson removed from the wall of a room he used in the building of the ministry of marine.

Von Tirpitz never stuffs cotton into his ears to drown the din of a submarine when he happens to be traveling under water. "I don't want to lose any of it," he explains, to follow the anecdote in the *Vossische*; "it's like

grand opera." The physique of the man has kept him at sixty-five as hard as he was in his prime. He has exceptionally big bones, a hearty appetite, a ringing, loud laugh and a tendency to swing his powerful right arm in discussion. His personal appearance suggests the materially solid and substantial rather than the spiritually delicate to the *Paris Gaulois*, to which paper he is likewise a pirate of the cold, cruel and implacable variety; but it is only

fair to add that in the fatherland every daily, in its character sketches, dwells upon his spontaneous good humor, his patience with subordinates, and particularly his love for children. The young—they are the objects of his solicitude always, says the German daily, a fact explaining the posts of responsibility to which young men have been advanced in the fleet under von Tirpitz. No teacher was ever more beloved by his pupils.

GENERAL CADORNA: ORGANIZER OF VICTORY FOR THE ARMIES OF ITALY

SELDOM is a human countenance so lined as that of General Luigi Cadorna, whom the *Paris Gaulois* hails now with rapture as one of the great soldiers of the Latin world—the man who, when Italy declared war, went at once to the front as commander-in-chief of her forces. He is a Count but by no means so impecunious as Italian Counts are likely to be, and his official position is that of chief of the staff. He is described in the Italian dailies as of the offensive rather than the defensive school of strategy, with theories of the art of war in marked antithesis to those of Joffre. Cadorna is one of the highest living authorities on tactics, concerning which his ideas are Frederician rather than Napoleonic. Frederick the Great strove first of all for the homogeneity of his army. It was a unit before it was anything else, the artillery, the cavalry and the infantry welded together like links in a chain through a series of drills that made the whole force a single instrument, responsive to the touch of a master. There could be no raw levies in such a body of men—regiments scraped together in a hurry after the fashion of the Napoleonic mobs. Cadorna goes back, thus, to the great days of Prussian militarism for his ideal, unless the French dailies and some of their Italian contemporaries misread his mind. He could never wait patiently as Joffre is doing for time to fight his battle. He is swift, darting, a dealer of tactical blows, a contriver of strokes, to whom war is an art rather than a science.

Cadorna, as we are reminded by the *Rome Tribuna*, belongs to one of the most distinguished military families in Italy. His illustrious father, like his illustrious uncle, served brilliantly in the Piedmontese army during the old wars against Austria. His father especially won renown in those campaigns, for General Raphael Cadorna was in his day a tactician of daring. He informed the mind of his son, the commander of to-day, with the Frederician ideas he is exemplifying in the

field. The son is in reality continuing an interrupted campaign of his father's and there is a similarity in their careers and in their capacities too marked to escape the press of Rome. The father transmitted a marked elegance of bearing to the son, a slight but vigorous frame and the Italian aristocratic manner. This manner is not compounded of the cold stare of the British lord and the haughtiness of the Bourbon. It is more 'akin to the politeness of the Spanish grandee and is indescribably more ingratiating than the mere simplicity of the French staff officer, who is deadened by routine into a pedant and impoverished by a wife's inadequate dot to a point at which he has lost all familiarity with the social life and grace of his time. Cadorna is the Italian count to perfection, a detail noted by the press of the Latin world with pride and pleasure.

In Cadorna, then, we have, instead of the bluff good nature of a Joffre, instead of the pious simplicity of a Grand Duke Nicholas, the slightly sophisticated good breeding of an Italian who is at home in the two worlds of Rome, the clerical and the political. Cadorna belongs by right of birth and by family tradition to the circle in which the Pope's brother is distinguished. The daughter of General Cadorna is, in fact, a "religious," as the Latins say, for she entered a nunnery under the name of Marie di San Giovanni some years ago. The son of General Cadorna is an officer of the Florence lancers, now at the front. These children inherit the striking beauty of their mother, in her day a brilliant social figure. Cadorna himself has always, thinks the *Turin Stampa*—Cadorna received part of his military training at the famed academy in Turin—been very little of a modern Roman in his tastes and habits. He is of the rural aristocracy, easily winning affectionate admiration by the sort of politeness that comes or seems to come from the heart. At sixty-five he still dances beautifully.

Strive as it may to belittle Cadorna's prestige as a tactician, the Viennese

press must admit that he has a reputation which, as the *Paris Temps* remarks, is greater among professional soldiers than it is even among the masses of Italians. His work on tactics was translated into German several years ago by order of the Berlin general staff, the book being unique because of the importance it attaches to mobility. Cadorna is not the soldier, apparently, to sit down in a trench and wait. He attaches infinite importance to minute knowledge of topographical detail. He is said to know the region traversed by the frontier line between Austria and Italy so well that he could make his livelihood, if necessary, as a tourist's guide. Cadorna carries this passion for topographical detail to such a point that he thinks Napoleon's years of glory coincided with the dates he spent in country familiar to him. The Russian campaign was a disaster because the Corsican went into unknown country. The one thing in modern military Germany which seems commendable to Cadorna is the insistence of her general staff upon the acquisition of maps of every region in which the Kaiser's forces are ever likely to fight. These maps must be made at first hand for the purposes of a campaign, declares Cadorna, who is an authority on military education, altho, unlike the French General Foch, he was never at the head of a school of war.

The seared visage of Cadorna, the slight stoop in his shoulder, the bleached-out aspect of the man would seem a result, from what the *Messenger* says, of the physical strain of a hard career. He has been almost everything in the shape of an officer that a man can be in the Italian army—military cadet at Milan and Turin, lieutenant and on up through the grades until at thirty-three he was at the head of a regiment. When he was little more than twenty-five he commenced the studies of German military history, which converted him to his admiration of Frederick the Great as one of the few great captains of the world. During his tenure of the command in the Verona region he experimented along

Frederician lines in quite elaborate maneuvers, evolving from this experience his famous theory of tactics. This, stated in lay terms, by the Italian dailies, indicates that Cadorna would subordinate the material to the personal, make the gun adjust itself to the soldier rather than make a gun that

of General Caneva, who commanded in Libya. Caneva stood for the defensive idea in war.

Thus it happened that the beginning of the war was, for Italy, a grand rush upon the foe. There can be little doubt that what certain German dailies say with reference to Cadorna must be

the soldier made. There is much in this reasoning that impresses the Parisian press, which has gained of Cadorna a decided impression of genius.

He looks the genius to a writer in the lively *Secolo*, who credits him, moreover, with an amiable sympathy with anybody about anything. The Italians call that the politeness of the heart, and all agree that Cadorna has it. He was always an impressive figure at the royal palace on the great reception days. The gold and dark blue and red and white of the uniform of his rank brought out the face and form of Cadorna impressively. He wore a mustach finely waxed in those days, and the Queen invariably gave him her hand to kiss, an honor of which she is not prodigal. Cadorna has never adapted himself to the gastronomical habits of Roman society, which eats heavily at unusual hours. He therefore rarely dined out except when he was stationed near Verona. Cadorna has a reputation in the service for severity to young officers who dance and dine to excess. He also set his face severely against the motor craze that broke out among mere lieutenants and poorly-paid captains. Cadorna makes no secret of his belief that the enemy of efficiency in the army is social ambition, which he deems only a shade better than gambling. His charm of manner and his sweetness of disposition have enabled him to put down these and many similar weaknesses among his staff without manifesting the least brusqueness. He indoctrinates them with his tactical conceptions and at the same time avoids even the appearance of being obsessed with them, as old Hindenburg is said to be.

Cadorna has made his home at different times in Naples, Genoa, Verona and Ancona, manifesting in each the easy affability of the Italian aristocrat. Much is said in Italian character sketches regarding his social gifts. A brilliant talker, with an intuitive perception of the weak points as well as the strong points in the people he meets, Cadorna has shown the fine hand in avoiding the feuds between clerical and anticlerical which have tended to divide Rome in his time. He is credited with the sort of faith that accompanies a temperament naturally artistic. His recreations seem to reflect this artistic impulse, for he is fond of the opera, especially of Verdi's music, and the admirers of d'Annunzio insist that he is one of them. All agree that to-day the face is marked with anxieties and that the eyes are fatigued. Alone among the great military figures brought forth by the war, Cadorna departs in strategy and tactics from the rules of the game as it has been played. Should the outcome favor his "conception," he will be the most glorified soldier in Europe.



THE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN-FIGHTER OF ITALY

General Luigi Cadorna, commander of the Italian forces, or, rather, chief of the staff, has been compared with our own General McClellan in the devotion he inspires among his troops. General Cadorna represents the artistic or personal side of generalship, which fills an army with the commander's spirit and makes it an exquisite instrument for the achievement of his strategical designs, in opposition to the scientific theory of war which takes it more or less for granted that any properly trained army will answer a general's purpose.

no soldier can adapt himself to without excessive specialization. Cadorna's critics reply that his tactical conceptions are too local, too closely related to the mountainous regions in which his country must repel an invader. Cadorna's retort, as the newspapers of his country give it, amounts to an indictment of the contemporary European standing army as an organization of specialists, of men who can do anything but fight. Much ink has gone to the making of the controversies precipitated by Cadorna's theories of tactics, and eager were the discussions in time past between his champions and those

true: his initiative is so fraught with recklessness, or perhaps one should say daring, as to involve tremendous risks. On the other hand, as the *Corriere della Sera* says, Cadorna sums up in his nature that combination of qualities which makes men Italian instead of German. The intellect of Cadorna will not impel him to foresee every contingency so precisely that he will have arranged in advance just what to do in any event. He will be too fine, too artistic, too subtle, not to leave something to the inspiration of the emergency itself. Thus are the campaigns of the soldier inspired distinguished from those of



MUSIC AND DRAMA



"THE SORROWS OF BELGIUM"—LEONID ANDREYEV'S SENSATIONAL WAR DRAMA

IN "The Red Laugh," Leonid Andreyev presented one of the most terrible pictures of war horrors ever given to the world. But in "The Sorrows of Belgium," his new play of the invasion of Belgium, he suggests the sufferings of the people symbolically rather than by forcing his audience to gaze upon a heaping up of horrors. The play, lately produced in Moscow, Petrograd, Odessa and other Russian cities, where it has aroused much discussion, dispenses, as in fact all of Andreyev's plays do, with the accepted conventions and technique of the European stage. It is written in six loosely connected scenes, through which the majestic and dominating figure of Emil Grelieu, "the conscience of the country," and obviously a symbolic and spiritual portrait of Maurice Maeterlinck, moves with quiet strength. In the character of Count Clairmont, Andreyev is said to have presented no less a personage than King Albert of Belgium.

"The Sorrows of Belgium" has been translated into English by Herman Bernstein, and published by the Macmillan Company, of New York, to whom we are indebted for permission to present these scenes. Negotiations for an American production of this unique drama are now being carried on.

The first scene of the play reveals the garden of Emil Grelieu's villa outside a small Belgian town. The church-bells are ringing uneasily in the neighborhood, tho there is peace in the garden, where an old and deaf gardener, François, is caring for his plants and flowers. Maurice Grelieu, the author's younger son, a lad of 17, breaks in upon the peaceful scene. "They have entered Belgium!" he shouts to the old gardener. "Can't you understand? It's war! War! Imagine what will happen. Pierre will have to go and so will I go." But the dazed old man cannot understand and cannot believe that the Prussians have entered Belgium. He refuses to believe the report.

The sound of a trumpet is heard in the distance. The people are in the square. The women are crying. The shouting of the crowd is growing louder and louder. Sounds of the Belgian hymn are faintly heard. Then there follows an ominous silence. Still the old man refuses to believe. The excitement grows. The din of distant battle grows more distinct. It becomes

at last so loud that even the deaf François finally hears it. His eyes express fright. He tries to catch the ominous sounds. Suddenly he throws down his garden-shears. "Oh God, give me the power to hear!" cries the old man. "My God! They are tolling! They are crying! War! What war? . . . Who is shouting 'War!'?" Emil Grelieu enters.

EMIL GRELIEU. What are you shouting, François? Where is Maurice? No one is in the house.

FRANÇOIS. Is it war?

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes, yes, it is war. The Prussians have entered Belgium. But you don't hear anything.

FRANÇOIS. (*Painfully trying to catch the sounds.*) I hear, I hear; are they killing?

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes, they are killing. The Prussians have entered Belgium. Where is Maurice?

FRANÇOIS. But, Monsieur Emil—but, Monsieur, what Prussians? Pardon me; I am seventy years old, and I lost my sense of hearing long ago. (*Weeps.*) Is it really a war?

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes, it is a real war. I can't understand it either. But the fighting has already commenced. I can't realize it myself, but it is war, old man.

FRANÇOIS. Tell me, Monsieur. Tell me about it. I believe you as I believe God. Tell me. I can hear you. Are they killing?

EMIL GRELIEU. It is war! What horror, François. It is very hard to understand it—yes, very hard. (*Frowns and rubs his high, pale forehead nervously.*)

FRANÇOIS. (*Bent, weeps, his head shaking.*) And the flowers? Our flowers?

EMIL GRELIEU. (*Absentmindedly.*) Our flowers? Don't cry, François—ah, what is that? (*The tolling of the bells subsides. The crying and the shouting of the crowd changes into a harmonious volume of sound—somebody is hailed in the distance. An important announcement seems to have been made there.*)

EMIL GRELIEU. (*Absentmindedly.*) Our people are expecting the King there—he is on his way to Liège! Yes, yes—(*Silence. Suddenly there is a sound like the crash of thunder. Then it changes into a song—the crowd is singing the Belgian hymn.*)

The second scene is laid in Grelieu's reception-hall. Emil Grelieu and Pierre, the elder son, are excitedly discussing the coming of the Germans. Maurice has already been called to the colors. Pierre is in his officer's uniform. The attitude of his mother is puzzling to Pierre, and Grelieu explains:

"She is not concealing anything, but she has gone into the depths of her own self, where all is silence and mystery. She is living through her motherhood again, from the very beginning—do you understand?—when you and Maurice were not yet born; but in this she is crafty like François. Sometimes I see clearly that she is suffering unbearably, that she is terrified by the war. . . . But she smiles in answer and then I see something else—I see how there has suddenly awakened in her the prehistoric woman—the woman who handed her husband the fighting club. . . ."

Soldiers pass the villa; military music, coming nearer and near, is heard. Presently Jeanne, the wife and mother, enters. "Do you hear it?" she asks. "How beautiful. Even our refugees smiled when they heard it." She has brought a telegram. A great library has been destroyed. Women and children are being killed. Grelieu announces to Pierre his decision to join the army. The son tries to dissuade him, tho as a physician he has to admit that his distinguished father is in good physical condition. "Pierre," questions the great Grelieu, "you think that I—must not kill under any circumstances and at any time?"

PIERRE. I dare not touch upon your conscience, father.

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes, that is a terrible question for a man. I must kill, Pierre. Of course, I could take your gun, but not to fire—no, that would have been disgusting, a sacrilegious deception! When my humble people are condemned to kill, who am I that I should keep my hands clean? That would be disgusting cleanliness, obnoxious saintliness. My humble nation did not desire to kill, but it was forced, and it has become a murderer. So I, too, must become a murderer, together with my nation. Upon whose shoulders will I place the sin—upon the shoulders of our youths and children? No, Pierre. And if ever the Higher Conscience of the world will call my dear people to the terrible accounting, if it will call you and Maurice, my children, and will say to you: "What have you done? You have murdered!" I will come forward and will say: "First you must judge me; I have also murdered—and you know that I am an honest man!" (*Pierre sits motionless, his face covered with his hands. Enter Jeanne, unnoticed.*)

PIERRE. (*Uncovering his face.*) But you must not die! You have no right!

EMIL GRELIEU. (*Loudly, and with con-*

tempt.) Oh, death! (They notice Jeanne, and grow silent. Jeanne sits down and speaks in the same tone of strange, almost cheerful calm.)

JEANNE. Emil, she is here again.

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes? She is here again. Where has she been the last two nights?

JEANNE. She does not know herself. Emil, her dress and her hands were in blood.

EMIL GRELIEU. She is wounded?

JEANNE. No, it is not her own blood, and by the color I could not tell whose blood it is.

PIERRE. Who is that, mother?

JEANNE. A girl. Just a girl. She's insane. I have combed her hair and put a clean dress on her. She has beautiful hair. Emil, I have heard something—I understand that you want to go—?

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes.

JEANNE. Together with your children, Emil?

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes. Pierre has examined me and finds that I am fit to enter the ranks.

JEANNE. You intend to go to-morrow?

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes.

JEANNE. You cannot manage it to-day. Pierre, you have only an hour and a half left. (Silence.)

PIERRE. Mamma! Tell him that he must not—Forgive me, father!—that he should not go. Isn't that true, mother? Tell him! He has given to the nation his two sons—what more should he give? He has no right to give more.

JEANNE. More, Pierre?

PIERRE. Yes,—his life. You love him; you, yourself, would die if he were killed—tell him that, mother!

JEANNE. Yes, I love him. I love you, too.

PIERRE. Oh, what are we, Maurice and I? But he! Just as they have no right to destroy temples in war or to burn libraries, just as they have no right to touch the eternal, so he—he—has no right to die. I am speaking not as your son, no; but to kill Emil Grelieu—that would be worse than to burn books. Listen to me! You have brought me into this world. Listen to me!—altho I am young and should be silent—listen to me! They have already robbed us. They have deprived us of our land and of the air; they have destroyed our treasures which have been created by the genius of our people, and now we would cast our best men into their jaws! What does that mean? What will remain of us? Let them kill us all, let our land be turned into a waste desert, let all living creatures be burned to death, but as long as he lives, Belgium is alive! What is Belgium without him? Oh, do not be silent, mother! Tell him! (Silence.)

EMIL GRELIEU. (Somewhat sternly.) Calm yourself, Pierre!

JEANNE. Yesterday I—no, Pierre, that isn't what I was going to say—I don't know anything about it. How could I know? But yesterday I—it is hard to get vegetables, and even bread, here—so I went to town, and for some reason we did not go in that direction, but nearer the field of battle—. How strange it is that we found ourselves there! And there I saw them coming—

EMIL GRELIEU. Whom?

JEANNE. Our soldiers. They were coming from there—where the battle raged for four days. There were not many of

see their surroundings, they still reflected that which they had seen there—fire and smoke and death—and what else? Some one said: "Here are people returning from hell." We all bowed to them, we bowed to them, but they did not see that either. Is that possible, Emil?

EMIL GRELIEU. Yes, Jeanne, that is possible.

PIERRE. And he will go to that inferno? (Silence. Emil Grelieu walks over to his wife and kisses her hand. She looks at his head with a smile. Suddenly she rises.)

JEANNE. Forgive me; there is something else I must say— (She moves quickly and lightly, but suddenly, as tho stumbling over an invisible obstacle, falls on one knee. Then she tries to rise, kneels, pale and still smiling, bending to one side. They rush over to her and lift her from the ground.)

PIERRE. Mamma! Mamma!

EMIL GRELIEU. You have a headache? Jeanne, my dearest, what ails you? (She pushes them aside, stands up firmly, trying to conceal her nervousness.)

JEANNE. What is it? What? Don't trouble, Emil! My head? No, no! My foot slipped—you know, the one that pained me. You see, I can walk now.

EMIL GRELIEU. A glass of water, Pierre.

JEANNE. What for? How absurd! (But Pierre had already gone out. Jeanne sits down, hangs her head, as one guilty, endeavoring not to look into his eyes.) What an excitable youth—your Pierre! Did you hear what he said?

EMIL GRELIEU. (Significantly.) Jeanne!

JEANNE. What? No, no—why do you look at me this way? No—I am telling you. (Pierre brings her water, but Jeanne does not drink it.) Thank you, Pierre, but I don't want it. (Silence.) How fragrant the flowers are. Pierre, please give me that rose—yes, that one. Thank you. How fresh it is, Emil, and what a fine fragrance—come over here, Emil! (Emil Grelieu goes over to her and kisses the hand in which she holds the rose. Looks at her. Lowering her hand.) No; I have asked for this flower simply because its fragrance seems to me immortal—it is always the same—as the sky. How strange it is, always the same. And when

you bring it close to your face, and close to your eyes, it seems to you that there is nothing except this red rose and the blue sky. Nothing but the red rose and the distant, pale—very pale—blue sky. . . .

EMIL GRELIEU. Pierre! Listen to me, my boy! People speak of this only at night, when they are alone with their souls—and she knows it, but you do not know it yet. Don't you know it, Jeanne?

JEANNE. (Trembling, opening her eyes.) Yes, I know, Emil.



Courtesy N. Y. Sun

HE DOES NOT WRITE PLAYS

So Leonid Andreyev confessed to his translator Herman Bernstein. "They are not dramas, they are merely presentations in so many acts. I have not written any dramas, but it is possible that I will write one." So he admitted in 1908. Yet no dramatist has so vividly depicted the horrors and sorrows of modern warfare.

them—about a hundred or two hundred. But we all—there were so many people in the streets—we all stepped back to the wall in order to make way for them. Emil, just think of it; how strange! They did not see us, and we would have been in their way! They were black from smoke, from mud, from dried blood, and they were swaying from fatigue. They were all thin—as consumptives. But that is nothing, that is all nothing. Their eyes—what was it, Emil? They did not

EMIL GRELIEU. The life of the poet does not belong to him. The roof over the heads of people, which shelters them—all that is a phantom for me, and my life does not belong to me. I am always far away, not here—I am always where I am not. You think of finding me among the living, while I am dead; you are afraid of finding me in death, mute, cold, doomed to decay, while I live and sing aloud from my grave. Death which makes people mute, which leaves the imprint of silence upon the bravest lips, restores the voice to the poet. Dead, I speak more loudly than alive. Dead, I am alive! Am I—just think of it, Pierre, my boy,—am I to fear death when in my most persistent searches I could not find the boundary between life and death, when in my feelings I mix life and death into one—as two strong, rare kinds of wine? Just think of it, my boy!

The third scene of the play presents a vivid picture of the suffering of the Belgian women. They are huddled together near Grelieu's villa, watching the fire in the distance. An alarming redness covers the sky. Only in the zenith is the sky dark. "The reflection of the fire falls upon objects and people, casting strange shadows against the mirrors of the mute and dark villa." We learn that Pierre Grelieu has been killed in battle. The mourning women, like a Greek chorus, express the desolation of Belgium. "They have taken everything away from our Belgium," cries one of them,—"even the sky!" Finally there is a silence among them. "The redness of the flames seems to be swaying over the earth."

A large room of Grelieu's villa, some time later, has been converted into a sick-room. There lie Emil Grelieu and his son Maurice. There the mother is nursing them. We learn that they must move the next day to Antwerp. Jeanne tells Grelieu that Secretary Lagard, "and someone named Count Clairmont" (the King of Belgium), are coming to ask his advice concerning a momentous project. Presently they enter and their plan is revealed to Grelieu. The Count announces that "to-morrow they will carry their devilish weapons past your house. . . . They are moving slowly, but they are moving. . . . With our little army there is still one possibility—to die as freemen die. But without an army we would have been black-boots, Lagard!" There is but one remedy left—a terrible remedy. "The dam," says Grelieu. All become thoughtful. Finally the Count speaks:

COUNT CLAIRMONT. I am a peaceful man, but I can understand why people take up arms. Arms! That means a sword, a gun, explosive contrivances. That is fire. Fire is killing people, but at the same time it also gives light. Fire cleanses. There is something of the ancient sacrifice in it. But water! cold, dark, silent, covering with mire, causing bodies to swell—water, which was the beginning of chaos; water, which is

guarding the earth by day and night in order to rush upon it. My friend, believe me, I am quite a daring man, but I am afraid of water! Lagard, what would you say to that?

LAGARD. We Belgians have too long been struggling against the water not to have learned to fear it. I am also afraid of water.

JEANNE. But what is more terrible, the Prussians or water?

GENERAL. Madame is right. The Prussians are not more terrible, but they are worse.

LAGARD. Yes. We have no other choice. It is terrible to release water from captivity, the beast from its den, nevertheless it is a better friend to us than the Prussians. I would prefer to see the whole of Belgium covered with water rather than extend a hand of reconciliation to a scoundrel! Neither they nor we shall live to see that, even if the entire Atlantic Ocean rush over our heads.

GENERAL. But I hope that we shall not come to that. Meanwhile it is necessary for us to flood only part of our territory. That is not so terrible.

JEANNE. (*Her eyes closed, her head hanging down.*) And what is to be done with those who could not abandon their homes, who are deaf, who are sick and alone? What will become of our children? (*Silence.*) There in the fields and in the ditches are the wounded. There the shadows of people are wandering about, but in their veins there is still warm blood. What will become of them? Oh, don't look at me like that, Emil; you had better not listen to what I am saying. I have spoken so only because my heart is wrung with pain—it isn't necessary to listen to me at all, Count. (*Count Clairmont walks over to Grelieu's bed quickly and firmly. At first he speaks confusedly, seeking the right word; then he speaks ever more boldly and firmly.*)

COUNT CLAIRMONT. My dear and honored master! We would not have dared to take from you even a drop of your health, if—if it were not for the assurance that serving your people may give new strength to your heroic soul! Yesterday, it was resolved at our council to break the dams and flood part of our kingdom, but I could not, I dared not, give my full consent before I knew what you had to say to this plan. I did not sleep all night long, thinking—oh, how terrible, how inexpressibly sad my thoughts were! We are the body, we are the hands, we are the head—while you, Grelieu, you are the conscience of our people. Blinded by the war, we may unwittingly, unwittingly, altogether against our will, violate man-made laws. Let your noble heart tell us the truth. My friend! We are driven to despair, we have no Belgium any longer, it is trampled by our enemies; but in your breast, Emil Grelieu, the heart of all Belgium is beating—and your answer will be the answer of our tormented, blood-stained, unfortunate land! (*He turns away to the window. Maurice is crying, looking at his father.*)

LAGARD. (*Softly.*) Bravo, Belgium! (*Silence. The sound of cannonading is heard.*)

JEANNE. (*Softly, to Maurice.*) Sit down, Maurice, it is hard for you to stand.

MAURICE. Oh, mamma! I am so happy to stand here now—

LAGARD. Now I shall add a few words. As you know, Grelieu, I am a man of the people. I know the price the people pay for their hard work. I know the cost of all these gardens, orchards and factories which we shall bury under the water. They have cost us sweat and health and tears, Grelieu. These are our sufferings which will be transformed into joy for our children. But as a nation that loves and respects liberty above its sweat and blood and tears—as a nation, I say, I would prefer that sea waves should seethe here over our heads rather than that we should have to black the boots of the Prussians. And if nothing but islands remain of Belgium they will be known as "honest islands," and the islanders will be Belgians as before. (*All are agitated.*)

EMIL GRELIEU. And what do the engineers say?

GENERAL. Monsieur Grelieu, they say this can be done in two hours.

LAGARD. (*Grumbles.*) In two hours! In two hours! How many years have we been building it!

GENERAL. The engineers were crying when they said it, Monsieur.

LAGARD. The engineers were crying? But how could they help crying? Think of it, Grelieu! (*Suddenly he bursts into sobs, and slowly takes a handkerchief from his pocket.*)

COUNT CLAIRMONT. We are awaiting your answer impatiently, Grelieu. You are charged with a grave responsibility to your fatherland—to lift your hand against your own fatherland.

EMIL GRELIEU. Have we no other defence? (*Silence. All stand in poses of painful anxiety. Lagard dries his eyes and slowly answers with a sigh.*)

LAGARD. No.

GENERAL. No.

JEANNE. (*Shaking her head.*) No.

COUNT CLAIRMONT. (*Rapidly.*) We must gain time, Grelieu. By the power of all our lives, thrown in the fields, we cannot stop them. (*Stamping his foot.*) Time, time! We must steal from fate a small part of eternity—a few days, a week! They are hastening to us. The Russians are coming to us from the East. The German steel has already penetrated to the heart of the French land—and, infuriated with pain, the French eagle is rising over the Germans' bayonets and is coming toward us! The noble knights of the sea—the British—are already rushing toward us, and to Belgium are their powerful arms stretched out over the abyss. But, time, time! Give us time, Grelieu. Belgium is praying for a few days, for a few hours! You have already given to Belgium your blood, Grelieu, and you have the right to lift your hand against your blood-stained fatherland! (*Brief pause.*)

EMIL GRELIEU. We must break the dams.

The fifth scene reveals a small house occupied by the German staff, in which the Commander of the army is at present staying. One of the German offi-

cers describes the Commander in these terms: "He has a German philosophical mind which manages guns as Leibnitz managed ideas. Everything is pre-conceived, everything is prearranged; the movement of our millions of people has been elaborated into such a remarkable system that Kant himself would have been proud of it. Gentlemen, we are led forward by indomitable logic and by an iron will. We are inexorable as Fate."

In a few minutes, however, an officer rushes in with the news that the Belgians have burst the dams and that the German armies are being flooded. "We must hurry, your Highness."

COMMANDER. Hurry! I ask you to calm yourself, officer. What about our guns?

OFFICER. They are flooded, your Highness.

COMMANDER. Compose yourself, you are not behaving properly! I am asking you about our field guns—

OFFICER. They are flooded, your Highness. The water is coming this way. We must hurry, your Highness, we are in a valley. This place is very low. They have broken the dams; and the water is rushing this way violently. It is only five kilometers away from here—and we can hardly—. I beg your pardon, your Highness! (Silence. The commotion without is growing louder. Glimmering lights appear. The beginning of a terrible panic is felt, embracing the entire camp. All watch impatiently the reddening face of the Commander.)

COMMANDER. But this is— (He strikes the table with his fist forcibly.) Absurd! (He looks at them with cold fury, but all lower their eyes. The frightened officer is trembling and gazing at the window. The lights grow brighter outside—it is evident that a building has been set on fire. The voices without have turned into a roar. A dull noise, then the crash of shots is heard. The discipline is disappearing gradually.)

BLUMENFELD. They have gone mad! OFFICER. They are firing! It is an attack!

STEIN. But that can't be the Belgians! RITZAU. They may have availed themselves—

BLUMENFELD. Aren't you ashamed, Stein? Aren't you ashamed, gentlemen?

COMMANDER. Silence! I beg of you— (Suddenly a piercing, wild sound of a horn is heard ordering to retreat. The roaring sound is growing rapidly.) Who has commanded to retreat? Who dares command when I am here? What a disgrace, Blumenfeld! Order them to return! (Blumenfeld lowers his head.) This is not the German Army! You are unworthy of being called soldiers! Shame! I am ashamed to call myself your general! Cowards!

BLUMENFELD. (Stepping forward, with dignity.) Your Highness!

OFFICER. Eh! We are not fishes to swim in the water! (Runs out, followed by two or three others. The panic is growing.)

BLUMENFELD. Your Highness! We ask you—. Your life is in danger—your Highness. (Some one else runs out. The room is almost empty. Only the sentinel

remains in the position of one petrified.) Your Highness! I implore you. Your life—I am afraid that another minute, and it will be too late! Oh, your Highness!

COMMANDER. But this is— (Again strikes the table with his fist.) But this is absurd, Blumenfeld!

Near a half-destroyed bridge, the same hour of night, an automobile, which is carrying the wounded Emil Grelieu, his wife and his son Maurice to Antwerp, has broken down. The physician Langloi stands near the soldier-chauffeur trying to help him. Flames and searchlights flash in the sky. In the distance, the dull roar of a crowd is heard, then the sobs of military horns. Searchlights sway from side to side. A wounded peasant, who has been, as he says, "shot like a rabbit," appears. The party offers him assistance, tho a vague terror and fear of the rising water is awakening in their breasts. After her wonderful fortitude, the mind of Jeanne gives way. "It makes me laugh," she exclaims to her husband and son, "it seems so comical to me that they mistake us for rabbits. And now what are we—water-rats? Emil, just picture to yourself water-rats in an automobile!" The final scene concludes:

JEANNE. (Suddenly cries, threatening.) But I cannot bear it! I cannot! (Covers her mouth with her hands; sobs.) I cannot!

MAURICE. Mamma! EMIL GRELIEU. All will end well, Jeanne. All will end well. I know. I also feel as you do. But all will end well, Jeanne!

JEANNE. (Sobbing, but calming herself somewhat.) I cannot bear it!

EMIL GRELIEU. All will end well, Jeanne! Belgium will live! The sun will shine! I am suffering, but I know this, Jeanne!

MAURICE. Quicker! Quicker! CHAUFFEUR. In a moment, in a moment. Now it is fixed, in a moment.

EMIL GRELIEU. (Faintly.) Jeanne!

JEANNE. Yes, yes, I know. . . . Forgive me, forgive me, I will soon— (A loud, somewhat hoarse voice of a girl comes from the dark.)

GIRL. Tell me how I can find my way to Lonua! (Exclamations of surprise.) MAURICE. Who is that?

JEANNE. Emil, it is that girl! (Laughs.) She is also like a rabbit!

DOCTOR. (Grumbles.) What is it, what is it—Who? (Throws the light on the girl. Her dress is torn, her eyes look wild. The peasant is laughing.)

PEASANT. She is here again?

CHAUFFEUR. Let me have the light!

DOCTOR. Very well!

GIRL. (Loudly.) How can I find my way to Lonua?

EMIL GRELIEU. Maurice, you must stop her! My child, my child! Doctor, you—

CHAUFFEUR. Put down the lantern! The devil take this!

GIRL. (Shouts.) Hands off! No, no, you will not dare—

MAURICE. You can't catch her— (The girl runs away.)

EMIL GRELIEU. Doctor, you must catch her! She will perish here, quick— (She runs away. The doctor follows her in the dark.)

PEASANT. She asked me, too, how to go to Lonua. How am I to know? Lonua! (The girl's voice resounds in the dark and then there is silence.)

EMIL GRELIEU. You must catch her! What is it? You must!

MAURICE. But how, father? (They listen. Silence. Dull cries of a mob resound. Jeanne breaks into muffled laughter. Maurice mutters.) Now he is gone! Oh, my God!

CHAUFFEUR. (Triumphantly.) Take your seats! Ready!

MAURICE. But the doctor isn't here. Oh, my God! Father, what shall we do now?

CHAUFFEUR. Let us call him. Eh! (Maurice and the chauffeur call: "Doctor Eh! Langloi!") (Angrily.) I must deliver Monsieur Grelieu, and I will deliver him. Take your seats!

MAURICE. (Shouts.) Langloi! (A faint echo in the distance.) Come! Doctor! (The response is nearer.)

PEASANT. He did not catch her. You cannot catch her. She asked me, too, about the road to Lonua. She is insane. (Laughs.) There are many like her now.

EMIL GRELIEU. (Imploringly.) Jeanne!

JEANNE. But I cannot, Emil. What is it? I cannot understand. What is it? Where are we? My God, I don't understand anything. I used to understand, I used to understand, but now—Where is Pierre? (Firmly.) Where is Pierre?

MAURICE. Oh, will he be here soon? Mother dear, we'll start in a moment!

JEANNE. Yes, yes, we'll start in a moment! But I don't understand anything. Where are we? Why such a dream, why such a dream? I can't understand! Who has come? My head is aching. Who has come? Why has it happened? (A voice from the darkness, quite near. Frightened.) Who is shouting? What a strange dream, what a terrible, terrible, terrible dream. Where is Pierre?

MAURICE. Mother!

JEANNE. I cannot! (Lowering her voice.) I cannot—why are you torturing me? Where is Pierre?

EMIL GRELIEU. He is dead, Jeanne!

JEANNE. No!!!

EMIL GRELIEU. He is dead, Jeanne. But I swear to you by God, Jeanne!—Belgium will live. Weep, sob, you are a mother. I too am crying with you—But I swear by God: Belgium will live! God has given me the light to see, and I can see. Songs will resound here, Jeanne! A new Spring will come here, the trees will be covered with blossoms—I swear to you, Jeanne, they will be covered with blossoms! And mothers will caress their children, and the sun will shine upon their heads, upon their golden-haired little heads! Jeanne! There will be no more bloodshed. I see a new world, Jeanne! I see my nation: Here it is advancing with palm leaves to meet God who has come to earth again. Weep, Jeanne, you are a mother! Weep, unfortunate mother—God weeps with you. But there will be happy mothers here again—I see a new world, Jeanne, I see a new life!

PERCY GRAINGER'S TRIBUTE TO THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

THE similarity between the plantation melodies and songs of the American negro and the folk music of England, Ireland and Scotland has often impressed students of folk music. Many of the investigators have arrived at the conclusion that the origin of the music of the colored race in America was in the British Isles. Such attempts to nationalize the origin of folk music are brushed aside by the Australian composer and pianist Percy Grainger, who is a recognized authority on folk music. His striking compositions (mostly based on folk music) have made a tremendous impression upon the music-loving public of New York.

Percy Grainger emphasizes the pronounced influence that our negro musicians and composers have exerted

upon the composers of all the English-speaking races. In an interview recently published in the *New York Evening Post*, the Australian composer instanced this influence in the case of Frederick Delius, whom he characterizes as "the greatest of the composers in England." Delius, according to Mr. Grainger, had been sent as a youth to manage his father's plantation in Florida. There he heard the songs of the negroes. He was so struck by this music that he determined to become a musician, later going to Leipzig to study.

"Frederick Delius has a harmonic and polyphonic sense that makes him like a modern Bach, and it is easy to see how he could be attracted by the improvised songs which he heard on his father's plantation. It is not so much the melody

in these songs which attracts one as it is the method of singing—especially the part singing."

Concerning the transition of the negro musicians and composers to the more carefully thought-out work of the classical sphere, Percy Grainger is no less optimistic than he is concerning that problem for all the English-speaking composers. That is the artistic difficulty, as he expresses it, of getting into the "world game." "When one comes face to face with the international world, there is a feeling of being almost overwhelmed. That is the reason why so many musicians have gone into the vaudeville field instead of the classical. But the negro has no more difficulty before him than there is before the rest of us." Mr. Grainger outlined the three stages in the development of this music:

"There are three stages in the development of music. The first is the traditional old songs and melodies of the people, and here the negro seems to have followed the same customs and laws in his music as have governed all communistic music. In this stage you get the relation of the original creator, who has long been forgotten, and may, indeed, have never been known, to those who have passed his work on, each of them changing the original a little and adding a little of their own to it.

"The first important thing that I have noticed is how extraordinarily alike the English folk-songs and the negro music are. You know, I have made a collection of several hundred English songs and ballads, and I have been impressed with this similarity. So many of the vocal tricks and portamentos are the same. Many have rushed to the conclusion that the negroes have gotten their music from the English. It's so easy to generalize, isn't it? I won't take sides, as I do not think there is any need to draw conclusions.

"On the other side there is an enormous influence exerted on the trained musician. I shall go so far as to say that musicians of the English-speaking races owe much to the negro. I know that I do. I have noticed the influence when writing a Scotch ballad, for instance. We in Australia are especially close in our touch with the United States, and we have heard a good deal of negro music there.

"Some people seem to regret that the negro is getting out of the folk-song stage, but it is a splendid development for him as he gets educated and on to the vaudeville stage. At this point in his developments you can see clearly the fusion between negro music and that of the other English-speaking countries. Take this song 'Tipperary,' for instance; it shows clearly the negro influence. It's all such a muddle up, much like the interchange of English and American idioms and expressions. . . .



"LET ALL THE WORLD HEAR ALL THE WORLD'S MUSIC!"

This is the plea of Percy Grainger, composer and collector of folk music. Especially worthy of preservation, he believes, are the folksongs of the American negro. He is pictured here by John Sargent.

"The third stage in the development of music is reached when the talented men must come into the classical sphere. It may be sad that the folk music is dying out, but the same thing is happening in other countries. Russia, for instance. Since it must die out, it is good that the negro race has such talented men as it undoubtedly has. As far as one can judge, the present mode of development, the present stage, viewed dispassionately, is perfectly delightful."

In an article on "The Impress of Personality" in *The Musical Quar-*

terly, Mr. Grainger pays an enthusiastic tribute to the colored instrumentalists and singers who make up the New York "Clef Club," an organization which could not fail to electrify Europe if presented there, and to hear which it is "more than worth one's while to travel across the Atlantic." He continues:

"The compositions they interpret are art-music, and reveal the strict harmonic habits of the written art, but the ease with which those members of the Club

who cannot read musical notation learn and remember intricate band and choral parts by heart (often singing tenor and playing bass) and many individualistic and rhapsodical traits in their performances suggest the presence of instincts inherited from the days of communal improvisation. The qualities are nowhere more in evidence than in their exhilarating renderings of two fascinating choral numbers by that strangely gifted American composer, Will Marion Cook—"Rain-song" and "Exhortation"—in themselves works of real genius and originality that deserve a world-wide reputation."

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER—A GREAT IDEA FOR DEMOCRATIC DRAMA

NO RECENT theatrical experiment has received more widespread praise or aroused more serious interest than has been bestowed upon "The Little Country Theater," located in one of the buildings of the North Dakota Agricultural College, at Fargo, North Dakota. This experiment in the development of rural communities has been described by Alfred G. Arvold in *The Plc. ook* (published by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society), in the *Immigrants in America Review*, and in other publications. According to *The Century*, Mr. Arvold, who is the founder of the theater, has received inquiries from all parts of the Union; and several residents of Porto Rico and the Philippines have already undertaken the work of developing country theaters in their respective communities.

The real purpose of the little country theater, according to Mr. Arvold, is "to use the drama, and all that goes with the drama, as a sociological force in getting people together and acquainted with one another. Instead of making the drama a luxury of the classes, its aim is to make it an instrument for the enlightenment and enjoyment of the masses." Mr. Arvold explains the importance of this problem in village communities:

"Social stagnancy is a characteristic trait of the small town and the country where community spirit is usually at a low ebb. Because of the stupid monotony of the village and country existence, the tendency of the people, young and old, is to move to large cities. Young people leave the small town and the country because of its deadly dullness. They want Life. Older people desert the country because they want better living conditions and more social and educational advantages for themselves and their children. Moral degeneracy in the country, like the city, is usually due to lack of proper recreation. When people have something healthful to occupy their minds they seldom think of wrong-doing. Scientists attribute to loneliness many of the cases

of insanity among country people. That something fundamental must be done along social lines in the country to help people find themselves no one will dispute. The migration from the country to the city will never be stopped until the inhabitants of the small town and the agricultural districts find their true expression in the community."

A dingy old chapel was converted into the theater. Altho simplicity is the keynote throughout, the appearance of the little theater is fascinating, according to its founder. He describes it as follows:

"It is a large playhouse put under a reducing glass. It is just the size of an average country town hall. It has a seating capacity of two hundred. The stage is thirty feet in width, twenty feet in depth, having a proscenium opening of ten feet in height and fifteen feet in width. There are no boxes and balconies. The decorations are plain and simple. The color scheme is green and gold, the gold predominating. The eight large windows are hung with tasteful green draperies. The curtain is a tree-shade velour. The birch-stained seats are broad and not crowded together. There is a place for a moving-picture machine. The scenery is simple and painted in plain colors. Anybody in a country town can make a set like it. It has the Belasco realism about it. The doors are wooden doors, the windows have real glass in them. Simplicity is the keynote of the theater. It is an example of what can be done with hundreds of village halls, unused portions of schoolhouses, and the basements of country churches in communities."

Altho it is now barely a year old, the Little Country Theater has already, according to Mr. Arvold, more than justified its existence. Various types of plays have been presented by different groups representing many diverse races. One of the most effective productions was the staging of a tableau entitled "A Farm House Scene in Iceland Thirty Years Ago," by twenty

young men and women of Icelandic descent. Every detail of the Icelandic home-life was carried out. Other students of foreign descent at the institution were incited likewise to depict the national life of their fathers and mothers.

The influence of Mr. Arvold's "Little Country Theater" has been far-reaching. In North Dakota alone "between fifteen hundred and two thousand people are participating in home-talent plays, due primarily to the influence of the 'Little Country Theater.'"

But Mr. Arvold is even more enthusiastic concerning the infinite possibilities of the "Little Country Theater" idea. "If it can inspire people in the country districts and small communities who are dissatisfied with their surroundings, who are lonely and have little ambition in life, to get along with each other, in order that they may *find themselves*, it will have performed a service which will be invaluable to mankind."

"The drama is a medium through which America must inevitably express its highest form of democracy. It must be considered more in a sociological sense than in a literary, and a sense of art. When it can be used as an instrument to get people to express themselves in order that they may build up a bigger and better community life, it will then have performed a real service to society. When the people who live in the small community and the country awaken to the infinite possibilities which lie hidden in themselves through the impulse of a vitalized drama they will be less eager to move to centers of population. The question of unemployment will no longer puzzle cities. The moral tone of the country will be improved and loneliness will cease to be a cause of insanity. The monotony of their existence will change them into a newer and broader life. Then the lure of the city will be a thing of the past. To help people find themselves and their true expression in a community is the great idea back of The Little Country Theater."

SACHA GUITRY: THE SPOILT CHILD OF THE PARISIAN PUBLIC

NOT even the Great War can curb the insouciant activities of the unique Sacha Guitry. He is the spoilt child of the Parisian public. A month or so ago he produced his latest comedy in the French capitol. It was called "Jealousy." It dealt with the old eternal triangle. But with Sacha as its author, it was, of course, original, impudent, typically Parisian. A husband is unwarrantedly jealous of his young wife. His desperate actions and anguish finally drive her to the commission of an act which might fully justify his jealousy. Whereupon his jealousy vanishes, his suspicions fade away, his sense of security and his faith in his wife reign supreme in his mind.

This comedy is typical of the annoying audacity of Sacha Guitry. Who else could dare present such a theme in these troublous times in Paris? No one, surely, but an idol of Paris.

But Sacha Guitry has always rushed in triumphant where angels—theatrical and artistic—have feared to tread. He boasts of the conquest of nine countries during a forty days' tour. He presented his own plays in the leading cities of Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Roumania, Turkey, Greece, Egypt and France, and was received with open arms by the cosmopolitan élite of these cities. Aboard a Mediterranean steamer Sacha and his talented wife Charlotte Lysès rehearsed a new comedy "The Scotch Cape," and presented it upon his return to Paris. When a Parisian journalist presented himself at the theater to interview this Jack-of-all-arts, Guitry had him ushered on the stage, during a performance, in full view of the audience. His is the impudence of the inevitably successful. He has been described as a French George M. Cohan.

Some time ago he contributed an amusing "Rapid Journal of My Life" to *Je sais tout*. He confesses that it was originally his ambition to become a pictorial artist, tho his father was Lucien Guitry, one of the greatest of French actors. Sacha was born in Petrograd, where Guitry père was playing in 1885. Sacha confesses that he gave up serious study at the age of six or seven.

"I started in to draw, to see what it would bring me. My first drawing was accepted by the *Presse*. It represented Gustave Guiches and they paid me five francs for it. That same year I tried dramatic art. I did not possess the sacred fire. Moreover, I had finished by having the same opinion of myself that my friends had: I would never do anything serious. I was fated to dabble in everything and vegetate miserably in the cafés of the *rive gauche*."

However, he made his stage début at Versailles in Victor Hugo's "Ernani." He played a conspirator in the third act and a soldier in the fourth, while in the last he was a noble lord. His "gang" came down from Paris, filled up the balcony, and received him, he confesses, with an indescribable ovation. Thunders of applause greeted every gesture he made. The unfortunate youth made such a hit with his friends that the manager refused to give him his salary and dismissed him.

"In 1903 I did not work. I went to the races and learned how to play poker. I attended the cabarets with an assiduity worthy of the greatest praise. In 1904 I did precisely what I had done in 1903—but not with as great pleasure. In 1905 I needed money. I became an actor in a provincial theater. During the second performance I was hissed so hard that before noon the next day my contract was pitilessly canceled by the management. Disgusted with the profession of acting, I decided to write a play. I wrote 'Nono.' It was produced in Paris in December. Don't hold that against me! It is only a date."

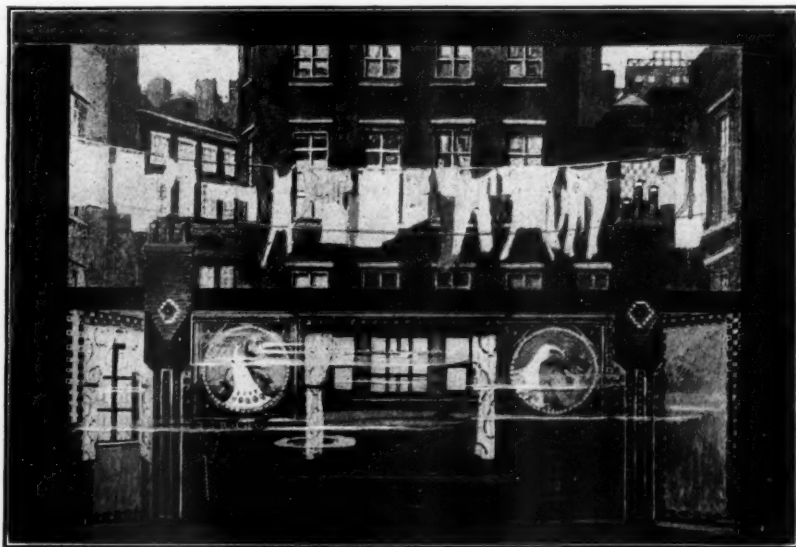
The following year, he landed a job on the newspaper *Gil Blas*, and started to write a novel for serial publication. "The editors would not let me publish it," he confesses, "and to this day I have never known how the story ever ended." But already, in spite of his confessions, his talent was recognized. Mme. Rejane ordered a play for her new theater. Other managers produced four or five of his comedies, among them an adaptation of "The Clouds" of Aristophanes. In 1907, his play "The Key" lasted exactly nine performances

at Rejane's theater—"nine times too many," as he admits. "Half the audience hissed it—the other half was not present."

This failure, however, led to a meeting with Octave Mirbeau. "I became his friend—a coincidence!" In 1907, at the age of 22, he married Charlotte Lysès. "It was rumored that I wore green and pink pajamas for the occasion. That is absurd. I was dressed simply in blue and white pajamas." In 1908 he acted the leading rôle in one of his own comedies. A tour of Russia followed. In 1911, Sacha Guitry blossomed out as a painter, holding an exhibition of his work at the Bernheim Galleries. Some of his paintings were extremely modern, executed, he confesses, in the medium of olive oil! But he has never stopped acting, even tho he occasionally published a futile book or two.

"I do not complain. I do not want people to accuse me of laziness. But, some people say, why not take a rest once in a while? For two reasons. . . . In the first place, I cannot; and in the second place—this is the life! Whenever I take a rest, I get tired. I am never tired while I am working. What do I enjoy outside of my work? Everything. My friends, painting, other people's tobacco, reading, pets, nourishment, the moment that is passing, the moment that has just passed, the moment that is coming, the gardener who is passing, 'The Crows' by Henry Becque, Chinese ink because it is so very black, snow because it is so very white, you because you are reading about me, and above everything else, the country."

"Why do I write plays? Because it is



"SOME" MIDNIGHT CABARET

Satirical, but intensely colorful, is Joseph Urban's conception of a typical New York resort. The low-ceilinged dive is swimming in a gaudy yellow light. Above, with flapping clothes flying outside the tenements in strangely significant contrast, we feel the cool night, bathed in deep blue light.

not my profession: I am a draftsman. Why do I draw? Because it is not my trade: I am a comedian. Why do I act in comedy parts? Because I write them myself."

He is a caricaturist of talent. The

ideas promulgated in some of his plays are by no means trivial. Tenderness occasionally redeems his mordant satire. As an actor, always admirably aided by the unique talent of Charlotte Lysès, Sacha Guitry won the discerning Paris

public in two years. He confesses that he plays "without method, without mannerisms, without trouble, without habits—with ease and pleasure—for my own pleasure and for the pleasure of my public."

POPULAR TRIUMPH OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF SCENE PAINTING

STUDENTS of the stage have only recently seized the full significance of the fact that the drama is always conditioned by the circumstances of the theater for which it is designed. So that authority on the theater, Professor Brander Matthews, informs us in an essay in *Scribner's Magazine* on the evolution of scene painting. The art of the scene-painter has been ignored by the general public perhaps more than any other of the arts of the theater. Yet this art has been of tremendous importance upon the technique of the drama. Théophile Gautier, according to Professor Matthews, "was frequent in praise of the scene-painters of his time and of scene-painting itself as a craft of exceeding difficulty and of inadequate appreciation." Gautier mourned the fact that, like the art of the actor, scene-painting is not a permanent art. He once declared: "It is sad to think that nothing survives of these masterpieces destined to live a few evenings only, and disappearing from the washed canvas to give place to other marvels, equally fugitive. How much invention, talent and genius may be lost—and not always leaving even a name!"

Things have changed since then. Scene-painting has become very elaborate and very expensive, but not, ac-

cording to Gordon Craig and his followers, correspondingly beautiful. Mr. Craig originated the movement for true scenic beauty in the theater. His imitators and followers have been legion. But in spite of the efforts of Granville Barker, Reinhardt, Bakst and others, until lately this new influence has been practically without effect on the popular American theater.

It has remained for Joseph Urban, a Viennese artist, to effect this conquest. Mr. Urban formerly designed scenery and decorations for the Boston Opera. He mounted the unsuccessful fairy play, "The Garden of Paradise," by Edward Sheldon. But his popular triumph was not effected until this summer, with his scenery for the most popular and most frivolous of American entertainments, Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld's "Follies."

Louis Sherwin, the discerning critic of the *N. Y. Globe*, declares this achievement far more beautiful and artistic than anything of Granville Barker's or any other "high-brow" attempts. The *N. Y. Evening Sun* remarks: "To characterize Urban's work would be to say that he is a safe and sane Bakst." The scenery, according to the *N. Y. Times*, was the "star" of the piece.

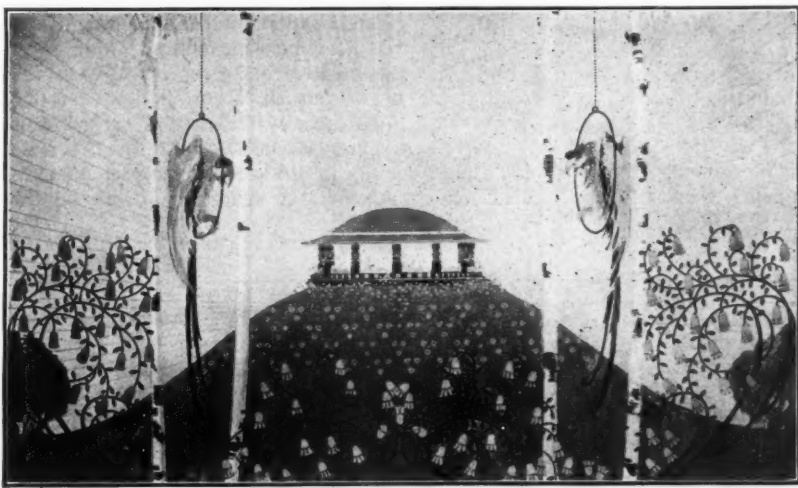
"It is not merely that he has used taste

and a sense of color. He has used imagination, and in all the matters of decoration the latest of the Ziegfeld Follies not only surpasses the best that New York has seen in entertainments of its sort, but, in some of its scenes, equals the best that has been done in staging here this year."

Whatever objections one may have to the "new art," as detracting from the dramatic interest of the play—this is one of Brander Matthews's apparent objections. The *N. Y. Tribune* is of the opinion that it is of great value in the realm of the revue or musical comedy:

"The scenery and costumes, designed by Joseph Urban, were beautiful in themselves, in color, in design, in harmony with one another. Mr. Urban's scenery for grand opera as evidenced in his production of "The Jewels of the Madonna" found its critics, but there can be no critics of the work he displayed last night. It was art nouveau, of course, yet in the realm of the revue such art finds its proper field. From the opening scene under the sea, with the mermaid sitting on the bell-buoy, through Radiumland and the Silver Forest we were in an enchanted world whenever Mr. Urban chose to wave his wand. Mr. Ziegfeld has announced that he had dedicated his 'Follies' to feminine beauty. That beauty was there last night in its accustomed abundance, but for the first time in his career, and perhaps in the city's musical comedy history, he provided a setting worthy of its inhabitants. So, with no detractor from the principals or the chorus, first honors last night went to Mr. Urban."

When "London Assurance" was first produced in London in 1841, it introduced a "box set" and realistic stage furnishings that created a sensation, and became one of the strong factors in the birth of the realistic drama that culminated with Ibsen and Strindberg. Evidently Mr. Urban's musical comedy settings are destined to create a new era in the popular theater of America. Vaudeville, we read in the *Dramatic Mirror*, is soon to follow his example with decorative and artistic scenery in place of the atrocities which are of the same artistic value as country billboards.



A DECORATIVE "DROP"

It is called "The Dwelling of the Sun" and it is painted in yellow and gold. Two gigantic birds of the tropics afford a striking contrast in the general color scheme.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

THE TACTICAL FALLACY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEAD-LOCK OF THE WAR ON LAND

STRATEGY and tactics, in the opinion of a great living authority on the subject, have long been obsessed with a theory expressed in the precept: Hold on to the front—attack on the flank. This does not mean sheer passivity in the force which holds the front. Infantry regulations for all armies in the world expressly insist upon the necessity of vigorous frontal attack as the best means of holding the enemy. Nor is the rule held in such a wooden manner that it precludes the carrying of positions on the front. Local successes of that sort are to be expected. If the enemy draws a continuous line in advance of a necessary objective, piercing the front is the only expedient. Except in this case, military theorists, including the Germans above all, have pronounced it impracticable to achieve a decision by piercing the enemy's front. There has been a tendency among tactical experts to accept as a principle the idea that the front is inviolable when held by the well-placed and well-covered troops of the armies of to-day.

This conviction, to which may be traced the result of the great war in Europe in its land aspect so far, arises from the accuracy, range and rapidity of artillery fire, but it has the support of those military 'experts' who have specialized in the wars of the last hundred years and who are mainly responsible for the Napoleonic conception now dominant in all military academies. And the competent military expert of the London *Nation*, whose paper we quote, expounds the subject thus:

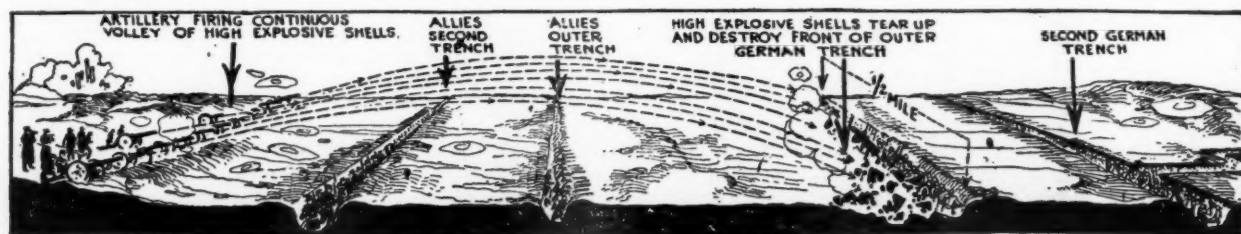
"Napoleon was able to break through the opposing front; but fire was then comparatively ineffective, and the action of troops in adjoining sectors not so thoroughly correlated. But in the Franco-Prussian war no decision was achieved

by direct frontal action, and the great victories of the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese war were flank decisions. The effect of a study of these two campaigns and of other modern wars has been to establish the conviction of the inviolability of the front to such an extent that in maneuvers of recent years German generals have not even attempted to achieve a decision save upon one or both flanks. A decision is won in a flank attack, and prevented in a frontal attack, by converging fire. But while this is true, the generalization is susceptible of further analysis. Convergence of fire only operates when a flank attack is already successful, just as it only operates against a piercing movement while this is unsuccessful. A flank attack until the flank is turned is merely a secondary frontal attack. The main front is not enfiladed, there is no converging fire, until the flank is turned. Grant the same success to a piercing movement, and the troops on both sides of the fracture are laid open to flank attack and enfiladed. And this becomes the more probable from a variety of reasons. The frontal attack has an element of surprise which an offensive against the flank rarely possesses. It is impossible to say until the movement is on the verge of being driven home upon which point of a long front the blow will fall. The recent recovery of Neuve Chapelle shows that, even under modern conditions of reconnaissance, artillery and troops can be massed on a small front without the enemy's knowledge. But every general knows where a flank attack must fall, and if he is wise echelons troops in the rear, in support. Moreover, the confidence with which the inviolability of the front was held has directly weakened the front, and made the chances of a successful attack greater. For armies brought up on that tradition tend to extend their lines, and place their general reserve where, according to hypothesis, they alone are useful—on the flanks."

Alone among the men in higher command, General Foch, "probably the most skilful and daring tactician in the French line," has ventured to depart

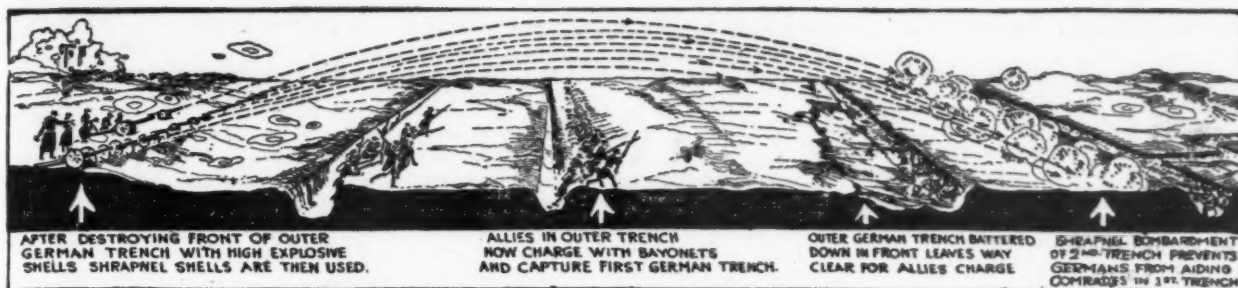
from the theory of the inviolability of the front. His precept has been not merely to seek out the enemy's weak spot and attack it, but to make a weak spot along the front if none be discoverable and break through it. The application of this theory has been successful, if we are to accept the official despatches of the allies. It has failed, according to the official reports of the Berlin general staff. We read in the Paris version that Foch broke through von Bülow's army and von Hausen's army, but the Germans do not admit this. Thus we can not say that victory favored a piercing movement. On the other hand, the allies seem to have been converted to the theory of the frontal attack, unless the comments of the military experts of the Paris press—the *Figaro* and the *Gaulois*—rest on pure assumption. At the same time, the military experts of the Berlin papers, notably the *Kreuz-Zeitung* and the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*—qualified students of the art of war—argue that the imbecility of frontal attacks upon entrenched positions is thoroughly understood by the French. General Foch contemplates no such tactical heresy as is ascribed to him in the allied press, say these authorities. Foch, they tell us, was reared in the Napoleonic school of war, and while Napoleon did not at first realize the importance of flank attacks, he came in the end to prefer them. Here again, in the literature growing up around the controversy, we find one distinguished expert contradicted by another. Napoleon never committed himself to the flank attack as preferable to the frontal attack, according to that distinguished writer on the art of war, Colonel Vachée.* Indeed, at certain crises in the action, he preferred attacks on the center to attacks on the

* NAPOLEON AT WORK. By C. Vachée. Macmillan.



FIRST STAGE OF A FRONTAL ATTACK ON AN ENTRENCHED POSITION

For want of the ammunition to make this type of attack effective, the British in Flanders are said to have died in the trenches by thousands.



SECOND STAGE OF THE ATTACK ON AN ENTRENCHED POSITION

This diagram which, like the one preceding, is taken from the *New York American*, illustrates the mode in which the conflicts in the western theater of the war will be fought out if the munitions question is solved by the English.

wings. From the point of view of tactics, he seemed to trouble himself much less over the nature of the battlefield and the difficulties of the ground than over the movements or counter-movements of the enemy. General Foch, lecturing to his classes at the French War School, emphasized the point that in Napoleon's eyes a battle was a dramatic action with a beginning, a middle and an end. The order of battle assumed by the armies and

their first movements to get into contact with each other were the exposition, and the counter-movements made by the army attacked formed the knot or complication, which necessitated fresh plans and brought about the crisis, whence came the issue or dénouement. Foch finds in these lines the principal characteristics of the ordinary Napoleonic battle:

"1. To converge all the forces on the

eve of the battle on the point he wished to force and to mass them there, this point, chosen on the eve of the fight, being a weak point;

"2. To begin the fight, a bout at fist-cuffs, and get in as many blows as possible. This then was taking the offensive in dead earnest along the whole front;

"3. Finally, at the weak point and at the moment chosen by him, the General-in-Chief himself gives a formidable and decisive blow which overthrows his adversary."

WHY THE SPELL OF THE EGG MAKES EMBRYOLOGY SO FANTASTIC

THE development of the egg has always cast a peculiar spell over the scientific imagination, complains that distinguished zoologist, Professor E. B. Wilson, from whose address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science we extract the remark. As we follow the development of the egg hour by hour in the living object, we witness, he says, a spectacular exhibition that seems to bring us very close to the secrets of animal life. It awakens an irrepressible desire to look below the surface of the facts, to penetrate the mystery of development. The singular thing, nevertheless, is that during one definite period of embryological research this great problem, although ever before our eyes, seemed to be almost forgotten in our preoccupation with purely historical questions—such as the origin of vertebrates and the similarities between germ layers. These questions will always be of great interest; but embryology is but indirectly connected with historical problems of this type. The embryologist seeks first of all to attain some understanding of development. It was therefore a notable event when some years ago a small group of embryologists headed by William Roux turned away from the historical aspects of embryology and addressed themselves to experiments designed solely to throw light upon the mechanism of development. The full significance of this step first came home to scientists with Driesch's memorable

discovery that by a simple mechanical operation we can at will cause one egg to produce two and even more than two perfect embryos. It was as if the scales had fallen from our eyes. With almost a feeling of shock embryologists took the measure of their ignorance and saw the whole problem of development reopened. Professor Wilson, whose words are reproduced in *London Nature*, enlarges thus on this new aspect of embryology:

"It may be doubted whether any period in the long history of this science has been more productive of varied and important discoveries than that which followed upon its adoption of experimental methods. In one direction the embryologist went forward to investigations that brought him into intimate relations with the physicist, the chemist, the pathologist, and even the surgeon. A flood of light was thrown on the phenomena of development by studies on differentiation, regeneration, transplantation, and grafting; on the development of isolated blastomeres and of egg-fragments; on the symmetry and polarity of the egg; on the relations of development to mechanical, physical, and chemical conditions in the environment; on isolated living cells and tissues, cultivated, like micro-organisms, outside the body in glass tubes; on fertilizations, artificial parthenogenesis, and the chemical physiology of development. In respect to the extension of our real knowledge these advances constitute an epoch-making gain to biological science.

"And yet these same researches afford a most interesting demonstration of how the remoter problems of science, like dis-

tant mountain-peaks seem to recede before us even while our actual knowledge is rapidly advancing. Thirty years after Roux's pioneer researches we find ourselves constrained to admit that in spite of all that we have learned of development the egg has not yet yielded up its inmost secrets. I have referred to the admirable discovery of Driesch concerning the artificial production of twins. That brilliant leader of embryological research had in earlier years sought for an understanding of development along the lines of the mechanistic or physico-chemical analysis, assuming the egg to be essentially a physico-chemical machine. He now admitted his failure and, becoming at last convinced that the quest had from the first been hopeless, threw all his energies into an attempt to resuscitate the half-extinct doctrines of vitalism and to found a new philosophy of the organism. Thus the embryologist, starting from a simple laboratory experiment, strayed further and further from his native land until he found himself at last quite outside the pale of science."

Yet the more we ponder the question the stronger grows our conviction that the "entelechies" and other technicalities conjured forth by modern vitalism are as sterile for science as the final causes of an earlier philosophy. Bacon might have said of the former as he did of the latter that they are like the Vestal virgins—dedicated to God, and barren. The scientific method is the mechanistic method. The moment we swerve from it by a single step we set foot in a foreign land where a different idiom is spoken.

A BIOLOGIST'S PROTEST AGAINST THE TENDENCY TO IDENTIFY PLANT LIFE WITH ANIMAL LIFE

MISCONCEPTION of a serious kind is beginning to prevail among the laity regarding the analogies between animal life and plant life, as that noted student of the subject, Doctor F. Carrel, points out in *London Science Progress*. He admits that resemblances of reproduction, cell construction and development, nutrition, digestion and the like are observable in the two states. Some organisms even partake of the nature of both kingdoms. Some spores and leaves of plants are motile and a few animals possess characteristics which are common in plant life. For these reasons the life principle is held by some to be identical throughout living nature.

But when the word "principle" is used in this way it is necessary, we are warned, to be clear as to its meaning. What is termed the principle of life is evidently that series of circumstances whereby organized matter is enabled to stand for a space of time in a certain relation with its environment. The circumstances are common to both plants and animals; but there are differences in the way in which the relationships occur. These differences are great enough to divide the manifestations of the principle into two parts which may be called the major and the minor, according as they are produced in animal or vegetal form. In the vegetal form, the non-parasitic organism derives its nutriment from the soil and air and not directly from the flora or the fauna (except partly in the case of insectivorous plants) which surround it. It is thus dependent upon the gases which it obtains from the air and the salts which it derives from the soil as well as upon water. It possesses no real nerve system, no blood to act as a distributor of nutriment, but is indebted to the influence of chlorophyll—the green coloring matter—and sunlight for the assimilation of its principal food. Altho a few animals possess chlorophyll, the great majority do not. Hence chlorophyll is a distinct feature of vegetal existence. Again:

"The plant is surrounded by an almost impervious envelope of cellulose, and altho a few animals are said to possess this substance the great majority are destitute of it: therefore it constitutes a special vegetal characteristic. No plant has visual organs, and tho what are known as eye-spots have been observed in plants these probably serve as means whereby greater response to light is obtained. It is needless to say that no plant possesses the semblance of a heart. . . .

"It is hardly necessary to say that it is impossible to speak of intelligence in plants in the same terms as of intelligence in animals. All that corresponds to an

animal intelligence in plants is the well-known sensitiveness to light which causes the plant to turn its leaves to the luminous source—undoubtedly a chemical effect—and the 'movement' of petiole and leaves produced in certain plants of which *Mimosa pudica* is the best example in response to stimulus. But this movement is not conscious movement, and it is now known that it is caused by a difference of turgidity in the protoplasm of the cells brought about either under the influence of darkness or by shock."

All land plants are anchored to the soil or rock on which they grow, and have no free conscious movement. Mobility affords irrefragable proof of life; but, whereas in animals it is almost always perceptible or easily excitable, in plants it may be said to be absent—the leafing of trees and the extension of roots being in reality facts of growth. If an animal, like a plant, were chained to one spot without the power of movement it would slowly perish, altho supplied with food and going through physiological exchanges with the outer world. The adult plant, on the contrary, thrives in immobility. On the part of plants there is no conscious search for food unless it be in the faintest manner by the roots.

In the matter of nutrition, there is a considerable difference of process. In plants all food is taken in a soluble form, for the plant has the power of forming complex substances from simple ones. In animals the food has to be reduced from the solid and complex to the soluble condition before it can be assimilated.

"On the whole, however, the substances absorbed by the entire plant kingdom are the same as those absorbed by animals considered as a whole. Like the animal, also, a plant feeds partly on nitrogenous substances and constructs proteids. If, however, plants absorb the same elementary substances as animals, they absorb them in different forms and combinations. Plants are fed largely by means of the carbon dioxide existing in the atmosphere, which they accumulate and which, tho given off by animals, cannot be breathed by animals, except in minute quantities, without producing suffocation owing to the effect it has of diluting down and excluding the necessary oxygen. For altho animals can take this gas into their stomachs they do not feed upon it directly. Notwithstanding the fact that plants do, like animals, absorb and return oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide (probably what is not needed for the formation of starch and other substances), it is known that the inhalation of an excess of carbonic acid gas does not kill them.

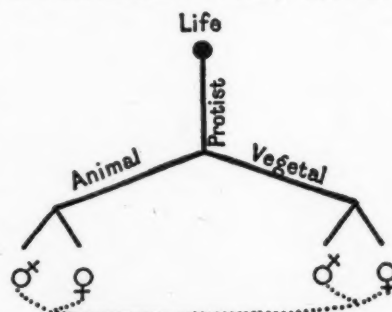
"These differences of functions in this important particular constitute a gap between the two kingdoms. What is rejected in the process of expiration by

the one is received as an alimentary necessity by the other in the form in which it is rejected, and altho in animals carbon is also an alimentary necessity it is received in the food of animals in combination with other substances and is not directly assimilated."

The methods of reproduction are not at all similar in the two reigns. Self-fertilization is largely to be found in plant life, but is only to be met with among animals in some of the lower forms. No doubt the reproductive process is very much the same in plants and animals, once fertilization has taken place. The agency of chance, however, plays a greater part in the one than in the other. Since plants require the help of the wind and of insects to convey the fertilizing element, and animals have no such need, this fact constitutes a difference, and the difference is accentuated when the selective characteristic in animals is taken into account. The seeds of plants and animals are not interchangeable. The pollen of a plant will not develop in the ovary of an animal.

"There are thus dissimilarities between plants and animals which taken as a whole appear sufficient to constitute an essential difference between the two phases of existence, a difference that must necessarily extend to the primal substance of which they are composed. If we cannot know whether or not there was unity in the origin of the substance we need not for that reason be deterred from concluding that there is duality in the development, that is to say in the protoplasm at present extant in the world. The fact that there are minute unicellular organisms which appear composed of the same material and yet to be on the border-line between the two categories of life, need not embarrass us. These organisms stop short at the rudimentary condition. They are rough sketches which are not elaborated and are no obstacles to the view that the principle of life has a dual manifestation. . . .

"Certain authors like Verworn frequently insist on the identity of plant and animal life. It does not seem possible that there should be identity when there



INTER-RELATIONS

The dotted lines represent merely the necessary chemical connection between the two forms of life.

are so many differences of habit and of function. There is some reason to believe that the views of the older investigators who saw an absolute division between the two life states will be ultimately found to be less erroneous than they have been held to be."

It is hard to understand why there should be so much straining after unity on the part of modern inquirers. Since we are not even sure that the living protoplasm of a horse is absolutely the

same as that of a snail or whether there may not be differences in this respect in individuals of the same species, how are we to assume that the protoplasm of plants and animals is one and the same substance? It is the modern habit of not discriminating between the primal substances of the two kingdoms that has been the cause of recent errors of interpretation in the application of the principles of heredity—especially of the Mendelian law. What is true of cer-

tain plants in this sense is largely false of many animals. In the absence of any means of analyzing living protoplasm, it is difficult to understand how the identity of the primal material of plants and animals can be asserted at all. In the opinion of the careful expert we quote, the delusion regarding an identity of plant and animal life does not rest upon any evidence worthy of the name. But this is not the general opinion of scientists.

HOSPITAL ASPECT OF THE NERVOUS AND MENTAL SHOCK OF BATTLE

SOLDIERS present as patients in the hospitals of the allies are suffering in a large proportion of cases from mental and nervous shock and not from wounds at all. The same may be said of the sufferers in the hospitals of the Germans. The tendency of the war to upset the mental balance of the participants has been noted in the medical press of Europe for some little time, but the subject has been investigated at first hand by only a few. Among these is Doctor William Aldren Turner, physician to King's College Hospital in London, who has been serving in the base hospitals of France for some months. His account of the average sufferer shows the patient to be living through again an experience of the past on the battle-field. For instance, the sick soldier lies curled up under the bedclothes. From time to time he will look out, as if peering over the parapet of a trench, stare wildly around him and then hide under the clothes. In other cases of a similar nature, the patient would suddenly start and sit up in bed, looking around. One was heard to cry: "He's gone—he's gone!" This man's brother had been killed beside him in the trench. There are many cases of similar behavior. The patient is living through some experience of a startling kind—the clinical picture suggests the hero of a Greek tragedy in some Sophoclean frenzy. The origin of the symptoms can be traced to shock of a psychological character brought about by an episode of battle. This class of patients is increasing as the war lengthens. Stupor and loss of memory occur again and again, and there are hints of dissociated personality, of a splitting of the field of consciousness. Doctor Turner adds in *The British Medical Journal*:

"Prolonged fatigue and exhaustion, coupled with continuous shelling, seem to be the primary causes of these mental breakdowns. The history furnishes evidence that the patient had been found wandering, and was unable to give a

satisfactory account of his movements. On inquiry of the patient himself as to what had happened to him, one is told that he had been under heavy shelling for a time just previous to his 'losing consciousness,' as he says. One such patient said that in the stress of the engagement he had 'lost his head' and become unconscious.

"The loss of memory may extend over a period of several days. The patient has no knowledge or recollection of what has happened to him during this interval. Attempts to bring back the memory by suggesting possible events or circumstances have not met with success. In one patient, however, the memory was partly restored by a striking association. When lying in hospital, he saw a number of men being prepared for inoculation against enteric fever. This recalled to his mind that he himself had been inoculated a few days before the loss of memory came on. From this clue he was able to give some account of himself, although his memory for a period of three or four days had not returned by the time he was sent home. Attempts to recall the memory by the use of 'word associations' were not tried.

"In addition to the loss of memory, the patients complain of headache, and sometimes of a feeling of strangeness and discomfort in the head; the head, they say, is muddled. Sleep is disturbed at first. The reflexes are normal, although the pupillary light reflex may be impaired."

Deaf-mutism is another effect of the explosion of big shells and provides one of the clinical surprises of the war. In all the cases observed, this cause was given by the patient in explanation of his symptoms, altho in one case the patient had been buried as well:

"As the patient is able to write an account of the incidents which led to the onset of his symptoms, the following statements are given as characteristic of all the cases: 'We had been in the trenches for thirty-two hours and we were being shelled. The front of the trench was blown down in three places. One shell exploded right over my head and buried me. I do not remember anything until about a quarter of an hour later, when I found I could not speak or hear, and I was shaking all over. In about twenty-eight hours my hearing came

back, but I have not been able to speak since.' Another patient wrote: 'I was coming out of a ditch to go to the store for ammunition when a shell burst right over my head and knocked me down. When I recovered consciousness I was lying in a reserve trench occupied by some of our men, two of whom had come along the ditch and found me lying there. One of them spoke to me, and it was then that I discovered that I could not hear or speak.' The examination of the sense of hearing reveals deafness of the nervous type. . . .

"Deafness of a transient character is not an uncommon symptom resulting from the explosion of big shells in close proximity to the patient. In addition to the deafness the effects of the explosion are a stunning or dazing of the mental faculties and sometimes temporary loss of consciousness. In other cases the patient is 'blown away' or forcibly precipitated on to the ground by the violence of the explosion. On recovery from these immediate effects the patient discovers that he is deaf in either one or both ears."

Blindness and impairment of vision in many cases follow the nervous shock of the explosion of a shell in the vicinity of a sensitive patient. The blindness departs as quickly and as inexplicably as it came after an interval of varying duration in different cases. Hesitation of speech has been observed as a result of shell explosions, and a tendency to stammer may persist for some weeks. There are cases of loss of power to walk due solely to shock brought on by shell or mine explosions, though the victim has sustained no physical wound. The burial of the patient in his trench seems to precipitate keen emotional shock, altho the actual wounds from this accident are usually unimportant.

A tendency to shock and actual susceptibility to it are brought on by the vicissitudes of trench life. A common history given by the patient is that after he has been in the trenches for some weeks or months he begins to sleep badly, to lose appetite and to feel run down. To this state of mind is usually added a complete loss of self-confidence.

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NO ONE followed the vicissitudes of the German campaign in Galicia with a keener sense of its importance than that felt by the chemists of Berlin. Not since its development in the fatherland has synthetic chemistry so completely vindicated its prophets, if we may believe the *Physikalische Zeitschrift* (Berlin), as since the war began. Very few of the elements indispensable to the prosecution of war on its chemical side can not be found or synthesized in Germany, according to the scientific organs of the fatherland. These, however, as the *Paris Nature* points out, never enlighten us as to details. The synthetic rubber of which the Germans boast, for instance, inspires skepticism in the scientific organs of the allies, nor is much stock taken by them in the "secrets" of the high explosive for the heavy artillery of the Krupps. The whole Galician campaign indicates to the chemical experts of the allies that the Germans are suffering from lack of the constituents of the higher explosive compounds, a fact explaining why the large Russian forces were able to withdraw in good order. There is reason to believe that the Grand Duke was outflanked by a superior force in Galicia, yet he got clean away, despite the fact that he lacked ammunition and could not move his heavy artillery easily. This was owing to the lack of rubber on the part of his foes. The need of rubber in the German artillery for tires and appurtenances is said to have been pressing. Now they hold again the Galician oil wells.

While the allies halt because they lack ammunition, the Germans can not prosecute their advantage on land because their synthetic chemistry has not proved adequate to the emergency. So much we are told by *London Nature* with positiveness, in direct contradiction of the optimism of the scientific press in the fatherland:

"Germany has evidently summoned to her assistance all the metallurgical skill and chemical knowledge at her disposal in attempts to improvise substitutes for the materials of which she has been deprived by the effectiveness of our blockade. That she will to some extent succeed may be conceded, for ordinary commercial conditions are no longer applicable to the case of a nation which has 'its back to the wall,' and is determined to stake everything, regardless of human life and treasure, in the struggle to preserve its existence. But whilst these attempts may do credit to the intelligence and resourcefulness of our enemies, and may serve to illustrate their undoubted organizing capacity, they are clear proofs of the straits to which they are reduced.

"Such attempts may prolong the duration of the struggle, but it is highly improbable that they will materially affect its ultimate result. It is possible that gun-cartridges, rifle-cartridges, and the fuse-heads of grenades may be made without the use of copper or brass, or with alloys containing only a minimal proportion of copper; but it is unlikely that such substitutes will prove as efficient as the material hitherto used. It must be remembered that the strongest arm of the enemy's service is its artillery, and anything that militates against the efficiency of that branch to that extent weakens the enemy's power."

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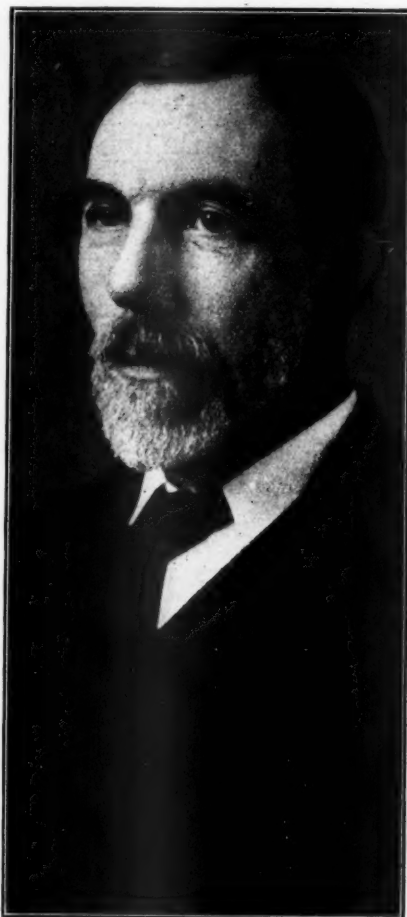
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"Nitric acid can only be made commercially by the use of oil of vitriol, and there is ample evidence that the growing scarcity of the raw materials upon which the manufacture of the latter substance depends is causing great perturbation in chemical circles in Germany. All outside sources of sulphur, whether as such or as pyrites, are excluded. The use of sulphuric acid for the manufacture of fertilizers is practically prohibited. Attempts are being made to convert ammonium carbonate, obtained by the Haber process, into ammonium sulphate by treatment with gypsum—a process already used in France with only partial success; and various methods of obtaining sulphuric acid from Epsom salts and other alkaline earth sulphates are being tried, with what probable result may be judged of from Lunge's well-known work on sulphuric acid manufacture, in which prior attempts to make use of such processes are described in more or less contemptuous terms. Indeed, the patent literature of every country is evidently being ransacked in the dire necessity which has now overtaken our enemies, and all sorts of suggestions, many of which have been tried and hitherto found wanting, are being exploited with a feverish activity."

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"A German Mauser rifle-cartridge contains 48.4 grains of gun-cotton; and as one part of gun-cotton requires 0.55 part of cotton, the 48.4 grains would have been produced from 26.6 grains of cotton. The next part of the calculation refers to the number of shots fired. Assume 3,000,000 men, and that each, on the average, fires ten rounds a day. Then we have an expenditure of fifty-one tons of cotton a day, or 18,600 tons a year, as a minimum for rifles. The expenditure on machine guns is enormously greater, owing to their very rapid firing. It may safely be taken as of equal amount; together 36,000 tons a year. Next, ordnance is being used very largely; here, again, we can only form a rough estimate. Suppose the Germans are using 5,000 guns, that each fires ten shots a day, and that the average charge is about 50 lbs. If that be so, then 1,000 tons a day, or 365,000 tons a year, would be required. It is probable that the number of shots fired is much over-estimated. The reader can make his own estimate. Anyhow, the annual expenditure cannot be less than 100,000 and may be as great as 300,000 tons a year."

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"As regards the consumption of meat—chilled or frozen meat being especially singled out for condemnation—it may be noted that the increase in the deaths recorded from cancer in England was apparent long before chilled or frozen meat reached that country in any quantity, or toward the end of the seventies of the last century.

"The cooking of vegetables and fruits is blamed, but surely vegetables and fruits were cooked long before the increase of cancer revealed itself, and therefore cannot be held responsible. The number of deaths recorded among vegetarian castes in India, who were formerly alleged to

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The faddists, who do not or who can not discuss the figures recording the apparent or real increase in question, may, says Doctor Bainbridge, be dismissed summarily. For the most part, they accept the view of a real increase, because it suits their propaganda against the consumption of tea, coffee, butcher's meat or any other circumstance in diet or habits of life which happens to be their pet aversion. Their arguments would apply with equal force to the improved sanitation which the

past fifty years have seen or to the development of aviation as being responsible.

"As regards the consumption of meat—chilled or frozen meat being especially singled out for condemnation—it may be noted that the increase in the deaths recorded from cancer in England was apparent long before chilled or frozen meat reached that country in any quantity, or toward the end of the seventies of the last century.

"The cooking of vegetables and fruits is blamed, but surely vegetables and fruits were cooked long before the increase of cancer revealed itself, and therefore cannot be held responsible. The number of deaths recorded among vegetarian castes in India, who were formerly alleged to

* THE CANCER PROBLEM. By William Seaman Bainbridge, M.D. Macmillan.

be exempt, is not due to any change in their habits, but 'because the disease has been looked for and found,' as Bashford tersely puts it in the case of the mouse and the cow. What is there in the life of a mouse or cow to-day which differs from that of ten years ago when no cancer was known in the mouse and only the expert knew of a few cases in the cow, as contrasted with the thousands of cases now on record? In Japan, where the habits of the people generally have undergone no change as regards diet, the phenomenon of the increase of cancer presents itself also in their national statistics."

To turn to the serious consideration of whether the increase is actual or not, it is urged, on the one hand, that the improvements in the certification of the causes of death and in the diagnosis of cancer do not suffice to explain away the recorded increase. Many who hold this view also advocate the theory that cancer is infectious. On the other hand, it is said that these factors do not suffice to explain all the increase, since this is mainly an increase of internal cancer, and since it is much greater in men than in women, owing to female cancers being more readily accessible to complete clinical examination. If the increase is real there is no reason why it should affect men more than women.

It is urged further that the increase affects mainly the higher-age periods. Nevertheless, on the basis of statistics carefully compiled in recent years by the English authorities, it is fully demonstrated that it is erroneous to make statements of a disquieting nature about the increase of cancer in general. Study of the occurrence of cancer in mankind and in domesticated animals in various parts of the globe has shown that the practice of peculiar customs, involving the application of irritants to particular parts of the body, provokes the disease in situations and organs from which it is absent when these customs do not obtain. It is reasonable to suppose that the frequency of cancer would be diminished if such practices as the use of the "kangri" in Kashmir, chewing betel nut in India and eating very hot rice in China were discontinued.

Nor are we to be overawed by statistics, however carefully compiled; and as for the diagrams and maps which seem to prove so much to the eye, they ought to be accepted with reservations, at least in some instances. As an instance of the errors based upon statistics, Doctor Bainbridge refers us to the most recent report of the Registrar-General for England and Wales—that for 1911, published in 1913:

"While the figures for a single year would be far too small a basis for forming a definite conclusion on this matter, and there is evidence pointing to a real increase of cancer of certain parts of the

body, the figures for 1911 seem to harmonize sufficiently well with the hypothesis that recorded differences in mortality depend upon varying degrees of accuracy in diagnosis to make it worth while to watch those of subsequent years from the same point of view. If these latter point in the same direction, then we must ask ourselves whether England and Wales in 1911 do not compare with England and Wales in 1881 more or less as London in 1911 does with the rural districts in 1911. The peculiar history of the increase of cancer mortality in regard to age and sex would then be explained. The records show continuous increase at all ages for males, whereas in females the increase at ages 35 to 45 ceased about twenty years ago, and more recently that at 45 to 55. At the latter age-periods the increase still continues at rates which increase in rapidity with increase of age. The male increase at all ages would be explained by the fact that, taking the country as a whole, there is still considerable room for improvement in diagnosis at every age in males. The cessation of increase in middle-aged women is explained if we assume that cancer, being better diagnosed in the female sex and at the earlier ages, is now seldom overlooked in middle-aged females, altho it formerly was so, the frequency of occurrence being assumed constant. Probably there is little doubt that cancer is more easily diagnosed, because more accessible, in females, but the assumption that it is more frequently overlooked in old than in middle age is more open to question. . . . It seems natural, however, that in the case of persons whose age alone suffices to explain failure of their vital powers the search into the cause of obscure illness should at times be less rigorous than is felt to be demanded when a person of middle age is concerned, whose span of life is clearly cut short by definite illness of some kind."

It would thus seem that the long debate as to the meaning of the increase in the number of deaths recorded from cancer is to end by admitting the possibility of increase for some parts of the body and in pointing very definitely to the lines along which statistical research may be pursued with profit. This result has been attained not by compiling special statistics of cancer by means of a cancer census, but by improving national mortality statistics as a whole and especially by considering those of cancer as an important part of all.

The relative frequency of cancer in town and country calls for reference.

Everywhere the diagnosis and treatment of disease and certification of causes of death are backward in the country as compared with the cities. It is therefore not surprising that cancer is more frequently recorded in towns than in the rural districts. That this may be largely the explanation is supported by the fact that it can not be shown that overcrowding in the towns has any influence upon the death-rate from cancer. In all such questions of relative frequency in one area

as contrasted with another, the question of the relative proportions of each sex and the numbers of each living at the several age groups is important:

"It is evident that the ordinary method of presenting statistics exaggerates the rate of cancer in Ireland as compared with England, a result which might have been expected, owing to the age-distribution of the populations of the two countries.

"The fallacy here revealed when age alone is concerned—sex being left out of account—probably also invalidates all the statements that have been made as to the relative frequency of cancer in different states in America, and in different races, whether Indian, black or white, or of Teutonic, English, or Latin descent, more especially because persons are considered and no allowance is made for the relative proportions of the two sexes at the several age-groups. This criticism applies especially to the map which McConnell has constructed for America. This map is quite valueless because it is based upon a statement of the deaths in different state groups per 1,000 deaths from all known causes, which is well known to be a fallacious method. An epidemic of measles among children, for example, would upset the whole calculation by lowering the death-rate from cancer."

The idea that cancer is by no means on the increase is beginning to make progress even in the popular literature of the subject. For instance, the article on cancer in *The Everyman Encyclopedia* makes mention of the fact that only when information is gathered upon the comprehensive scale adopted by the Imperial Research Fund committees can statistics be deemed convincing. With the collaboration of the various governments, the incidence of cancer among different races and for different limits of age has been studied more carefully than has previously been feasible. One of the most encouraging conclusions from these statistics is that the supposed alarming increase in cancer cases has no foundation in fact. As regards the lower-age periods, a decrease is reported. One difficulty in the way of a sound interpretation of the statistics is the fact that the cause of cancer remains unknown:

"It is probable that many different causes may operate, and good work has been done in investigating probable causes by researches conducted under the auspices of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. The able administration of this fund and the unselfish cooperation of medical men and scientists throughout the world has led to the accumulation of a body of statistical and experimental knowledge, which, though it has had no very definite results, has put the inquiry on a proper footing. Many investigations have been conducted with a view to finding a specific micro-organism for cancer, but without satisfactory results. The arguments appear to be rather against a bacterial origin, for no real evidence of infection has been produced."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

THE BURNING ISSUE OF FREE SPEECH AT EASTERN AS WELL AS WESTERN UNIVERSITIES

TRUSTEES of the University of Pennsylvania who dropped Dr. Scott Nearing, an assistant professor of economics, from the teaching force at the end of the academic year, have precipitated the very live issue of academic freedom in the East. The Philadelphia institution is a private foundation, not a state university like the institutions in Wisconsin and Utah where similar issues of freedom of teaching and speech are still acute (see *CURRENT OPINION* for June). But the governor of the state, ex officio, heads the official list of university authorities, provost is the title of the active president, and liberal state appropriations from the Pennsylvania legislature help to support the university.

Professor Nearing was the only member of the faculty whom the trustees declined to reappoint. Their action was taken despite the recommendation for reappointment by the head of the department known as the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce. Pressed for reasons or explanations of their action, individual trustees said to interviewers that they felt it to be their duty in the best interest of the university; that it was a matter of personal conscience; or that no explanation to the public was necessary. A storm of criticism broke out in the press, and demands for a statement of reasons for dismissal and for a thoro investigation of the case were voiced by faculty members, alumni and students. The whole controversy is left hanging in the air by the lack of any specific reason given for the dismissal. In the absence of such reason, the assumption generally accepted is that Professor Nearing has paid the penalty for reaching conclusions, in his works on economic subjects, that are too radical to suit the trustees. No particular conclusion, however, is singled out as the probable cause of offense.

The trustees are influential business, professional and church men of Philadelphia. Mr. Nearing became an instructor in the Wharton School nine years ago when he was serving as secretary of the Pennsylvania Child Labor Commission. He is a graduate of the University, which also gave him his doctor's degree, and his classes have been extremely popular with the stu-

dents. His books have included volumes on "Social Adjustment," "Solution of the Child Labor Problem," "Wages in the United States," "Woman and Social Progress," "Social Religion," "Social Sanity," "Financing the Wage Earner's Family,"



A DISMISSED PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS

Scott Nearing, the center of the latest agitation over academic freedom, simply says it is "up to" the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania to tell why they dropped him. They will not tell. His specialty is "The Human Note in Economics."

"Reducing the Cost of Living." His newest book, just published, on "Income," is a searching study of the present-day conflict between what he distinguishes as "property income" and "service income" in our economic system of distribution.

Philadelphia papers treat the Nearing case as a sensation and give much space to protests against his dismissal. Dr. Lightner Witmer, head professor of psychology, regards the case as a part of the universal struggle of democracy against autocracy:

"It must be remembered that the development and present prestige of the University of Pennsylvania are derived from the labors of its faculty members, and not from its board of trustees, dis-

tinguished as many of these may be in other than academic or scholarly pursuits. Shall those who have made the University of Pennsylvania what it is be considered incapable of deciding whether a particular assistant professor is a suitable member of the faculty or not?

"I must write as I have, albeit with deep regret, because otherwise I could no longer contend, as often I must, against those who claim in public places that professors at the University of Pennsylvania are virtually employees of a few representatives of inherent or acquired wealth in the city of Philadelphia. If this opinion gains ground, no self-respecting scholar will accept an appointment at this University, and even students will hesitate to come to an institution to be taught a brand of knowledge which they believe must receive the imprimatur of a small group of men who will not tolerate differences of opinion."

One of the executors of the estate of Joseph Wharton, who founded the school, points out that the deed of gift specified "the necessity of rigorously punishing by legal penalties and by social exclusion those persons who commit frauds, betray trusts or steal public funds, directly or indirectly," and also insisted that "the fatal consequences to a community of any weak toleration of such offenses must be distinctly pointed out and enforced." This executor, Harrison S. Morris, declares that Professor Nearing has been dropped by the "standpatters" in the board of trustees for expressing views opposite to those held by the great trusts and by public service corporations which depend on corrupt politics for their profits. Mr. Morris cites a number of instances in which Nearing and his associates have been of service to reforms under the present city administration, and adds:

"The limitations of the University have been that it has too little touch with the life and business of the city. These younger men have been bridging the chasm; and for doing so they have been under suspicion, and at least one of them has fallen a sacrifice on the city's altar.

"The University of Pennsylvania is not a free agent. It is supported by great sums appropriated by our corrupt legislatures, and it must obey their wishes, which are equivalent to the demands of the great corporations.

"My belief is that all the right-minded citizens of the State would rally to the

support of the University if it would free itself from an alliance with Penrose, Vare and McNichol, which controls its judgment in a crisis like this when freedom of speech is at stake."

Public opinion has never begrudged the university substantial aid in public land and money, says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, but there is deeply embedded in the very structure of the institution a spirit antagonistic to the fullest exercise of academic freedom:

"If the University of Pennsylvania had ever in the past thrown its vast influence on the side of clean politics in Pennsylvania, if it had ever encouraged its officers to take part in movements for a nonpartisan business management of municipal affairs, if it had set an example to its undergraduates of disinterested patriotism in all its relations with the city and state, then the public would not be so quick to conclude that the dismissed professor was being muzzled and that the principle of academic freedom was being outraged.

"Reformers and advocates of social progress have not found in the University a friend and ally, and the fault has rested not with members of the faculty but with the trustees. This self-perpetuating body has done an incalculable service for the material well-being of the University; but whether its members have always contributed to its moral and ethical uplift is the doubt which is agitating the public to-day. Instead of seeking to check the flow of free thought in its teaching force the authorities of the University should consider whether the institution is not suffering from intellectual inbreeding within the ranks of the corporation, and whether an injection of new blood there would not make for new health and a wider and wiser outlook."

On the other hand, the *N. Y. Times* takes occasion to declare that many sins are committed in the name of academic freedom. Defenders of such as Dr. Nearing, according to the *Times*, lose sight of the fact that trustees may, after all, have some dim notion of the purpose of the foundation they administer:

"Men who through toil and ability have got together money enough to endow universities or professors' chairs, do not generally have it in mind that their money should be spent for the dissemination of the dogmas of Socialism or in teaching ingenuous youth how to live without work. Yet when Trustees conscientiously endeavor to carry out the purposes of the founder by taking proper measures to prevent that misuse of the endowment, we always hear a loud howl about academic freedom.

"We see no reason why the upholders of academic freedom in that sense should not establish a university of their own. Let them provide the funds, erect the buildings, lay out the campus, and then make a requisition on the padded cells of Bedlam for their teaching staff. Nobody would interfere with the full freedom of the professors, they could teach Socialism

and shiftlessness until Doomsday without restraint. For one thing, that would give crank professors a congenial occupation and free universities established for other purposes from pressure to give employment to the teachers of raw and false doctrines."

This comment, however, is fairly matched by the *N. Y. World*, which observes sarcastically that "it is inspiring to feel that at least one great university in this country lives up to the ideals of education of Matt Quay and Boies Penrose":

"It has not been corrupted by false notions of academic freedom or misled by silly impulses of reason and conscience into opening its doors to honest opinion. The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania are the self-appointed guardians of the righteousness of standpointism, and any criminal or advanced thinker who comes within their jurisdiction merits every penalty they can apply.

"If Dr. Scott Nearing had been a self-respecting man he would have made it his first duty to find out the opinions held by the trustees and the interests they represent and to have been guided subserviently by them in class-room and in public. He was a faithless employee, and the corporations have entered his name on the university's blacklist as a warning to all other instructors who may feel prompted not to sell their souls."

Unless radical professors be allowed to express their views with impunity, the utterances of conservative professors can have no weight with the public, asserts the *N. Y. Evening Post*. This is one inevitable consequence of the persecution of professors on the ground of radical opinion, which, says the *Post*, is of the utmost importance, and which, tho perfectly obvious, appears to be altogether overlooked by those who go in for the policy of prescription:

"The one thing that makes it possible to-day, upon any question of taxation or legislation, to cite the judgment of university professors in opposition to wild or crude proposals is the freedom with which, in our universities generally, opinions of the opposite kind can be expressed. The University of Pennsylvania cannot suppress Nearing; but if it could it would strike the hardest blow within its power against the very institutions and doctrines which it desires to defend. The silencing of a single radical professor would perceptibly lower the value of everything that might be said by a hundred professors who stand for the established order. However wise, however high-minded, we might know a teacher to be, the Socialist would have only to point out that he has to teach as he does or lose his living—and what reply could we make? If there were no other reason for declaring such acts as that of the Pennsylvania trustees to be foolish and mischievous, a sufficient one would be found in their weakening of one of the chief supports of sober public opinion."

Fortunately for the cause of free speech, comments the *Chicago Tribune*, the "Nearing coercion is flagrant." The public has the naked issue presented. "If the trustees of the Wharton school win this fight against the faculty the heresy will spread to all sections of the country. The general condemnation of the action of the trustees must be uncomfortable to the men who have shown such an abject fear of public opinion already." The *Tribune* concludes that the alumni and faculty are doing the right thing by organizing and preparing to oust the Tories at the next election.

The findings of a committee of the American Association of University Professors which investigated the conditions at the University of Utah are interesting in this connection. In brief, they report, as we learn from *School and Society*, that alleged charges of expressing unfavorable opinions of the chairman of the Board of Regents and the university administration are not proper or pertinent grounds for dismissal of teachers. They declare that, in its public statement explaining the dismissals, the Board of Regents "defined the limits of freedom of speech in a university in a way which alone was sufficient to give any member of the faculty an adequate reason for resigning forthwith." Part of the Board of Regents' statement is quoted as follows:

"It is argued to the board that professors and instructors should have the right of free thought, free speech and free action. This can not be and is not questioned. These privileges are reciprocal. When the rights of the two clash, then it is for the board to determine which is right and which course serves, or is inimical to, the best interests of the university. Some one must have the right and responsibility to decide such matters, and the law has vested it in the board. Professor Wise, for instance, has seen fit to belittle the university and to speak in an uncomplimentary way about the administration. That is his privilege. It is also the right and privilege of the president and board to say that his course is wrong and to refuse longer to employ him. Professor Wise may then go to another institution and state, where his views and those of the governing board may coincide, if there is any place where an employee is permitted to belittle the institution that employs him and to criticize its management unjustly.

"Dr. Knowlton has seen fit to speak very disrespectfully, if not insultingly, of the chairman of the board of regents. From his standpoint this doubtless means that he has exercised his inalienable rights of free thought, free speech and free action. But the president and the board also have an equal right to free thought, free speech and free action, with the result that the president and board do not agree with Dr. Knowlton's sentiments; he may hereafter find an institution and state where similar sentiments against the

presiding officer of the governing board may be approved. If so, that is where he belongs."

The committee of the American Association of University Professors further finds that under the present administration of the University of Utah "there has existed a tendency to repress legitimate utterances (on the part of both faculty and students) upon religious, political or economic questions, when such utterances were thought likely to arouse the disapproval of influential persons or organizations, and thus to affect unfavorably the amount of the university's appropriations." The conditions resulting from this tendency seem to the com-

mittee extremely unwholesome, altho they do not discover evidences that this policy has determined any specific dismissal.

The declaration of the Board that it alone is responsible for the management of the university and its refusal of the demand for public investigation, constitute one of the gravest and most regrettable features of the crisis at the University of Utah, in the committee's opinion:

"This position seems to the committee to show that the board fails to understand, or at least to act upon, three fundamental facts; namely, that every institution of public education, and especially a state university, requires for its success

the confidence and respect of the public; that there can be no sure hold upon public confidence without an unflinching readiness to face publicity in regard to all official acts and policies; and that the only effective way in which any public body can meet serious charges brought by responsible persons is by not merely permitting but demanding a searching and open inquiry into its methods."

The chairman of this committee is Professor E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, and other signatures to the report are those of John Dewey, of Columbia; Frank Fetter, Princeton; J. P. Lichtenberger, University of Pennsylvania; A. O. Lovejoy, Johns Hopkins; H. C. Warren, Princeton.

THE INDUSTRIAL, MILITARY AND INTELLECTUAL TYRANNY OF MERE THINGS

THAT militarism is merely the first line of troops of militant industrialism among modern nations, is a theory not now advanced for the first time.

The European war, however, has directed attention anew to the basic elements in our modern civilization, wherein an increasing number of thinkers discover that militarism is essentially industrialism raised to the *n*th power. Both are manifestations of the cult of mechanism. What has happened, we are told, is that the power residing in machinery of all kinds, intended originally for the service of man, has become in several respects his master. It is this "Tyranny of Mere Things" which is the subject of a penetrating analysis by L. P. Jacks, editor of *The Hibbert Journal*.

The time comes when thousands of millions of capital are invested in "plant," and nations are employed in the task of keeping it in commission. At all costs it must be kept going or the nation will perish economically. Thus if decay threatens an industry, like the making of cloth, the question is not primarily as to the effect of nakedness on mankind but as to the effect on manufacturers and workmen in the industry, which is a part of the whole industrial organization. So the need of using the machinery, not the needs the machinery was created to serve, takes first place in thought. The means become the end. Whereas at first the economic interests served the vital interests of man, it is now the vital that serve the economic interests.

"To be sure, the machine rewards its servants; but it rewards them on its own terms. It confers prosperity on communities which serve it diligently; but has not our very notion of what prosperity is been imposed upon us by the necessity of satisfying the economic rather than the human conditions of our life? Here we

have, I venture to think, the deeper explanation of the social unrest, of which we have heard so much. Fundamentally, it is not a rebellion of class against class, but of the human soul in all classes against the limitations set to its life by economic mechanism. Never will man feel himself really prosperous so long as his well-being is defined by these limits. Never will he be satisfied by a reward which is measured in purely economic terms, no matter what the amount nor how distributed. This was the burden of Ruskin, and for sixty years the course of social history has been confirming it in every particular."

The analogous tyranny of the military machine in Europe is so plain that none can mistake it, according to Mr. Jacks. These vast machines, whether armies or engines of war, are *made to be used*. Armaments possess a will of their own—a will to be used as armaments. "Make them big enough and costly enough, and they will assuredly get out of hand and control the governments by which they are nominally controlled." The impulse to use them for their intended purpose will ultimately prevail against every consideration of reason, humanity and common sense.

Both the industrial and military tyrannies are symptoms of a deeper tyranny whose seat is the ideal world, according to Mr. Jack's diagnosis. Here has been developed a powerful and complex intellectual machine in the name of the science of logic.

"Over against the vital necessities which the work of thought has, in the first place, to satisfy, there grow up necessities of a second order, which in course of time usurp the place of their primaries. Little by little the essential needs of man as a living soul become obscured by the overwhelming presence of the logical apparatus originally created to satisfy those needs. An enormous vested interest grows up round the mere mechanism of

thought. At all costs the furnaces must be kept in blast; at all costs the machinery must continue to work; at all costs the logical armament—I use the term advisedly—must not be balked of its office. Hence, in close analogy to economic civilization, there arises the scientific type of culture, under which the human spirit is still free to live and move, but only within the limits prescribed by the paramount need of giving employment to the mechanism of thought. This becomes at length the supreme authority of life and the dictator of philosophy. The cult of mechanism has established itself in the innermost chambers of the spirit. . . .

"We may say, in general, that every object of thought and every motion of the spirit is transformed by the prevalent cult into a 'problem.' First the thing must be identified with the problem of the thing; then, and then only, can the iron teeth of ratiocination get to work upon its substance. Thus at the present time we have the problem of Truth, the problem of Good, the problem of Life, the problem of Art, the problem of Religion, the problem of Society, the problem of the Universe—the problem of everything. It is to be observed that tho the dominant power has forced all these things to assume the problematic form, it has not, so far, provided satisfactory answers. But if on observing this a thinker should suggest, as some have done, that the answer to the problem of Life, for example, lies in the discovery that Life is something greater than a problem, he will immediately find himself in conflict with the vested interests of mechanical culture, and his reputation, in consequence, will run no inconsiderable risk. Claiming liberty for his thinking, he is treated as the enemy of thought."

In other words, there is a permitted freedom for argument about abstractions in terms of standardized thought, which is far from freedom of thought for creative purposes. The exaggerated estimate we place upon the value of mere moral exhortation is cited by Mr. Jacks to confirm his diagnosis:



Courtesy of *The Independent*

THE SIGN OF THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT IN POPULAR EDUCATION

Typical circuit Chautauqua tent-auditorium pitched in nearly three thousand American communities this summer. The programs of these Chautauquas usually run for a week in each place.

"By far the greater part of the moral exhortation now being offered so plentifully is, I fear, futile. Either it produces no reaction at all or the reaction it does produce is one of moral indifference, which is worse than none. And this futility, I believe, if traced to its source, would be found to originate in the two-fold illusion that morality is a standardized product, and that the soul of man has no answering function save the passive acceptance of morals in the form turned out by ratiocination. The Great Preacher was free from this pedantry. He presented morality as concrete and living, leaving it to tell its own story and evoke its own reactions. 'Without a *parable* spake he not unto them, according as it is written: I will declare things hidden from the foundation of the world.'"

It seems clear to Mr. Jacks that Germany, among all nations that have shared the same type of intellectual development, exhibits the superior mechanism which should be a warning to the world. She has turned her critical faculty on the problems of society and developed an industrial and military organization which for theoretical completeness is without a rival. Nowhere else is psychology so much studied and human nature so little understood. Further:

"The German output of theology and Biblical criticism leaves other nations hopelessly in the rear. She has introduced more theoretical improvements into Christianity than all the rest of the world combined. She has reduced Christian doctrine to its purest essence. She has analyzed Christian ethics, penetrated to the ultimate sources of moral law, and invented innumerable systems of morality. She has indulged herself in a veritable orgy of theoretical idealisms. But she has broken her plighted word to Belgium, sacked Belgian cities, massacred their inhabitants, and lost her sense of right and wrong. And her philosophers, theologians and Biblical critics defend what

she has done, thereby proclaiming to the world that her soul is the servant and not the master of the mighty mechanism she has called into being."

The conclusion to which this writer would lead his readers is that militarism and industrialism have their origin in a common source. Both illustrate the bent given to the human mind by the cult of mechanism, which has so long been dominant in the spiritual life of the western world. And whereas we have been wont to think that industrialism makes for peace, reflection must show that it is to be reckoned among the positive causes of war. "Is it not true that wherever treasure-chests exist, there will be robbers found also; and is the treasure less provocative of covetousness when gained by commerce than when extorted from the labor of slaves or exacted by the ransom of conquered cities?" The peace of nations depends only in part on the suppression of militarism. In yet large measure it depends on the absence of disruptive tendencies in the nations themselves. Civil strife is to be expected if we suppose that the economic process is to go on without some fundamental change in the ethos of mankind.

"Internal disruption is the inevitable fate of every nation whose ideal rests upon a purely industrial creed. The larger the scope for pure industrialism and the fewer the checks which hold it in restraint, the more rapidly do the disruptive tendencies gather head and the more destructive do they become. It is not the poorest nations which reveal the maximum of social discontent. It is the richest. And the prime cause of this does not lie in the sense of inequality between individuals who have more and individuals who have less; that, no doubt, is a cause, but secondary. The root evil is that a community which makes wealth

its object, and pursues it on the terms laid down by the economic machine, is living under conditions which satisfy nobody and against which all men are, by the higher human nature, born rebels. . . .

"In short, the common pursuit of wealth is not a *human* bond, as Carlyle was never tired of reminding us. It leads to the invention of schemes and machinery of every kind—material, political, and social; but, of itself, it can never lead to the vital organization of mankind. Nay rather, in spite of all that has been said of its unifying tendency, we cannot doubt that its final working is to disintegrate the community. Seekers of buried treasure invariably quarrel among themselves, for reasons which are manifest to a child. They may arrange the most equitable scheme for the division of the spoils, and seal their mutual loyalty with fearful oaths, but before the voyage is over the captain will be dangling at the yard-arm and the deck will be slippery with the blood of half the crew. Whether they sail under the Jolly Roger, or under the red ensign of industrial civilization, makes less difference than is usually supposed. Whether the spoil be buried in a pirate's cavern or in the unexplored recesses of the earth, its moral effects are much the same."

We should remember, too, says Mr. Jacks, that the disruptive tendencies of pure industrialism have hitherto been largely held in check by militarism itself.

"There can hardly be a doubt that for many years past the common fear of foreign aggression and the common need of being prepared for it have played a very considerable part, against contrary forces working from within, in maintaining the cohesion of every one of the States now at war. And if the question were raised, in which of the great communities of the modern world have the signs of economic disturbance been most abundant, should we not have to point to that country which is at once the wealthiest and the least menaced by for-

eign war, and where all classes have the largest share of this world's goods—the United States?

"Militarism is thus the Satan whom Europe has employed to cast Satan out; and militarism must go. But let us be under no illusion as to the sequel. When militarism goes, a check will be removed which has so far prevented industrialism from producing its bitterest fruits. If,

therefore, the war merely yields the negative result of destroying militarism, we may lay our account with the certainty that there are yet greater troubles in store for the world."

Nevertheless Mr. Jacks finds ground for hope in the very magnitude of the present calamity. All the nations in-

involved in the struggle are learning the same lesson *at the same time*. All are engaged *together* in the bitter but salutary process of discovering their souls. A piecemeal repentance of the nations, following a series of partial conflicts, he says, might effect very little; a simultaneous repentance imposed by a world war, may effect a great deal.

CURRENT TENDENCIES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT

IT IS estimated that more than five million citizens will attend about 3,000 "Chautauquas" in the United States this summer. The Chautauqua movement represents a distinctively American idea of utilizing unconventional methods for the education of "the many," and affords a remarkable exhibit of the social service impulse in action. The idea originally planted at Chautauqua, New York, has there developed into a highly specialized Institution, a unique kind of community laboratory for actual experiment with inventions for popular education. The Chautauqua idea, however, has, on the one hand, been adapted and developed by colleges and universities in all parts of the country, and on the other hand, it has been appropriated on a large scale as a Chautauqua program-selling business. Approximately 2,500 of the 3,000 Chautauquas this season have been "placed" by bureaus that make it their regular business to promote such enterprises. It is this latter development within the last six years which the word Chautauqua now suggests to most newspaper readers.

A series of studies which brings out these facts in relation to the educational life of American democracy has been contributed to *The Independent* by Frank Chapin Bray, a member of the Educational Council of Chautauqua Institution. "If misrepresentation or misapplication," he says, "could have killed the Chautauqua Idea it would have expired years ago." It survives because it meets a constant need.

Nowadays the leading universities east and west do not hesitate to offer regular summer-school class-work ranging from stenography and basketry to psychology and the humanities. University advertizing of supplementary attractions—lectures, readings, concerts, dramatic performances, recreation—now vies with that of Chautauqua itself. No less striking a parallel is seen in the development of Summer-schools of Religion at the Chautauquas and at the universities. These vary from highly organized courses in criticism and religious pedagogy to the popular institute or conference open to unschooled laymen

and women. The Chautauqua Idea, we are reminded, was born of a religious educational impulse. It was thought that Sunday-school teachers and pastors needed to learn how to use the Bible more intelligently as a practical guide to life. To this day appeals to the social conscience of the people remain as an underlying factor in the varied manifestations of the Chautauqua movement.

Lecture-education is the backbone of the summer Chautauqua programs. Strictly political or partisan discussions are generally tabooed; but social, economic and civic questions, as well as history, travel, literature and art, are interpreted to millions of adults from the Chautauqua platform by representative speakers. Says Mr. Bray:

"In the formation of serious and deliberate public opinion on mooted questions there is a corrective value in face-to-face contact of an open-minded audience with a man and his message if he has one. This service is sometimes underestimated by a sophisticated or partizan press given to assuming an impersonal authority itself not wholly free from public suspicion or subject to a similar face-to-face test. The maintenance of such a free forum has permanent educational importance in a democracy. And the touch of an inspiring personality if it can be secured, is universally recognized as the vital element in developing the educational impulse in other people, whether in the conventional school or in the larger unconventional school of every-day life."

In current usage "Chautauqua" has become a common name for almost any consecutive daily program of lectures, addresses, readings, concerts and entertainments secured by a local organization or committee, for which season-tickets are sold. The present trend of the movement is to take at least the "Chautauqua platform" idea into the heart of cities, towns and communities for community uplift purposes. "Appeal is made for a rallying of the best elements in the community to the support of an inspirational and entertaining program. Specific addresses on 'community building' are just now outstanding features. The methods of town 'boosting' associated with 'old home' week and similar celebrations

are adopted to assure the success of the higher grade Chautauqua week."

For this social and ethical development the enterprising Lyceum and Chautauqua bureaus are chiefly responsible. From fifty to sixty such agencies are in the business of booking Lyceum Course features in winter, and Chautauqua program features in summer. They have promoted the Circuit Chautauquas, for which they furnish the whole physical equipment, tent-auditorium, and program complete, to one community after another on contracts guaranteed by local organizations. From 50 to 300 towns and cities make up one of these Chautauqua chains. One bureau runs simultaneously seven tent Chautauqua equipments and sets of traveling program attractions during July and August.

Some fifteen Circuit Chautauqua Systems are operated during the season. The Circuit Chautauquas last five to eight days in each community. Morning lectures, afternoon addresses and music, evening entertainments, are the rule. As many as fifty to sixty persons, including a band or company of dramatic players, may appear on the program. Experienced managers say that few public men draw anything like their fee at the Chautauqua gate, but men and women who have done things, experts in church, educational, social and civic work, are in strong demand. One representative bureau list of "talent" offered for Lyceum and Chautauqua engagements this year contains 149 names, 71 classed as lecturers, 41 as musical companies, 37 as entertainers and artists.

The Chautauqua Association of Pennsylvania supports a circuit system inaugurated by Professor Paul M. Pearson, of Swarthmore College. Three sets of tent equipment and program features for seven-day Chautauquas are placed practically at cost in about 350 communities during the summer. In the fall and spring a circuit of three-day Lyceum Festivals—abbreviated Chautauquas without the tent equipment—is operated for the benefit of small towns and villages. In Iowa there is a cooperative state organization of independent Chautau-

quas by which expenses of booking and routing program talent are reduced. Four years ago a circuit of "University Weeks," a modified Chautauqua, was inaugurated by the University of Minnesota. Programs include lectures by members of the faculty on many subjects, concerts by the glee club, debates by members of the debating societies, plays by the dramatic club, talks to business men at luncheon and women's clubs in the afternoon. The University of Wisconsin has announced that 21 University Chautauquas would be conducted by the Extension Division this summer:

"Each community pays the university \$1,000 for its program. For this payment of \$1,000 the university will send to the community a large-sized tent, with platform, chairs and electric lamps; a smaller tent for housing an educational exhibit; a canvas fence to enclose the two; a corps of four workers to remain in the com-

munity for six days and give platform talks, conduct round tables and lead in community singing, display educational motion pictures, tell the children stories and teach them games; and two popular programs every day for six days, each program preceded with a musical or literary prelude. Each community will be amply supplied with advertising matter."

These university adaptations of the Chautauqua Idea have led to a co-operative arrangement between the Extension Divisions of four state universities—Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota and Indiana—for the purpose of supplying the Lyceum demand in winter.

The expansion of the platform and assembly side of the Chautauqua movement seems to the *Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) to be "very much more cultural than a large proportion of the work done in colleges and uni-

versities, especially those that have become utilitarian." It says:

"By far the most active and keenly interested voters of the country, with their leaders, forceful in shaping progressive legislation, have come, during the last decade, from states where this Chautauqua method of cultivation of the adult population has been most steadily used; and the end is not yet, since now the system is being organized by state and other agencies in a thoroughgoing way never known before. Public men, educators, artists, authors, pioneers in discovery of unknown lands or of secrets of nature who get the ear of this huge audience season after season receive something more than fees for their work. They come nearer the heart of the nation and observe its ways of living better than when serving their several constituencies during the winter months. Realizing this, and profiting by the contacts which travel and appeal to responsive—not blasé—audiences of mature persons give them, they now look upon their Chautauqua tourings as privileges of an inspiring sort."

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH SCIENTIFIC FAITH HAS TO OVERCOME

THE scientific faith of mankind—faith in the universality of natural causation—is greatly on the increase. It is waxing in proportion as theological faith is waning. And if love of truth is to be our form of love of God, and if the conservation of human life and the amelioration of its conditions are to be our form of brotherly love, then the religion of a scientific age certainly has some redeeming features.

Such is the conclusion stated by John Burroughs, the American naturalist, who begins an article in *The Atlantic* with the declaration that scientific faith is no more smooth sailing than is theological faith. One involves about as many mysteries, as many unthinkable truths, as the other. For himself Mr. Burroughs has discarded the theory that the universe is half natural and half supernatural. It is only natural; creative energy is always immanent in the universe; the origin of life is only a problem of the inherent potency of matter. But, life is none the less an inscrutable mystery to the scientist.

In a new book of his collected essays called "The Breath of Life" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), Mr. Burroughs writes at length of his own difficulties in maintaining a scientific attitude while still realizing that he is naturally an idealist. That scientific experiment has not produced life is a crucial fact. Yet the approach to truth, as Mr. Burroughs sees it, is by way of scientific faith, difficult tho it be. Between the mysteries of religion and of science he

draws distinctions in *The Atlantic* as follows:

"The mysteries of religion are of a different order from those of science; they are parts of an arbitrary system of man's own creation; they contradict our reason and our experience, while the mysteries of science are revealed by our reason, and transcend our experience. One implies the supernatural, while the other implies inscrutable processes or forces in the natural. That man is of animal origin is a deduction of reason, but the fact so far transcends our experience that it puts a great strain upon our scientific faith.

"The miracles of our theology do violence to our understanding, but it is a part of our faith to accept them. The miracle of the loaves and the fishes, and of the turning of water into wine, have their parallels in chemical reactions, as in the conversion of starch into sugar, or of sugar into an acid; the mystery is that of chemical transformations, and occurs in the every-day process of nature, while the biblical miracles are exceptional occurrences, and are never repeated.

"The miracles of religion are to be discredited not because we cannot conceive of them but because they run counter to all the rest of our knowledge; while the mysteries of science, such as chemical affinity, the conservation of energy, the indivisibility of the atom, the change of the non-living into the living, and the like, extend the boundaries of our knowledge, tho the *modus operandi* of these changes remains hidden.

"We do not know how the food we eat is transformed into the thoughts we think; in other words, the connection of the physical with the mental baffles us;

but our familiarity with the phenomena causes us to look upon them as a matter of course. In fact, while most of the mysteries and marvels of the prescientific ages only served to measure the depth of the mental darkness of those ages, the mysteries and the marvels of modern science serve to measure the depths to which we have penetrated into the hidden processes of natural law."

Mr. Burroughs admits that the scientific faith which triumphs over all obstacles is not common. In an illuminating review of the theories of Wallace, Darwin and Huxley, he introduces us to a number of "the unthinkable truths of science—truths beyond our power to grasp, yet which experimental science verifies." Of the increasing knowledge of molecular physics he says:

"How shall we think of dematerialized substance, of disembodied energy, of a fluid as elusive and ubiquitous as thought itself, or of the transformation of one form of energy into another, as of electrical energy into mechanical? Electricity disappears in matter beyond the reach of any analysis to reveal; it is summoned again from matter as by the wave of a wand. In a thunderstorm we see it rend the heavens and disappear again into its impossible lair as quick as thought—energy which is not energy. Yet we know the reality of all these things, and the atomic theory of electricity is securely established. This gross matter with which life struggles, and which we conceive of as at enmity with spirit, is far more wonderful stuff than we have ever dreamed of, and the step from the clod to the brain of man is not so impossible as it seems. There is deep beneath deep all around us.

Gross matter has its interior in the molecule; the molecule has its interior in the atom; the atom has its interior in the electron; and the electron is matter in its fourth or its ethereal estate. We easily conceive of matter in the three states,—the solid, the liquid, the gaseous,—because experience is our guide; but how are we to figure to ourselves matter in the ethereal estate? In other words, how are we to grasp the electric constitution of matter?"

In Sir Oliver Lodge, observes Mr. Burroughs, we have an example of a thoro trained and equipped scientific mind which yet, to account for things as we find them in this world, has to postulate another world of a different order—the world of spiritual reality—interpenetrating and interacting with the visible and tangible world about us. In doing this he takes an extra scientific step, according to Mr. Burroughs, and lays himself open to the same criticism that has been visited upon Alfred Russel Wallace for producing "a curious mixture of scientific data and theological moonshine."

Haeckel's manipulation of matter to get life, Mr. Burroughs thinks, will seem to many persons like a sleight-of-hand trick.

"Like all the later philosophical biologists, he [Haeckel] reaches a point in

his argument when chemistry and physics become creative, while he fails to see that they differ at all in their activities from the chemistry and physics of inorganic matter. To be consistent he is forced to believe in the possibility of the artificial production of life. He helps himself out by endowing all matter with sensation and purpose, and thus its passage from one condition to another higher in the scale is easily accomplished. . . .

"One thing disappears, and at a word another entirely different takes its place. Now we see the solid lifeless crust of the earth, then we see water and carbon dioxide, then nitrogenous carbon compounds, then, presto! we have albumen or protoplasm, the physical basis of life. Out of protoplasm by a deft use of words comes the *monera*; another flourish of his pen and there is that marvel, the living cell, with its nucleus, its chromosome, its centrosome, and all its complicated, intelligent, and self-directed activities. This may be the road the creative energy traveled, since we have to have creative energy whether in matter or apart from it; but our scientific faith hesitates until these steps can be repeated in the laboratory and life appears at the behest of chemical reactions."

Mr. Burroughs writes that he has no purpose to discredit Haeckel's science or philosophy, but only to show how great is his scientific faith—how much it presupposes, and what a burden it

throws upon chemistry and physics. Haeckel says, "the organs of a living body perform their functions chiefly by virtue of their chemical composition." Undoubtedly, says Mr. Burroughs; but what made it a living body and gave it organs?

"Of course the functioning of any bodily organ involves chemical processes, but do the processes determine the function? Do they assign one function to the liver, another to the kidneys, another to the heart? In other words, is the organizing effort that awakens in matter the result of chemistry and physics?"

"Do we not need to go outside of the material constituents of a living body to account for its purposive organization? Can we deduce an eye or an ear or a brain from any of the known chemical properties or from their material elements? Does any living thing necessarily follow from its known chemical composition? Do the material constituents of the different parts of a machine decide the part they shall play in the whole?"

The function of an organ, and the organ itself, declares Mr. Burroughs, are the result of some unknown but intelligent power in the body as a whole. And here Mr. Burroughs returns us to his conception of an inscrutable permeating creative power in the wholly natural universe as the sufficient basis of a scientific faith.

SOUNDING THE ETHICAL NOTE OF TRUTH IN MODERN ADVERTIZING

THAT American advertizing men mean business with their slogan of "Truth in Advertizing" is an impression strengthened by the Chicago convention of Associated Advertizing Clubs of the World. The shibboleth was adopted three years ago to express an ideal and to call attention to results obtained by vigilance committee work against fraudulent, immoral and lying advertizements. At Chicago the statistical claim was made that "90 per cent. of the advertizements which are printed in America to-day are true and accurate and reliable." It would be foolish to say that all advertizements are absolutely honest, observes the conservative *Providence Journal*, but "a great reform has been worked in this direction, and every self-respecting paper will do its utmost to keep out of its columns any business announcement which it has reason to believe is not based on fact. The great truth is being steadily driven home that the dishonest advertizement ultimately defeats itself."

The fact that fifty pulpits in the churches of Chicago were opened on Sunday to addresses by the delegates to the convention served to advertize

the ethical note struck by the organization. Several of these addresses are being published in various religious papers. We find no secular papers treating this innovation as a "stunt." The highest function of these advertizing men at their tasks is uttering the Truth, says the *Detroit News*, "and Truth in any guise is no more out of place in a church than on the purchased pages of newspapers and other periodicals." To-day's preachment, declares the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, is for punctilious fulfilment of advertized promises. "Business stays only where it gets a fair deal. This is the gospel of publicity."

A Chicago correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* notes that there was no "nonsense" in the important departmental work of the convention. Weak and sore spots were candidly probed and discussed.

"Admissions were made that were calculated to surprise the bystander. For instance, the religious press came in for rather sharp criticism and admonition, speakers pointing out that some of the smaller and unprogressive religious weeklies were accepting and printing quack and fake advertizements that the more popular weeklies have long since excluded. The

excuse of poverty or necessity was not allowed. A plea was made for better support by advertizers of the religious press, but, on the other hand, the publishers and managers of the obscure and backward religious periodicals were advised to clean house and to make themselves worthy of fit and honest advertizing. . . .

"The creed of the advertizing men was that any form of objectionable advertizing is bad for business and bad for the cause of publicity; that objectionable advertizing is advertizing that 'adversely affects the health, morals, or pocketbook of the community,' or of any decent group of the community, and that the way to secure more and better advertizing is to make relentless war on all objectionable advertizing as thus defined. . . . To decline one wrong advertizement is to invite, sooner or later, a score of right advertizements. Integrity and courage pay in business as in the liberal professions in the long run."

Among the most important practical steps taken was the organization of a new departmental unit, the Daily Newspaper Department, for which this standard of practice was adopted: Reject fraudulent advertizing; make none but true statements of circulation; maintain advertizing rates as published, and combat discounts and oppose "free publicity."



LITERATURE · AND · ART



Disputed Merits of Winston Churchill's New Novel.

ONE discovers a curious difference of opinion among the reviewers concerning "A Far Country" (Macmillan), Winston Churchill's new novel of political graft and high finance. To many of them, as to the critic of the *Chicago Herald*, Winston Churchill is the most thoughtful and earnest of contemporary novelists, even the popular verdict may pronounce "A Far Country" dull. "Once more," exclaims the enthusiastic critic of the *New York Globe*, "he gives full measure and good weight, his substantial best, undiluted and unadulterated, warranted absolutely honest work, and made in America." The *Chicago Tribune* praises the vitality of the book and its "keen national insight." To the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, "A Far Country" makes Winston Churchill a worthy contemporary of H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett. Writing in the *New York Evening Post*, H. W. Boynton admits the book's strength as a polemic, but points out its weaknesses as a work of art. There is too much sermonizing to please this critic. When the hero, Hugh Paret, talks to his wife, "there is not a gleam of humor to relieve the dronings of that long-winded and rather dull person. . . . Such a performance as this is worthy of a good citizen and a thoughtful man: we cannot think it worthy of the novelist, the literary artist, who, up to 'Mr. Crewe's Career' and 'A Modern Chronicle,' seemed to be marching so steadily towards achievement of a very high order." In the act of becoming a prophet, the same critic notes, Mr. Churchill has ceased to remain an interpreter. He is, in "A Far Country," more interested in types and tendencies than in true action and characterization. The *Los Angeles Times* admits that the tediousness of Winston Churchill's novels is actually a tribute to his honesty. "His popularity is surprising until one considers the felicity with which he taps public interest on the shoulder." But "A Far Country" seems to the western reviewer inopportune, tardy; it should have been published ten years ago. Similarly, James L. Ford, in the *New York Herald*, finds the theme "a trifle hackneyed." "It was once a fruitful field, this one of high finance and political trickery; but other writers have long since cultivated it, and that too with such thoroughness that very little of interest remains for Mr. Winston Churchill." The "far coun-

try" of the title is that into which American democracy has been banished. The theme is thus expounded by one of the characters:

"Democracy is still in a far country, eating the husks of individualism, materialism. What we see is not true freedom, but freedom run to riot, men struggling for themselves, spending on themselves the fruits of their inheritance; we see a government intent on one object alone—exploitation of this inheritance, in order to achieve what it calls prosperity. And God is far away."

Completion of the Beresford Trilogy.

WITH the publication of "The Invisible Event," J. D. Beresford has successfully completed his realistic trilogy. To most critics this novel seems brilliantly to fulfil the promise given by "The Early History of Jacob Stahl" and "A Candidate for Truth" (Doran). Mr. Beresford differs from other English realists, according to H. W. Boynton, in the fact that he pursues a means of expressing his sense of life, and happens to find it for the time being in the narrative form. It is his sense of life, not merely what he sees of life or speculates about it that renders his work interesting. The two earlier volumes of the trilogy contained more incident and action than are in the last; but this book, in the words of Mr. Boynton, in the *New York Evening Post*, "with its narrowing of focus upon the two beings who are to work out their salvation, to find themselves, together, is of greater force and moment. Without leading up to any sort of conventional finale, it gives meaning and completion to this study of life in a life." Mr. Beresford is, in the opinion of the same critic, in much the same position in which he has left his hero, Jacob Stahl, at the conclusion of "The Invisible Event."

"He is ever at the beginning of life, reaching out towards those eternal values that are ever beyond his grasp. He is handicapped in many ways, and must continually regret his own ignorances and intellectual limitations; but he has not been threatened by that decay of mind which slowly petrifies and finally kills those who fall into the habit of fixed opinions. . . . That earnest search of his for some aspect of permanent truth keeps his spirit young. Only the form of his struggle has changed. . . . Virtue lies only in the continual renewal of effort; the boast of success is an admission of failure."

The *Chicago Evening Post* sums up the significant lesson of the Beresford trilogy: "Outside of a living relation to the whole, there is no salvation, and to that living relation one cannot draw one's self by one's bootstraps. Only a deep passion can do it; a love, as in Jacob's case, of woman; as in many cases, of humanity or of God."

Poverty's Inferno Depicted by "Nicholas Freydon."

THE value and significance of "The Record of Nicholas Freydon: An Autobiography" (Doran) lies in its powerful and bitter picture of poverty in London. Why did this record create a furor in London? "Suddenly," says the *N. Y. Times*, "one comes upon the reason, and the sensation produced is a little like that of the traveler in Arizona when he finds himself without warning on the edge of a chasm a mile deep." The Grand Cañon that Nicholas Freydon plunged into was the abyss of London's underworld, and the experience has given the book its depth and meaning. The same critic surmises that the book is a composite record of the lives of Morley Roberts and his friend, the late George Gissing. But the *Boston Transcript* assures us that this book appears after the death of its chief character, and "its editor claims that it was written by a man once well known in the world of English letters and journalism." London reviewers are of the opinion that the book is actually the life story of a noted novelist, but they hesitate to venture upon the name. Whether we accept it as fiction or as fact, the *Boston Transcript* remarks, we have no reason for dissatisfaction. The *N. Y. Times* characteristically points out the "glints of sunshine" that light up "Freydon's" picture of London slums, tho the author himself is pitiless in depicting the "awful human vermin" he was forced to live among:

"I believe they are part of England's sin, of England's modern wickedness. I believe they are the maggots bred out of the sore upon which our modern industrialism is based. When I looked upon the vilest of this city spawn, if my rising gorge permitted thought at all, I always had visions of little shrinking children whipped to work in English factories and mines and potteries; of souls ground out of anemic bodies that Manchester might fatten."

"Free trade—licensed slaughter! The rights of the individual—the sacred liberty of the subject! Oh, I know it made England the emporium of the world, and

built up some splendid fortunes and—well, I believe it gave us the human vermin of our cities.

"There is no cure for them in this world. Nor yet for their damned and doomed offspring—while individual liberty shibboleths endure, while mere numbers rule, or while our degenerate fear of every form of compulsion lasts. . . .

"The devilish thing about an insufficient dietary is that it saps one's manhood. There is a certain sustaining exhilaration about voluntary abstinence from food, due to the contemplation of one's mind's mastery. The reverse is true of the hunger due to the unsuccess of one's efforts to obtain the wherewithal to get better food and more of it.

"Poverty is a teacher, a most powerful schoolmaster, I freely grant. But most of the lessons it teaches are lessons I had liefer not learn. As a teacher its one vehicle of instruction is the cane. First, it weakens and humiliates the pupil; and then, at every turn, it beats him, teaching him to walk with cowering shoulders, furtive eyes, a sour and suspicious mind."

Reaching Into the Supernatural for a Daring Plot.

IN "The Brocklebank Riddle" (Century Co.) Hubert Wales, with the aid of theories of reincarnation, has constructed a mystery story of unusual effectiveness. A jovial London business man attempts the ascent of Mont Blanc with his wife and his partner. Brocklebank collapses under the strain of the climb and succumbs on the mountain-side. His body is cremated in Geneva, under the eyes of Reece, his partner. Upon his return to London and the routine of his business, Reece is horrified one morning at the sight of Brocklebank appearing before him, alive, jovial and healthy. The solution of this mystery is hardly as interesting as its presentation, tho the Los Angeles *Times* expresses great admiration for the daring of the plot. "Mr. Wales has reached right out into the supernatural and taken a plot that is not nearly so crazy as it sounds. It is a daring conception—daring because he doesn't apologize for the impossible, or leave any of those little artistic loopholes through which authors usually escape responsibility when they tell tales like Algernon Blackwood's." During recent years, authors of various nationalities have attempted to deal imaginatively with Death, for the purposes of fiction. Jules Romains, in "The Death of a Nobody," treated it objectively, philosophically, but with little emotional appeal. Leonid Andreyev, in his story entitled "Lazarus," accentuated the horror and ghastliness of it with all the tremendous power of his artistry. The weirdness and intensity of the Russian writer does not find any counterpart in the work of Mr. Wales. "Mr. Wales doesn't seem to have the gift of horror," as the Los Angeles *Times* critic points out, "of compelling credence in the uncanny. But he cer-

tainly has the gift of originality, and for a mystery story that doesn't attempt a commonplace solution, this is one of the most sensational that has crawled through the publisher's press in many a day."

The Shackling of the American Short Story.

THE "bloom" of the American short story is gone. It has become a slave to form and formula. It is no longer free. So charges Professor Henry Seidel Canby in a plea for "free fiction" in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He has read through "dozens of periodicals without finding one with fresh feeling and the easy touch of the



A MASTER OF SUPERNATURAL MYSTERY

In "The Brocklebank Riddle" Hubert Wales has boldly invaded the realm of theosophy and made use of its doctrines to construct one of the most intense and sensational mystery stories of recent years. But there is nothing doctrinaire about the story: it is vivid, concrete and almost convincing.

writer who writes because his story urges him." Professor Canby, who is nothing if not an assiduous student of the short story, refers the American writers of them to the tales of the Russian Anton Tchekov, two volumes of which are now obtainable. The Russian "is free to be various. . . . He seems to be sublimely unconscious that readers are supposed to like only a few kinds of stories; and as unaware of the taboo upon religious or reflective narrative as of the prohibition upon the ugly in fiction. As life in any manifestation becomes interesting in his eyes, his pen moves freely."

"Freedom! That is the word here, and also in his method of telling these stories. No one seems to have said to Tchekov, 'Your stories must move, move, move.' Sometimes, indeed, he pauses outright, as life pauses; sometimes he seems to turn

aside, as life turns aside before its progress is resumed. No one has ever made clear to him that every word from the first of the story must point unerringly toward the solution and effect of the plot. His paragraphs spring from the characters and the situation. They are led on to the climax by the story itself. They do not drag the panting reader down a rapid action, to fling him breathless upon the 'I told you so' of a conclusion prepared in advance."

A Cure for Literary Anemia.

PLOT, "punch," "climax"—these are the empty shibboleths of the American editor and our writers of short stories, according to Mr. Canby. Our magazine stories, for all their realistic details, are too often studied not from life but from literary convention. "The writer of the American short story is not free."

And freedom from the formula of "efficiency," especially in literature, is what we need most of all, according to this critic.

"When one thinks of the multitudinous situations, impressions, incidents in this fascinating whirl of modern life, incapable perhaps of presentation in a novel because of their very impermanence, admirably adapted to the short story because of their vividness and their deep if narrow significance, the voice of protest must go up against any artificial, arbitrary limitations upon the art. Freedom to make his appeal to the public with any subject not morbid or indecent, is all the writer can ask. Freedom to publish sometimes what the editor likes and the public may like, instead of what the editor approves because the public has liked it, is all that he needs. There is plenty of blood in the American short story yet, tho I have read through whole magazines without finding a drop of it.

"When we give literature in America the same opportunity to invent, to experiment, that we have already given journalism, there will be more legitimate successors to Irving, to Hawthorne, to Poe and Bret Harte. There will be more writers, like O. Henry, who write stories to please themselves, and thus please the majority. There will be fewer writers, like O. Henry, who stop short of the final touch of perfection because American taste (and the American editor) puts no premium upon artistic work. There will be fewer stories, I trust, where sentiment is no longer a part but the whole of life. Most of all, form, the form, the formula, will relax its grip upon the short story, will cease its endless tapping upon the door of interest, and its smug content when some underling (while the brain sleeps) answers its stereotyped appeal. And we may get more narratives like Mrs. Wharton's 'Ethan Frome,' to make us feel that now as much as ever there is literary genius waiting in America."

Remy de Gourmont and Benjamin de Casseres.

SO impressed with the "great lyric movement" of Benjamin de Casseres' audacious "Pater Noster" was the French critic Remy de Gour-

mont that he attempted a translation of the American's poem for the *Mercur de France*. "It recalls certain invectives of Maldoror," Remy de Gourmont explains, "but its author is not a Maldoror; perhaps he does not even know him. He is a poet." In this poem, which has been circulated privately by the author, Benjamin de Casseres judges God. "For many people," explains his distinguished French translator, "the idea of God is mixed with the very idea of Justice. Keenly conscious of not having committed any sin against the All-Powerful, they ask themselves why the All-Powerful and the All-Just has so brutally struck them down. What would Flaubert's mother have said if she had seen Prussian soldiers come into her house and violate her daughter under her very eyes, then set fire to her house and shoot her neighbors? . . . She might have experienced obscurely those sentiments that the American poet Benjamin de Casseres has expressed, making himself judge of God and violently reproaching Him for the crimes committed in the year 1914." The recognition and praise of the greatest of French critics may do much to awaken interest in De Casseres' new volume of poems in prose entitled "The Shadow-Eater," soon to be published by Charles and Albert Boni (New York).

The Death of the Bonneff Brothers.

LÉON and Maurice Bonneff were perhaps the greatest literary artists produced by the French Syndicalist movement. Both have perished in the war, we read in *Les Hommes du Jour*. Like Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, and like the Marguerite brothers, the Bonneffs were artists in collaboration. Léon, it seems, was large, strong, forceful. Maurice infused into their work fineness and delicacy. The death of Maurice is certain, and little hope is entertained in France for the life of Léon. Supreme and inspired literary artists, these brothers set themselves the task of describing and interpreting the tragic life of the workers in a language devoid of all rhetoric. "No phraseology," writes Henri Fabre in *Les Hommes du Jour*, "only facts. No sentimentalism . . . proofs. No lazy details, but a balance-sheet drawn up with the most scrupulous entries, but in which one sensed sorrow and pain in every line." Lucien Descaves writes in *La Guerre Sociale* that their first book, "The Tragic Life of the Workers," was more impressive than any novel. Later the brothers published a study of alcoholism, "The Merchants of Madness." Maurice later wrote a striking novel of militant Syndicalism, "Didier, Man of the People." "Each book, each brochure, each article, they wrote will re-

main," in the words of Henry Fabre, "a proof of the profound love they felt for the working class."

D'Annunzio's Failure as a Novelist.

FIVE of the most representative novels of Gabriele D'Annunzio have been republished in London by Heinemann. They cover a period from 1889 (when he published "The Child of Pleasure," at the age of 25) to 1910, when he published "*Il fuoco*" (translated "The Flame of Light"). A critic in the London *Nation* explains why the great Italian has not taken and will never take a place with the



ORATOR LAUREATE OF ITALY

Italy's entrance into the war has converted Gabriele d'Annunzio from the authorship of hectic novels and plays into a glowing patriot. His address to the students of the University of Genoa has avenged all the disdain and sarcasm formerly heaped upon the poet. His recent actions, in the opinion of the *Paris Temps*, raises his calling above that of mere thinker, scientist, or statesman.

great Continental novelists of the twentieth century:

"His novels are completely without form or structure. They are a dialog, a meditation, a prose-poem, a fresco, a pathological treatise, a mosaic of sentiments and attitude—anything but novels. Nor has he any sort of bent for psychology. His heroes are only projections of ideas and prepossessions. They are not even types; only embodiments of passion, modern and more febrile versions of the Werthers of the middle nineteenth century, and adaptations of the De Musset subjective romantics. His heroines, with the one exception of La Foscarina, revolve within their lovers' orbits. They do not even exist as personifications. Nor is D'Annunzio an artist of the emotions. His characters do not feel things; they taste them. That is perhaps an explanation of his use of superlatives, in motive, action, and style. The keener, the more emphatic the occasions for joy or grief, the more their juice is pressed out of them, fermented, and even bottled for consumption. His characters exploit, advertize, and

flavor their emotions too much to feel them.

"The reason why D'Annunzio's novels all bear a certain stamp of vulgarity upon them is because the emotions in them are debased to the level of sensations. That is where his art puts forth its fullest blossom. The whole of his quivering energy is at the service of cultivating sensation, of throwing the physical sensibilities into relief. His characters can extract a sensuous pleasure out of the profoundest despair. You might almost say that everything they say or do is a deliberate and self-conscious effort to experience a sensation. Here is an instance:

"Then he remained at her feet in the same attitude of submission. The delicate perfume made his own tenderness more delicate."

"There you have it. His figures are always keeping an eye on themselves to see that they get worked up to the appropriate pitch. The style suffers in the same way. Of course, the rounded harmonies of the original are lost in a translation. But, for all that, one can perceive that D'Annunzio works self-consciously in periods. His periods are too sumptuous for a severe taste, but behind them you cannot but notice the deliberate method. You almost hear him saying, not 'this would be what La Foscarina should say,' but 'this sounds well for La Foscarina to say.' And the quality of his work consists in the fact that it often does."

The Feminization of American Literature.

FEMININE attitudes toward life, complains Patrick H. Aylett, in a letter to the *New York Times*, have acquired and are still acquiring a preponderance in America. This is manifested, he asserts, first and most conspicuously in our literature and art. He expresses his sweeping charge in the following terms:

"Our literature, for the most part, does not present life truly; nor does it interpret and criticize life, as worthy literature ought to do. It lacks depth, truth and virility; it shies from facts; it is cowardly and conventional, and it seems afraid to face fundamental things, but prefers to mince along through nurseries and boudoirs, through lanes of sickly sentiment, false optimists, pleasant illusions, and impossible incidents. Everywhere and all the time it appears to cringe before the tyranny of the distaff. Is not the supremacy, the coercion of feminine influence the primary cause of this? The average woman does not want truth—except when it is agreeable and coincides with her own notions and prejudices. She expects man to stand as a sort of buffer between her and the sterner realities of life. He is her economic environment, and his labor must spin a silken cocoon around her and cater to the ever increasing scale of her artificial needs. Those who see and fear, like that great woman Olive Schreiner, have at least sounded the note of warning and hoisted the red flag of danger."

Refuting this accusation, the *Times* instances the truth and honesty of such writers as Susan Glaspell, Edith Wharton and Katharine Fullerton Gerould.

WHY PLATO WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NOVELISTS

IF YOU are bored with the latest fashions in frenzied fiction, mystery stories that fail to mystify, realistic studies that seem all too unreal, "grim tales of mean streets that revolt like a stroll through the slums in hot weather," then, gentle reader, turn to Plato. Such is the advice of Professor Vida Scudder of Wellesley. Not Plato the philosopher—Plato the novelist, Plato "the witty satirist, the lofty lover, the creator of that most vivid character in the world's fiction, who is the friend of Crito and Agathon, the adorer of Charmides, the beloved of Alcibiades." Farce, high romance, light society sketches as felicitous as those of Jane Austen, none of them produced mechanically after the modern fashion but with life in its entirety behind each mood—in such manner is Plato one of the great masters of fiction.

"My Plato is obsessed by desire for experience," Professor Scudder exclaims in *The Yale Review*, "singularly alive to the concrete, fascinated by the stir and movement of very life. He is the match of Dickens for portraiture, of Meredith for dramatic dialog, of Browning for situation. With Balzac or Tolstoy, he is competent to quicken us by the spectacle of existence, now to tragic passion, now to the laughter of the gods."

Detailed instances of Plato's modernity and universality as a novelist are given. Miss Scudder finds in the "Meno," for instance, an unfailing instinct for dramatic contrast. If there are no villains portrayed, Plato has a subtle, inexorable trick of letting the shallow, fanatical or cruel man speak for himself. Professor Scudder points out the unique mastery of dialog:

"Nothing could be more natural, more unstudied, than all this talk. It has the desultory wavering of life itself. Of conversation, that crux of the novelist, Plato is past-master; one must turn to Meredith or Anatole France to find his equal. His dialog makes the ordinary talk, say of the people in Mrs. Humphry Ward, appear soggy with that curse of art, the obvious. There is never too much flour in Plato's baking; and his deft touch is one reason why we rank him among the poets, 'light, winged, and holy.' He catches the words as they fly, and tho they seem to flutter vaguely like butterflies, they are really driving straight like a flight of migrating birds for a goal beyond the horizon.

"However, it is to be remembered that Plato had an advantage over modern writers, for he had Greece to present and Athenians for his characters. The fine art of social intercourse is here brought to its last point of perfection. Men are thinking—everybody, except perhaps Anytus, is thinking in Plato,—tho, being human, they tend to think overmuch the

thoughts of other people; but they are never thinking alone. The intellectual life in Greece is a social and not a solitary pursuit. That is why Plato is a great novelist as well as a philosopher. This society is worth reading about, moreover, quite apart from its brains, for the mere charm of its manners, a charm unsurpassed. When Aristodemus appears uninvited at the banquet, how graciously does Agathon put him at his ease! What pretty compliments they pay one another, how generously they admire each other's excellencies, what capital and witty jokes they crack! Never do we pass our time in vulgar company; we are aristocrats in every sense. We move on principle only in the best circles—and how very good they are!"

The central figure of Plato's great "novel" is, of course, Socrates. And Plato, according to Professor Scudder, is a master of fiction in his diverse methods of revealing this character. For instance:

"It is entertaining to study him through his reaction on people. Browning did not invent the oblique method of showing character in 'The Ring and the Book.' Courteous old Lysimachus, who does not move in intellectual circles, invites Socrates to call because he is the son of his father. The soldier Laches knows him only as a man of action, and has sincere regard for him. Bit by bit, we get a feeling for the man himself. A quick man, intolerant of stupidity, yet helped to patient self-control by the rare, divine instinct of the teacher; taking his revenge in that irony that baffles and allures the ages, an irony of which his successors—Rabelais, Swift, Arnold—have never quite caught the secret."

Plato is, from the literary point of view, a realist of the realists, in spite of his imaginative flights and the myths that abound—which are written, we are informed, in the purest romantic tone. But "even in Plato, realism wins out in the long run." Plato has an additional advantage over our modern writers, "In breadth of outlook, in lively charm and noble seriousness, this is the very society in which we should all like to live."

"Mastery over dialog, over characterization, setting, romantic inventions,—these are great assets for a novelist. Plato has one more, perhaps greater: unfailing instinct for the dramatic. True, there is as little formal plot as in those admirable imitations concerning M. Bergeret; but there is an immense amount of drama, so to speak, in solution. In the undercurrent of the dialog, things are constantly happening to people. Relations of affection and hate develop, mature, decay; minds are brought into ever-shifting connections with each other and with ideas. If there is no plot, at least the feeling for situation is strong. Who can forget that din-

ing-hall where Socrates is found at dawn prophesying Shakespeare to the sleepy Aristophanes and Agathon; or the prison where disciples gather around an old man chafing his leg; or the judgment-hall, where Socrates, far from keeping august silence as did a Greater brought to judgment, pours forth marvelous words for the last time?"

The "Euthyphro" is the prelude to that sure inevitable tragedy towards which the undercurrent has been setting from the first dialog. Plato's historic romance is great because one tense conflict has been in progress from first to last. "We discover this gradually, and do not quite understand the situation till all is over. Then, looking back, we discover that there has been a plot after all!" Miss Scudder indicates the extreme modernity of the condemnation and execution of Socrates, a situation that is almost unparalleled in literature. "Society is bound to put the man to death who allows it no assumptions. It is morally immodest, so Anytus is convinced, to insist like that in pulling off Truth's last garment. . . . Can we allow his anarchical force to have its way?" Miss Scudder concludes her eulogy of this "immortal fiction":

"For Socrates had been teaching in Athens a long time, and the youths whom he had charmed and wooed, connived when they grew up at killing him. Unlike Jesus, whose ministry was brief, tho we do not know its exact duration, Socrates had his full, free chance at winning men. And he made a failure at it. Some of his most important pupils—Alcibiades, Charmides, Critias—turned out badly, and the Athenians did not forget it. Most of the others deserted him. Was it that he was on the wrong tack, after all, in trying to make man cultivate virtue by the means of knowledge? Was it that the times were not ripe? At all events, he was much alone at the last. Besides old, faithful Crito, there was a very small group in that prison. Youth had deserted him; tradition had won the day. So he drank his poison—not sorry, one surmises, despite all his cheery love of this good world, to try the great adventure; and the proprieties were left in possession of youth, the forever desired.

"They usually are, for that matter; this dogged struggle for possession of the future is actual to-day as in Athens, renewed from generation to generation, never lost, never won. Socrates is among us still: always worsted, never disposed of, albeit in our democratic days his spirit is diffused and must be sought at diverse points of collective experience, rather than in one great figure. And the compositions which show him in his Greek dress moving through that vital and charming society are immortal fiction, not only because they have such rare power to enlarge our sympathies but because at bottom they present persistent fact."

"BOON": H. G. WELLS'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SATIRE ON HIS CONTEMPORARIES

TELESCOPIC is evidently the word to describe H. G. Wells's method of satire, as evidenced in a volume* which is described in an English weekly as "the most malicious thing that has been penned since Junius." Wells invents Mr. Reginald Bliss, who in turn introduces with a great flourish of trumpets the great writer "Boon"—author of many unwritten masterpieces famous alike in England and America, but whose name will never be found in *Who's Who*, and who, we are informed, is "not so much dead as missing," his obituary notice having been blown clean out of the papers by the admiralty report of the fight off the Falkland Islands. Boon, in his turn, devises an imaginary person named Hallery, who is "one of those enthusiastic thinkers who emit highly concentrated opinion in gobbets." Wells, Bliss, Boon, Hallery, not to mention several others, are responsible for many rapier thrusts at English literary celebrities. In his introduction, Mr. Wells satirically evades responsibility for the blows at his contemporaries with which the book abounds:

"I do not wish to escape the penalties of thus participating in, and indorsing, his manifest breaches of good taste, literary decorum, and friendly obligation, but as a writer whose reputation is already too crowded and confused and who is for the ordinary purposes of every day known mainly as a novelist, I should be glad if I could escape the public identification I am now repudiating. Bliss is Bliss and Wells is Wells. And Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do. This introduction has really no more to say than that."

The fictitious Reginald Bliss explains that George Boon was in the "hundred-thousand class" in America. Yet that great author did not admire us. His idea of the United States is even more stinging than his picture of British culture. Here is how we strike the great Boon:

"In spite of our remonstrances, he subscribed to the *New York Nation* to the very end, and he insisted, in spite of fact, reason and my earnest entreaties (having regard to the future unification of the English-speaking race), in figuring that continental empire as a vain, garrulous and prosperous female of uncertain age and still more uncertain temper, with unfounded pretensions to intellectuality and an ideal of refinement of the most negative description, entirely on the strength

of that one sample. One might as well judge England by the *Spectator*. My protests seemed only to intensify his zest in his personification of Columbia as the Aunt Errant of Christendom, as a wild, sentimental, and advanced maiden lady of inconceivable courage and enterprize, whom everything might offend and nothing cow. 'I know,' he used to say, 'something will be said or done and she'll have hysterics; the temptation to smuggle something through Miss Bathwick's back is getting almost too much for me. I could, you know. Or some one will come along with something a little harder and purer and emptier and more emphatically handsome than I can hope to do. I shall lose her one of these days. . . .

"His fear of shocking America was, I think, unfounded; at any rate, he succeeded in the necessary suppressions every time, and until the day of his death it was rare for the American press-cuttings that were removed in basketfuls almost daily with the other debris of his breakfast-table to speak of him in anything but quasi-amorous tones. He died for them the most spiritual as well as the most intellectual of men; not simply intellectual, but lovable. They spoke of his pensive eyes, tho, indeed, when he was not glaring at a camera, they were as pensive as champagne, and when the robust pathos bumped against the unavoidable humor as they were swept along the narrow torrent of his story they said, with all the pleasure of an apt quotation, that indeed in his wonderful heart laughter mingled with tears."

Mr. Boon expresses private opinions of American literature that are very definite if not very flattering:

"America can produce such a supreme writer as Stephen Crane—the best writer of English for the last half-century—or Mary Austin, who used to write—what other woman could touch her? But America won't own such children. It's amazing. It's a case of concealment of birth. She exposes them. Whether it's shame—or a Chinese trick. . . . She'll sit never knowing she's had a Stephen Crane, adoring the European reputation, the florid mental gestures of a Conrad. You see, she can tell Conrad 'writes.' It shows. And she'll let Mary Austin die of neglect while she worships the 'art' of Mary Ward. It's like turning from the feet of a goddess to a pair of goloshes. She firmly believes that old quack Bergson is a bigger man than her own unapproachable William James. . . .

"Have you ever read the critical articles of Edgar Allan Poe? They're very remarkable. He is always demanding an American literature. It is like a deserted baby left to die in its cradle, weeping and wailing for its bottle. . . . What he wanted, of course, was honest and intelligent criticism. To this day America kills her Poes."

The great Boon epitomizes the work of Henry James in two sentences:

"He sets himself to pick the straws out of the hair of Life before he paints her. But without the straws she is no longer the mad woman we love."

The chapter on "The Mind of the Race" gives Mr. Wells the opportunity to say all sorts of things about his English and American contemporaries. It is just such a confession, in the opinion of the *London Nation*, as every author would write if he dared. "It is a confession of Mr. Wells's opinion of his contemporaries." It is the sort of thing George Moore did, in a different way, in "Hail and Farewell." The chapter concerns a "world conference on the mind of the race."

A special train is carrying the delegates by night to Bale. George Bernard Shaw runs out of the special train to get early coffee, attired in hand-painted pajamas and a saffron dressing-gown decorated by some bold artist with green and purple scrolls. Mr. William Randolph Hearst, Lord Northcliffe, Marie Corelli, D. H. Lawrence, St. John Ervine, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Mary Austin, James Stephens, Viola Meynell, Leonard Merrick, were all traveling to the Congress. We read further:

"Some of Boon's jokes about this train were, to say the best of them, obvious. Mr. Compton Mackenzie was in trouble about his excess luggage, for example. Mr. Upton Sinclair, having carried out his ideal of an innocent frankness to a logical completeness in his traveling equipment, was forcibly wrapped in blankets by the train officials. Mr. Thomas Hardy had a first-class ticket, but traveled by choice or mistake in a second-class compartment, his deserted place being subsequently occupied by that promising young novelist, Mr. Hugh Walpole, provided with a beautiful fur rag, a fluted dressing-bag, a writing slope, a gold-nibbed fountain pen, innumerable introductions, and everything that a promising young novelist can need. The brothers Chesterton, Mr. Maurice Baring, and Mr. Belloc sat up all night in the wagon-restaurant consuming beer enormously and conversing upon immortality and whether it extends to Semitic and Oriental persons. At the end of the train, I remember, there was to have been a horse-van containing Mr. Maurice Hewlett's charger—Mr. Hewlett himself, I believe, was left behind by accident at the Gare de Lyon—Mr. Cunningham Graham's Arab steed and a large, quiet sheep, the inseparable pet of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson."

Occasionally there is a touch of pathos as well as of *diablerie* in the satire. A good instance of this is when somebody—we are not sure whether it is Mr. Wells himself, or Bliss, or Boon, or Hallery, or Wilkins—remarks concerning the champions of war:

* Boon, *The Mind of the Race*, *The Wild Asses of the Devil*, and *The Last Trump*. Being a first selection from the *Literary Remains* of George Boon, appropriate to the times. Prepared for publication by Reginald Bliss. With an ambiguous introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran.



Courtesy of Jugend

THE KRUPP DEVILS

Heinrich Kley, one of the greatest and most imaginative draftsmen of Germany, thus depicts the interior of a munition factory. His suggestive interpretation of militarism is devoid of that partisanship which detracts from much of the war art.

"You have to realize that while the pacifists talk of the horrible ugliness of war and the necessity of establishing an everlasting world-peace, whiskered old ladies in hydropaths, dons on the *Morning Post*, chattering district visitors and blustering, bellowing parsons, people who are ever so much more representative of general humanity than we literary oddities—all that sort of people tucked away somewhere safe, are in a state of belligerent lustfulness and prepared—oh, prepared to

give the very eyes of everybody else in this country, prepared to sacrifice the lives of all their servants and see the poor taxed to the devil, first for a victory over Germany and then for the closest, silliest, loudest imitation of Prussian swagger on our part (with them, of course, on the very top of it all) that we can contrive. That spirit is loose, Wilkins. All the dowagers are mewing for blood, all the male old women who teach classics and dream of reaction at Oxford and Cam-

bridge, are having the time of their lives. They trust to panic, to loud accusations, to that fear of complexity that comes with fatigue. They trust to the exhaustion of delicate purposes and sensitive nerves. And this force-loving, bullying silliness is far more likely to come out on top, after the distresses of this war, after the decent men are dead in the trenches and the wise ones shouted to silence, than any finely intellectual, necessarily difficult plan to put an end forever to all such senseless brutalities."

WAR'S FAILURE TO INSPIRE THE MODERN ARTIST

ART has not been stimulated by the war. Even the newest "isms" are dead of neglect. The London Academy, opened as usual, only emphasizes the fact, as one critic expresses it, that changes have "robbed War of its beauty." The new war-pictures fail to carry conviction, according to the art critic, C. Lewis Hind, writing in the *London Daily Chronicle*. There is no Paris Salon this year. American artists have continued, many of them at least, according to *Arts and Decoration*, "producing the same brand of

perfunctory pictures, the same hundreds of polite hypocrisies. . . . They have continued to deal in platitudes, in platitudes when all the world was standing open-mouthed before the greatest tragedy in history. Germany sinks the *Lusitania*, a thousand people are destroyed, and one of our bright young painters, moved by the great sensitive soul of the artist, goes forth into the country to paint a placid hillside, a stupid pool, a winding road, a blue sky. And the pity is that he does not sally forth in search of a reaction from horror and paint these things

with the breadth and force and liberty of a soul on fire."

But even the attempts to do just that have, according to Mr. Hind, been pronounced failures. In his review of the war-pictures in the London Academy, he complains:

"The majority of the war-pictures do not carry conviction, the scenes have not been witnessed, and they have not been resolved in the artistic consciousness of the painters. Most of the war-pictures have little to do with art. They are illustrations worked up from collected material. They neither inspire nor con-

sole. Who wants to see a bursting shell destroying a nice room, or 'Germany's Battle-Front'—a line of frightened women?"

The one exception was to be found, Mr. Hind points out, in the work of John Lavery, in a canvas depicting wounded soldiers in a London hospital. The pathos of the subject deepened Mr. Lavery's power. Sad as the scene is, the greatness of the Lavery canvas draws joy from sorrow, beauty from ugliness, refraining from the obvious horrors that might appeal to a lesser artist.

When the new art organization of New York, "The Friends of Young Artists," recently announced "War" as a subject for a competition for sculptors, the young American artists

generalized in tone as they would not have been a hundred years ago. Indeed, it is almost impossible not to take a general view and speak in terms of the typical and symbolic. Those who are nearest to the battle-fields write of the struggle as tho it were happening at a great distance, and the things they say fail to make vivid pictures.

"The cartoonists have profited by these conditions. The least inspired among them have risen somewhat above the tawdry personalities, the mimicry and gossip that abound in the caricatures of the Napoleonic wars, and of the late eighteenth century when the American colonies came to grips with their mother country. The more richly endowed artists have found in the tragic messages reaching us from Europe occasion for striking deep notes."

Among the most striking of the war cartoons are those of the American, Boardman Robinson, published under the title "Cartoons on the War" (E. P. Dutton). What is most remarkable in these, according to the *Times* critic, is "not that errors of haste should be found here and there in the execution of the cartoons, but that with the exigencies of daily newspaper work . . . they should have so large a style, that they should be so little disturbed

Suggestive for the light it throws by contrast upon the attitude to the artists of to-day toward war is Frank Jewett Mather's study (in *The Print-Collector's Quarterly*) of Francisco Goya's masterly and terrible series of etchings, "Los Desastres de la Guerra" (The Calamities of War). Goya's attitude, as suggested by Professor Mather, must have been radically different from that of our peace-loving modern artists. "Did these visions appall him, arouse his indignation and compassion?" asks Professor Mather, "or did he gloat over those horrors of actual experience which fortified and confirmed the foul visions that ever haunted his mind?"

"There is much honest scorn and pity in the *Desastres*, a certain Byronic nobility of mood; there is also sheer joy in catching the human beast maddened by blood and lust. Goya worshipped power, and hated restraint. I judge those awful years in which, with all restraints lifted, force surged on its lowest and most intense terms through every peaceful nook of Spain, exalted the imagination of the artist, and afforded him a sinister kind of pleasure. I am sure that whoever values these prints will admit, if he be candid with himself, a certain elation at the very extravagance of their horrors. It can be either tolerated or enjoyed only on some such basis. Its appeal is to the very tough-minded. In any case, I feel sure that Goya did the *Desastres* to please himself, perhaps to appease certain nightmares by exteriorizing them, and not to expose the follies of war and further the cause of peace. Indeed, the Peace Societies will do well to let the *Desastres* alone. It is no record of the horrors that are inherent in war generally, but the war waged on its own soil by any nation that is too improvident to prepare for its own defense, while too proud to yield without fighting. To such a nation the calamities of war are multiplied sevenfold."



THE RETURN OF THE AVIATORS

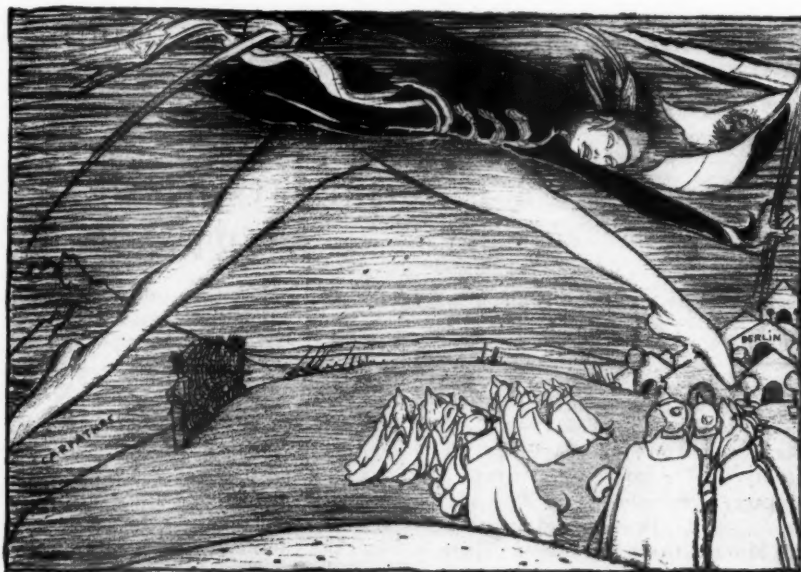
This is a sketch by Hermann-Paul, the French draftsman, who with his colleagues Steinlen, Rouille, Boulbot, Boutet, and many of the younger artists, have become graphic reporters of the Great War. Their sketches are published in a series entitled "La Grande Guerre par les artistes."

attacked the theme with enthusiasm, we read in *The Studio*; but with few exceptions they depicted in clay only the horrors and miseries which war evokes. Only a few expressed the *joie de battre*. "The rest evidenced the sheer misery and tragedy of bloodshed, the agony and despair of cities and peoples by poluphlosboysterous (sic) hordes of murderers in armor."

The one artist who has been stimulated and inspired, according to the *New York Times*, is the cartoonist. "Political cartoons in time of war are apt at the hands of true artists to take on an epic character," we read.

"Those 'actualities' which provide endless entertainment for the newspaper public during a period of peace sink into a gray background against which stand out the salient events of massacre and conflagration, treachery and heroism. Never has a war been taken more seriously by the cartoonists than this one. Its very magnitude has militated against trifling with its minor episodes and lighter aspects. Even the picturesque tales of correspondents who have been eyewitnesses of battles and of trench-life are

by the intrusion of the accidental and ordinary."



LEON BAKST AS A CARTOONIST

In submitting this characteristic drawing to "Le Mot," Leon Bakst, the decorator of the Diaghilev ballets, wrote: "From the Carpathians to Berlin, a leap in the style of the Russian ballets, to the great stupefaction of these German and Austrian dogs!" Evidently Leon Bakst has a slight feeling against the enemies of Russia.

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

STILL the events of the war dominate in the intellectual and artistic realms as well as in the economic and political. The sinking of the *Lusitania* has been made the theme of many near-poems and of at least one real poem. Among the victims was a little lad about six or seven years of age, by the name of Dean Hodges, who, with his brother and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hodges, of Philadelphia, was among the lost. The pictures of the family were published in the papers, and that of Dean especially appealed to Robert Underwood Johnson. The following fine stanzas, that first appeared in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, are the result:

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
LOST IN THE *LUSITANIA*.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

DEAR boy of the seraphic face,
With brow of power and mouth
of grace,
And deep, round eyes, set far
apart,
So that the mind should match the heart!

Not Raphael's leaning cherub had
More beauty than this winsome lad,
Nor Andrea's little John more joy
Than dimpled in this darling boy.

What mother could so happy be
As not to covet such as he?
What childless passer could forego
The smiling of that Cupid's bow?

Here promise spoke in every curve;
The wit to see, the heart to serve;
In fine proportions here did reign
An open nature, sweet and sane.

What wonder fancy vied with hope
To read his radiant horoscope,
And find within his future deed
The rescue of some mighty need:—

A patriot to save the State;
A bard to take the sting from Fate;
A prophet men should know not of
To lift the fainting world by love!

Mourn those—and mourn not with de-
spair—
Who find life's last adventure fair,
But let your treasured tears be spilled
For noble presage unfulfilled.

Mine fall unbidden as I look,
Here, upon Youth's unfinished book,
And with the loss my heart is torn
As Heaven had withdrawn the morn.

Ah, could I know why over me
His spirit has such potency,
Then might I know how love began
And stays, the mystery of Man.

Child of the future! Beauty's flower!
His gentle image should have power
The conscience of a realm to wing
And haunt the pillow of a King.

There was a time when the best of our poets were quarrying much of their poetic and dramatic material from the Scriptures. The Old Testament has an epic value that never seems to grow stale and furnishes an endless variety of themes. George Sterling has taken one of them and wrought it into lines that have a haunting magic. Even the title has a strange haunting power. We reprint from *The Poetry Journal*, of Boston:

"TIDAL, KING OF NATIONS"

(GENESIS XIV, 1—17)

BY GEORGE STERLING.

TIDAL, king of nations, is it night
and silence for thee,—
For all who smote by the slime-
pits and were slain in the
valley of kings?

Come there dreams to the bed of stone
which none attaineth to see—

Mirth of thy captains, moan of thy
slaves or shadow of voiceless
things?

Amraphel and Arioch and Elam's over-
lord,

Hold they still the pact they held by
the salt-sea's bitter breath?

Speak they yet of the battle's range when
the nine kings drew the sword?

Beck they now for a phantom wine in
the sunless courts of Death?

Tidal, king of nations, the desert is seal
of thy tomb;

He who breaketh that ashen seal may
sell thy bones for a price.

Thy scepter rotteth unheld and thy chariot
in the gloom,

And the ghosts of thy gods come not
to the evening sacrifice.

There, tho the twilight deepen, no harps
are glad for thy sake;

Thou with care for thy wraths alone
hast seen how the captains fail.

Time for thy doves hath given dust, for
thy melon-vine the snake,

The bittern's cry for thy viol's voice
and the bat for thy nightingale.

Tidal, king of nations, and traitor to each
for pride,

Thou wert no wall to thy people, nor
guard in a narrow place:

Thy will it was on Admah and the hearts
of Zoar to ride,

Slaying beyond thy borders, till the ar-
row sang at thy face.

Treasure and flocks and women, and all
things fair in thy sight,

They for thine eyes were herded—and
what do thine eyes discern?

Foeman and friend are broken, and one
remaineth to fight;

They that supped with War hath War
now eaten in turn.

Tidal, king of nations, could life be given
again,

For what were thy sword uplifted in
the battle that kings must use?

Would thy heart give thought to the
secret of man's unsearchable pain,
Keeping thy trust with the orphan, and
the widow's empty cruse?

The water-ways are broken that led to
the corn and grape:

Thy steel was to other torrents, thy
steeds to another goal.

Alas for our faithless hands that mar
whatever they shape,—

For the dusts made equal now in the
palm of the groping mole!

Tidal, king of nations, the world is weary
of strife;

We stand aghast by our engines, that
wait for the trumpet's call.

Must man be brute forever and Hate be
lord over Life?

Nay! tho the midnight question, the
morning answereth all!

Still wait the fields for the sower, tho the
lords of Ur be not;

The heavenly roads lie open to the
horses of the sun;

And still the mighty Hands, unchangeable,
unbegot,

Sift as of old the nations, till the many
realms are one.

We hope that the following poem, from *Harper's Magazine*, indicates that a volume of poetry is soon to appear, of which this is the dedication. If that is the case and the volume is on as high a plane as this prelude, it ought to be a shining success:

DEDICATION.

BY DANA BURNET.

ALITTLE while to pass within the
throng,

To dream, to toil, to weep, to
love, to die—

And then the silence, and the closing
Song,

And no more of the riddle that was I!

My Book shall stand upon the quiet shelf
Like some bright banner that the fates
have furled.

My dust, that was the symbol of my Self,
Shall scatter to the distance of the
world.

Yet who in this brief passing finds de-
spair,

Denies the certain God within his
breast.

Life has a crown for every man to wear,
Tho 'tis a thing of moments at the best.

A thing of moments, scattered preciously
Across the level causeway of the years!

And yet what sudden Light may I not
see?

What Vision making glory of my tears?

Mayhap if I sing bravely, true, and well,
My song shall strike God's universal
rhyme,

And like the echoes of a sweet, stilled bell
Live in the heart of heaven after Time.

The Chicago *Evening Post* publishes two poems by Vachel Lindsay. Both are inspired by drawings of George Cruikshank, the Dickens illustrator. In sending us a copy of these poems Mr. Lindsay has penned on the margin of the paper brief and amusing directions for reading them, as follows: "The Drunkard's Funeral" is more effective if you pound on the table when you read it. But 'The Haughty Butler' is to be read in a sort of starved, whispered, sinuous languorousness, as the usual poet reads usually." We have space for but one of the poems.

THE DRUNKARD'S FUNERAL.

BY VACHEL LINDSAY.

YES," said the sister with the little pinched face,
The busy little sister with the funny little tract:

"This is the climax, the grand fifth act.
There rides the proud at the finish of his race.

THERE GOES THE HEARSE, THE
MOURNERS CRY,
THE RESPECTABLE HEARSE GOES
SLOWLY BY.

The wife of the dead has money in her purse,

The children are in health, so it might have been worse.

That fellow in the coffin led a life most foul.

A fierce defender of the red bartender,
At the church he would rail, at the preacher he would howl.

"He planted every devilry to see it grow,
He wasted half his income on the lewd and the low,

He would trade engender for the red bartender,

He would homage render to the red bartender,

And in ultimate surrender to the red bartender,

He died of the tremens, as crazy as a loon,

And his friends were glad, when the end came soon.

THERE GOES THE HEARSE, THE
MOURNERS CRY,

THE RESPECTABLE HEARSE GOES
SLOWLY BY.

And now good friends, since you see how it ends,

Let each nation-mender flay the red bartender,

Till we force him into business where his work does good.

Let him learn how to plow, let him learn to chop wood.

"The moral,
The conclusion,
And the verdict now you know:
The saloon must go,
The saloon must go,
The saloon, the saloon, the saloon
Must go!"

"You are right, stubborn sister," I said to myself.

"You are right, good sister," I said.

"Tho you wear a mussy bonnet

On your little gray head,

You are right, little sister," I said.

From the London *Nation* comes this strikingly dramatic little poem:

THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

BY EDWARD SHILLITO.

DEATH bids his heralds go their way
On red-rimmed bicycles to-day.
Arrayed in blue with streak of red,

A boy bears tidings of the dead:

He pedals merrily along,

Whistling the chorus of a song;

Passing the time of day with friends,

Until the journey almost ends.

Then, slowing down, he scans each gate

For the dcom'd name upon the plate.

That found, he loudly knocks and rings,

Hands in the yellow missive; sings

His song. The maid says at the door

"No answer!" and he's off once more.

No answer through the empty years!

No answer but a mother's tears!

Here's a tender little thing that Mr. Benet contributes to the *Century*. It is not in his usual line. It is not symbolic nor subtle, but is the sort of thing that warms the heart.

THE MYSTERIOUS ONES.

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

THEIR garden is full of invisible things,

Of knights and of genii and angels with wings,

Of heroes and monsters, great ladies and elves,

Through the long afternoon when they're left to themselves.

Down there by the palings, where flowers push through,

They're off to the lands where the Hippogriff flew!

They slip past you shyly in rooms, on the stairs.

"Saint George and the Dragon" are put in their prayers.

You hear of their speeches and quaint, funny ways,

But little you know of their tapestried days!

And the hand of a queen that is proffered her churl

You take as the hand of a mere "little girl"!

If any further proof were necessary to show that one may be both a good poet and a good humorist, it is furnished by such writers as Dana Burnet, Burges Johnson, Don Marquis and Arthur Guiterman. The last-named writer has in *Scribner's* a neat and effective lyric:

HILLS.

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

I NEVER loved your plains!—
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleached alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
That scorns the hollow.—

Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow;

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy bowlder,
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder.

So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me!

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!

One of the best sonnet sequences ever written came last year from the pen of Arthur Davison Ficke. Now one of the best elegies written in recent years comes from the same pen. It appears in Mr. Ficke's new book of poems, "The Man On The Hill-Top" (Mitchell Kennerley). We have not the space to reprint it in full. There are nineteen stanzas in all and we reprint but five, taken from different sections of the poem. The fundamental tones of his work in this volume are frequently of slight interest. It is in his overtones that he compels admiration—the felicity of phrase, the subtle melodies, the succession of rich images:

SWINBURNE: AN ELEGY.

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

NOT o'er thy dust I brood,—I who have never
Looked in thy living eyes.
Nor hoarded blossom shall I come to sever
Where thy grave lies.

Let wifings dream, with shallow pride elate,

That they approach the presence of the great

When at the spot of birth or death they stand.

But hearts in whom thy heart lives, tho they be

By oceans sundered, walk the night with thee

In alien land.

For them, grief speaks not with the tidings spoken

That thou art of the dead.

No lamp extinguished when the bowl is broken,

No music fled

When the lute crumbles, art thou nor shalt be;

But, as a great wave, lifted on the sea,
Surges triumphant toward the sleeping shore,

Thou fallest, in splendor of irradiant rain,
To sweep resurgent all the ocean plain

Forevermore.

For thee spake Beauty from the shadowy waters;
 For thee Earth garlanded
 With loveliness and light her mortal daughters;
 Toward thee was sped
 The arrow of swift longing, keen delight,
 Wonder that pierces, cruel needs that smite,
 Madness and melody and hope and tears.
 And these with lights and loveliness illumine
 Thy pages, where rich Summer's faint perfume
 Outlasts the years.

The faiths and forms of yesteryear are waning,
 Dropping, like leaves.
 Through the wood sweeps a great wind of complaining
 As Time bereaves
 Pitiful hearts of all that they thought holy.
 The icy stars look down on melancholy,
 Shelterless creatures of a pillaged day—
 A day of disillusionment and terror—
 A day that yields no solace for the error
 It takes away.

Thee shall the future time with joy inherit.
 Hast thou not sung and said—
 "Save its own light, none leads the mortal spirit,
 None ever led"?
 Time shall bring many, even as thy steps have trod,
 Where the soul speaks authentically of God,
 Sustained by glories strange and strong and new.
 Yet these most Orphic mysteries of thy heart
 Only to kindred can thy speech impart;
 And they are few.

THE HERO BUSINESS—A STORY

This is a clever little tale of ingrowing heroism. It is told by Edith R. Mirrielees in *Everybody's*. If you are not a hero and are disposed to envy anyone who is, ponder the fate of Jim O'Brien. The people who smothered him with roses enjoyed themselves doubtless, but it grew rather hard for Jim. A pedestal may be a good place on which to stand for a little while; but imagine yourself fated to live on one all the rest of your life.

STOPPING off at Willits?" the man across the aisle questioned as Burke began gathering up his belongings. "You don't live there?"

"Not me!" Burke denied with the pride of the urban dweller. "But I'm stopping off between trains to see if I can find an old partner of mine. Man named O'Brien," he ended with fine carelessness.

The questioner sat up abruptly at the name. "Not Jim O'Brien? Why, didn't you hear about him? That time the schoolhouse burned? Why, I had a kid in that schoolhouse." He crossed the aisle and bumped down in the seat facing Burke. "I guess you can locate your man, all right. They had sixty children in there, and if it hadn't been for Jim—"

"I read about it," Burke interrupted. He busied himself over his suit-case to hide the twitching of his mouth. "Jim got hurt, didn't he? Did he get all right? Has he got the same old place?"

"Same old farm. Don't peddle his vegetables any more, tho. He sends his stuff in to Butte. I tell him to stick to his wagon; he could charge us a dollar apiece for his potatoes, and we'd not say a word. Know your way, do you?"

"I ought to," Burke scorned.

He took pains to lose his informant in leaving the train and made his way alone through the town. For a year he had been planning the pilgrimage, ever since a morning-paper had exalted O'Brien into a hero. Now, actually making it, he found himself returned in spirit as well as in flesh—listening instinctively for the rattle of his partner's wagon, for the sound of his booming voice from behind some swinging door.

The main street was familiar to him still, in spite of his years of absence—the same sodden frame station at its end, the

same disorderly sequence of saloons and stores and lodging-houses leading to the neater residence section; only, well out from the main portion of the town, where formerly the schoolhouse had stood, was now a parked square and a tablet in its center.

As far away as the board sidewalk he could read the blacker words of its inscription: "ON THIS SPOT—JAMES O'BRIEN—" He did not wait to decipher the connecting phrases. He went hurrying down the road to O'Brien's farm.

THE owner of the farm was at work among his onion-sets. At first glimpse he was altogether unchanged—a little too heavy for his height, a little stubbly as to chin and loamy as to fingers; but Burke, standing before him, was impressed none the less by a subtle difference to which he could give no name.

"Why, you remember me—Charlie Burke?" he protested, suddenly ill at ease. "You remember me, all right? I was coming through and I hadn't seen the old place for so long—"

"Just passing and happened to see me?" O'Brien questioned. He laid down his hoe for a second handshake. "Oh, I knew you. Only, I thought maybe you'd come— Say, we don't need to stand here. Come on up to the house."

He led the way across the crisp fields, talking measuredly as they went—the crops, the weather, the changes he had made on the farm; and Burke, still unaccountably shy, followed silently. The outside of the log house was its old, weather-beaten, bachelor self, but as O'Brien thrust open the door, "Jim, you've got married!" his guest accused.

The host shook his head. "No. It's changed round some inside. Here, wait till I get a chair for you." He scooped up an armful of cushions and proffered the cleared seat. "Looks cleaner than it used to," he commented with embarrassment. "Guess it could stand being some cleaner. But I'm getting too many things around. I can't seem to keep 'em down—"

"I should think not!" Burke cried. He awoke suddenly to the meaning of the decorations. "I should think not! If cushions is the way they show their gratitude, they'll smother you in cushions. Why, Jim, when I read about that fire—"

"Oh, Lord!" said O'Brien patiently.

But the current of a twelve months' enthusiasm is not so readily checked.

"I tell you when I read about that fire," Burke proclaimed, "when I thought it was good old Jim O'Brien that I'd summered and wintered with that did it, why, I tell you I felt—I started to write to you. Then I was going to come down, but I knew there'd be such a lot—"

"There was," O'Brien said, still with the same measured gentleness of manner.

IT caught the newcomer's attention this time, halting him half-way in his eloquence. All at once he recognized the alteration which had been puzzling him. It was not physical; it was merely that O'Brien no longer raised his voice in talking, no longer gesticulated. He spoke and moved with studied self-restraint, like a man under surveillance. A memory of him pounding home his argument on the table-top, shaking the walls with his laughter, sent his friend groping back after reasons for the change.

"You got well, all right, Jim? You're looking well. Been having a good year?"

"A good year," the farmer assented.

"I'm shipping now. I decided to give up the wagon; there's profit enough—"

"Then what's the matter with you?" Burke demanded. He planted himself in front of his host. "Something is. I been seeing it ever since I come. Is it money? Well, then, what is it? If it's anything I could fix up—"

"It isn't," O'Brien said. "I'm all right. I'm tired maybe."

He got to his feet and began rummaging for something in the kitchen cupboard. "Ever try being popular, Charlie?" he asked mildly from its depths. "Look at that! There was sixty of those kids, and every time one of 'em has a birthday—"

"That" was a segment of cake, a mammoth one, inscribed with pink on white icing.

"There's a chocolate one around somewhere. I never was much of a hand for cake. And some of the women come over Saturdays and clean up for me. And I had to stop the wagon. The way they treated me— Say, I never said anything like this before. If it'd get back to 'em—"

Burke was gasping with irreverent laughter. "It won't," he promised. "I'm leaving on Number Five. But, Jim, what's the matter with you? Throw their cakes out and lock the doors on 'em. Anyhow, they'll get over it quick enough. If that's the worst of it—"

THE victim shook his head. "I can't buy anything any more. I can't so much as buy my groceries where I want. Harter won't take a cent from me, because that cross-eyed girl of his was in the fourth grade. And I could stand that; you can send off for things. But the way they keep watching— Look here, I never was what you'd call a drinking man?"

"I guess *not*!" the former partner verified indignantly.

"Well, and I wasn't taking to drink when I got well, either. But every minister in town come at me and all of the mothers. You'd think I was living under glass. They'd got me to sign a pledge before I was well enough to know what I was doing. You'd think that whole sixty kids was waiting to follow if they saw me crook my elbow. And they were! I can't go down street without they're pointing at me, and they come out here and stand around—"

"Don't you care what people say! You do as you please!"

A heavy red crept up beneath O'Brien's tan. "Well—you can't very well. It's different when it's children." He hesitated. "I'd sell out if I could find anybody to give me my price. Or if I thought they'd get over it—"

"They will," Burke prophesied. "You give 'em another year."

O'Brien shook his head. "I don't know. I don't know if they will or not. There's one thing I've thought about— Where were you brought up, Charlie? Back East somewhere?"

"Coast o' Maine."

"So was I. And you remember the celebrations they'd have—Old Settlers' Day and Memorial Day, and go out and fix up the graves? Well—"

"Well?" the listener repeated, entirely puzzled.

"Don't you see what I mean? Out West, like this is, they haven't got those things. I'm all they got. I'm like their soldiers' burying-ground to 'em; once they get to looking after me—"

"You make me tired!" his former partner protested explosively.

O'BRIEN got to his feet, stretching his arms and smiling a little, though subduedly still. "Makes me kind of tired too," he admitted dryly. "I don't know what started me off like this. I don't mind it most of the time—I'm off here by myself. Only, it's *all* the time. All the whole time I got to live up to that one fire. Why, I haven't had a glass of beer—why, I'll tell you how it's got with me. Nights, when I get to sleep, I dream there's a stein between my fingers, or something like that, and I get it up to my mouth and along comes one of those kids. If I could ever get away from 'em—"

"Well, you can," the listener interrupted. It was not altogether laughter which choked him. "There's other places in the world besides Willits. Look here, Jim, I'm going out on Number Five. You come along with me as far as Billings. I got some money."

"Oh, I have the money," O'Brien said. He got to his feet irresolutely. "I wouldn't want anybody around here to know. So long as the kids do feel that way—"

"I guess they ain't got the hero habit yet in Billings," the guest scoffed. He chuckled a little. "It's not just the thing I expected to be doing. I was going to be kind of laying flowers around on your statue. . . . Come on, Jim."

As they passed the parked square on their way to the station, O'Brien indicated it by a gesture. "They put that up! I never go by without thinking I'm under it. And that headstone business—"

He lowered his voice abruptly. Two half-grown girls were rounding the corner ahead. Their eyes were fixed worshipfully on O'Brien's face; they turned to let their gaze follow him after he had passed.

"Seems kind of mean," O'Brien com-

mented inappositely. He spoke with hesitation. "You know the little ones, they—they fight, when they're playing, over which one's going to be me."

HE talked no more of himself after that, and his studied passivity of face and voice did not fall from him until Billings was reached and they were safely ensconced in one of the curtained boxes at the back of a beer hall. Then he stretched out his hoe-calloused hand on the table with a puffing sigh of relief.

"Nobody'll see us in here! Gee, but it's good to get off! We'll sit here and talk and have a glass or two, and if I want to say 'damn' while I'm talking, I can, without that whole shoal o' kids saying it after me." He raised his voice and beckoned to the waiter. "Two beers, son."

The youth addressed came over to their box and slowly mopped the table-top with a cloth he carried. His eyes were fixed devouringly on O'Brien's face.

"There's some champagne we just got," he insinuated.

"That's for bondholders," O'Brien complained humorously. He snapped down a half-dollar on the table. "Two beers, and hurry up. Never mind anything but the hurry."

When the boy was gone, O'Brien leaned toward Burke, breathing heavily.

"Champagne this time of day! Say, didn't he look at me kind of queer, or did he? Did you think—"

He broke off. Their waiter was returning. He carried a bucket in one hand. Two bottles stood in it, submerged in ice.

"We had it fixed for another party," he explained self approvingly. "We can fix some more, tho. And it won't cost you a cent, Mr. O'Brien. There won't anything cost you anything. I had a sister—"

HALF-WAY down the block, Burke, a pace ahead, turned in tentatively toward the door of a saloon, but his companion did not follow the movement, and they went on in silence. They walked a long way—till the stores gave way to dwelling-houses, and the houses in turn to vacant lots and straggling pasture. Then, still in silence, the victim of his own bravery halted in his stride. He faced back toward the town.

"I guess I can get Number Eight home," he commented mildly. "I got a lot of asparagus to get off by night. Well—" He struggled for a moment with a furtive and embarrassed smile. "Well, good-by, Charlie. Any time you want to stop off and see how the hero business is going—"

THE BUSINESS WORLD

HOW BUSINESS MEN FORECAST THE FUTURE DEMAND OF THE PUBLIC*

FORECASTING public demand is very much like forecasting the weather," said Alexander H. Revell, president of A. H. Revell Company. While no one can tell with entire accuracy just what the weather will be on a certain day, yet it is possible to foretell weather conditions by seasons.

"Similarly, while it is impossible to know in advance what whims and fancies will take hold of the public from day to day, it is possible to foretell with more or less accuracy what the general trend will be six months or a year hence.

"For example, the demand of the public to-day in furniture is substantial simplicity. We forecast this condition several years ago. Here is the way we did it. Our experience has taught us that public thought finds expression in material things.

"In the past the American people as a whole had enjoyed boom conditions. Money was plentiful. They had not yet learned the meaning of conservation. Then came a general tightening up of money. This condition, together with the national movement for the conservation of natural resources, caused the public to see that if it was advisable to conserve natural resources then it was also advisable to conserve personal resources.

"Then came the pinch of forced economy, which transformed public thought into tangible action. As a result the public as a whole is now buying furniture in plain, substantial woods that will last a lifetime, instead of fancy furniture that has no lasting quality and quickly goes out of style.

THE same tendency is reflected in drapings for windows, doors and the like. A few years ago public taste ran to ornate drapings in almost every nook and corner of the home. To-day, the tendency is towards extreme simplicity. Drapings are used only where absolutely necessary, and plain ones at that, instead of fancy double ones.

"The universal demand to-day for oriental rugs arose from the same cause. People came to see that it was cheaper in the end to buy a few good oriental rugs that will last from fifty to one

hundred years, rather than ornate carpets that soon go out of style and have but little wearing qualities.

"The widespread movement for general sanitation in recent years had a lot to do with the bringing about of the present universal demand for oriental rugs. People came to see that carpets were unsanitary, and adopted small oriental rugs because of the opportunities they offer to keep floors spick and span with slight trouble.

"As a result of these two movements the general demand of the public to-day in furnishings is for substantial simplicity with an entire absence of 'frills.'

"While we, like other business in our line, are more or less dependent upon public demand we do not simply wait for this demand to come about. We aim to help it along. In this connection we follow the methods of the newspaper. We aim to do two things: first, give the public what it wants; second, try to educate the public to what it should have. We follow the second course by featuring in our show-rooms and our advertizing what we consider are ideal goods."

FEW are the lines of business nowadays that are not affected by that most fickle of all fickle things—public taste. A business may be at the height of its prosperity this year and the following year suffer from a severe slump simply because public taste has veered away from its product.

In view of this well-known fact every business man likely to be so affected exerts himself to line up his product with public thought. With the great majority of businesses it is possible to forecast with a fair degree of accuracy just what the public will demand six months or a year hence. The only exceptions to this are businesses built on fashion rather than utility, such as the millinery business, where fashions can truly be said to change from day to day.

Talks with several executives of The House of Kuppenheimer brought out a wide range of ideas on how they forecast future public demand with accuracy. "Style in clothes," said these gentlemen, "always runs in cycles. If browns, for example, find some favor this season, it is a sure sign that they

will predominate during the following season. Fashion styles seldom spring into sudden favor. Instead, they take hold of the public gradually. The reason for this is that the majority of people do not adopt new styles the moment they are placed on the market. Instead, they wait to see if the vogue is permanent instead of transitory, and also to see how other people look in them. Then if these styles appear to be taking hold and have reasons for existence other than novelty, they are adopted by the majority of people. This condition enables us to manufacture with certainty styles to be sold ten months hence. All our goods are manufactured ten months ahead of the date they are placed on the market.

WHEN a certain cut of garment or color has found favor for one or two seasons, it is a sure sign that its opposite will be in demand during the following seasons. For example, mixed weaves will give place to plain weaves, and tight-fitting garments to loose-fitting ones, and vice versa.

"Practically every style can safely be counted upon to return to favor every seven years. Already there is a marked tendency to get away from the close-fitting garments of to-day and to return to the past style of loose-fitting garments.

"Just where new styles come from is difficult to explain. It is doubtful if they come from any one source. Of course, it is possible to force a new style on the public, but this means the expenditure of large sums of money accompanied by much uncertainty. For the most part new styles 'happen.' A number of styles and colors are placed on the market and public demand is carefully watched for cues as to which line to push.

NEW STYLES come in the main from three sources: first, our own designers are constantly making original experiments. We will make up from ten to twenty entirely different suits and then bring them down to three or four by taking a lapel from one suit, a back from another, a collar from another, and so on. The second source is from custom tailors. We carefully watch the output of the better class of merchant

* Summary of authorized interviews by William G. Clifford, of *Business World* staff investigators.

tailors all over the country and carry their ideas to an extreme. The third source is English style. We learn that cut and color of garments are in vogue in England and then adapt them for the American market.

"One of the surest ways to forecast future demand, we have found, is to keep a close watch on the styles that sell most readily in college towns. Then we concentrate on the styles for the succeeding season or seasons. Any style or color that finds favor with college men will sooner or later also find favor with the general public and will persist for from one to two seasons."

A WELL-KNOWN creator of fashions and novelties, I. S. Garrison, says: "Contrary to general belief, so-called 'original' ideas in styles seldom make a hit. The reason for this is that people as a whole are afraid of the radically new, altho they may not know it. It has been my experience that almost every so-called 'new idea' had its foundation in an old style."

"Style ideas are developed or evolved rather than created. One can with almost entire certainty of successful future sales build a new style on some one feature or tendency of a present style. For example, the hobble-skirt did not spring into existence suddenly. It took about three seasons to develop. First there came a tendency to cut skirts less full. The following season they were cut still tighter. Then came the hobble-skirt—a product of evolution."

"When a style has found favor for several seasons it can generally be relied upon to jump to the opposite extreme. The present style in skirts is an example of this. 'In recent seasons skirts were cut tight at the bottom and rather loose at the top. The present style is nothing more or less than an old style turned upside down. Today all skirts are cut tight at the top and wide—the flare effect—at the bottom."

IT CAN be laid down as a principle that any style based on a fad will not persist. Simple lines and effects, combined with utility, will always prevail for several seasons, with simple variations. At the end of this time they will automatically revert to the opposite extreme.

"While intuition is of great value to the designer of fashions and styles, it must be made to run hand in hand with present-day tendencies. Style-tendencies should always form the basis of a new style, and intuition only be used in developing it."

"The present-day style of cloth-top shoes furnishes an interesting example of how new styles are placed on the

market. Incidentally it shows that new styles cannot arbitrarily be forced on the public, and that they must be based on existing tendencies.

"Owing to the scarcity of beef and veal, the shoe manufacturers found difficulty in obtaining leather for the tops of shoes. So they decided to use cloth-tops in place of leather tops. But the public refused to take hold of the new style. Investigation showed that the length of women's skirts was the sticking point; women could not see the force of wearing fancy-topped shoes when they would not show."

"And so the shoe manufacturers induced the garment makers to shorten the length of skirts. This practice alone created the widespread demand for cloth-topped shoes. The new style in shoes at first failed because it was not based on an existing tendency. But when marketed in conjunction with a tendency towards shorter skirts, it won out in a big way. The short-skirt style has now almost reached its limit and can soon be relied upon to jump back to the opposite extreme."

IN a business whose product is composed of precious metals, some accurate way of foretelling public demand simply has to be found, because a bad guess will tie up a large sum of money. At first thought this seems like a big order, but when the "tendency" idea is followed, it is comparatively simple. An executive of C. D. Peacock, Inc., jeweler and silversmith, says:

"As the majority of our trade is with women, we keep a close watch on women's styles. We build most of our ideas on existing or coming styles, instead of trying to create some new fad. If women's styles are on what may be termed the 'frill' order, we fall in line with novelty bags, and the like."

"Present indications show that women's styles for next year will be along tailored lines. Their suits will all have pockets. Hence, novelty hand-bags will not find favor. We are preparing to meet this condition with a line of novelty purses that can be carried in a small pocket."

"Tailored clothes for women will also automatically create a demand for belts, shirtwaist buttons, cuff links, and the like. We are preparing to meet this demand with goods of this class along novelty lines."

"Economic conditions have a direct effect on styles of silverware, we have found. The high cost of living and the difficulty of obtaining reliable servants has forced many people to give up their homes and live in apartments. This condition brought about an entire change in silverware styles. Formerly, people wanted highly ornamental silverware. As this takes so much time to clean properly, it is not

now in demand. Plain silverware, which can be cleaned quickly, is now in almost universal demand. This demand came about solely through the difficulty in obtaining servants and the general exodus from homes to apartments."

RETAILERS have found that it pays to keep an eye on new plays that are being staged in New York. Many a new style owes its vogue to its having been shown on the stage.

There's a department-store owner in New York state who systematically makes new plays pay him handsome profits. His city is on the regular theatrical circuit. He has a representative in New York send his detailed reports of the new fashion ideas brought out in each play staged there. Then when the play is about to "go on the road," he prepares for the local demand that will surely come when the play reaches his city.

It may be a new style in hats, gowns, shoes, parasols, jewelry—anything. Books of the play he finds it pays to feature. And if a well-known actress is in the play, who has written a testimonial for, say, a line of toilet articles, he gets in touch with the manufacturer and arranges to feature this testimonial and the goods during the run of the play.

OFFICE ORGANIZATION

IF THERE is anything makes me tired it is to hear a manufacturer boast about the efficiency of his organization, and then walk through his plant and find the office force scattered all over the place," says E. C. Wolf, of the educational department of the National Association of Corporation Schools.

"In many manufacturing plants there are as many office units as whims of superintendents, managers and foremen. You don't find the forge shop scattered, nor the power plant divided. Everything mechanical has been organized and systematized, but the office is anywhere and everywhere."

"If the average American manufacturer knew his total clerical expense the same as he knows a lot of other things, he wouldn't simply put that expense in the overhead as a necessary evil and let it go at that; he would sit up and take some notice. There is no reason why all the clerical work should not be organized and centralized just as well and just as effectively as any other part of an organization. This is not theory—it is being done in a few places with remarkable success."

The function of the imagination is not to invent substitutes for the truth, but to find new ways of telling the truth. The difference, in practice, is that between the plain liar and the artist.—James Howard Kehler.

CHECKING-UP SERVICE IN MANAGEMENT OF SALES FORCE

HANDLING approximately a million customers a day, in its hundreds of stores, it has been something of a problem to the management of the United Cigar Stores Company to make sure that each individual patron received the courtesy and service which is the keynote of the company's business policy. The management believes, and rightly so, that its methods of doing business, its attitude toward the customer, its business ideals, are all part and parcel of its reputation and success.

To provide for an adequate checking-up of all the members of its sales force, whether employed in its New York stores or in Des Moines, Iowa, the management organized a "Service Inspection" force. It is the duty of the inspectors to visit all stores, check-up and report to the main office the kind of treatment they receive from the men behind the counter.

When a service inspector enters a store (he, of course, is not known by the clerk), the following points are noted and reported on:

- First*—Prompt approach,
- Second*—Greeting,
- Third*—Courtesy,
- Fourth*—Tact,
- Fifth*—Patience,
- Sixth*—Neatness in dress,
- Seventh*—Ability—Intelligence—Knowledge of goods,
- Eighth*—Salesmanship,
- Ninth*—The unfailing "Thank you."

If the service given the inspector is exceptionally good, a card is mailed to the salesman from the main office, complimenting him upon his ability and service. In order to give special significance to these communications, these cards are red and enclosed in red envelopes, and are distinguished as "red letters." They are signed by the president, or vice-president, and are important testimonials to the worthiness of the recipients. The distinctive color of these communications, when received by one of the men, makes it known to all his associates that he has earned commendation from the general office. Here is one of the forms:

Service First.

Mr.....

Permit me to congratulate you upon the creditable manner in which you served our representative yesterday. It is not every clerk who could have done so well. You held his attention and showed a keen desire to please, both because of what you said, and because of the way you said it. That's really a high tribute.

(signed)

THROUGH this "Service Inspection" department, numberless letters are sent to the men in the various stores giving instructions, calling attention to errors, etc. It is one of the cardinal rules of the management that each patron shall receive a "thank you" for making a purchase. If the inspector does not receive this courtesy, the clerk receives a form calling his attention to the omission.

Service First.

You neglected to say Thank You.

Mr.....

The success of our company has been ascribed to many causes, all more or less involved. As a matter of fact our success came because of a realization that every customer who enters our stores is doing us a very great favor, and that we must give him the best service to make sure he will come again. When you neglected to thank our Service Representative yesterday, you failed to back up our claim. We have educated the public to expect good service, and now they demand it.

(signed)

H. G. Petermann, of the company, says: "Our first consideration is for the consumer; for on his continuing good-will depends our existence. Our next consideration is for our employees; for we are dependent on them for keeping the consumer's good-will. We keep driving home to our people: 'Look after the consumer first, last and all the time. Do this faithfully, make his interests your first interest, and the company's interest will take care of itself.'"

"At certain periods every day, our clerks are pushed to the limit to handle trade. It may happen that in giving this service at high speed we occasionally slip a cog. We want to know whenever, through press of time, or error of judgment, or lack of interest, or for any other reasons, our representatives behind the counter do not carry out to the letter the United Cigar Stores policies."

PRACTICAL TRAINING IN WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT*

FOR a nation that has the reputation of educating the masses, we have sadly neglected them in that we have not educated the masses for industry; but have given our best talent and our time to education for the professions, general knowledge and culture. By neglecting industrial education we have allowed our industries to lag behind in our social procession until captains of industry now find their problems very difficult and society is disturbed.

When all shall understand that all successful effort is work, and not be ashamed of it; when education shall mean work in our industries, as well as work in our professions and our commercial offices; when we have an education adapted to our industries; there

will grow up a respect for all educated men in all lines of effort, and what is most important, there will follow a greater capacity for earning money—the greatest factor in our social balance.

There is nothing that will set a man right with his fellowmen like prosperity, and there is nothing that will give him the capacity for prosperity like education for his own life-work. Education of a general character has never and cannot now serve the vast army of industry.

ONE SPEAKS of "keeping very busy"; another says he is "working hard"; another says he "toils from morning till night"; another says he is "slaving his life away." They are all doing just what they say they are doing, and all because of the point of view fixed by their knowledge or lack of knowledge of their work and their capacity.

The man who has education that fits his needs says he is "busy," because that education gives him the intelligence to understand his true relation in the world, and he becomes happy in striving to rise. This illustrates the necessity of education and practical training, adapted to the needs of all, and not simply for a part, no matter how important that part may be.

Those who were naturally intelligent and of strong character have realized that their real education was for the practical work of life. Those with less strength of character and those whose parents did not understand, have drifted into the vast army of industrial gate the men, who, struggling up from misfits. The misfits would now invest-humble beginnings, with hours of labor that knew no clock, have built up the industries that pay higher wages than in any other country in the world—industries that have given opportunities

* From an address by Charles H. Norton, Chief Consulting Engineer of the Norton Companies, at Convention of National Association of Corporation Schools.

for all to rise by honest effort, no matter how humble their origin, as never before in the world's history.

Professor Sweet, that grand old man of Syracuse, workman and engineer, from whose writings some of us have learned more than from any other source, said: "I respect the man who knows what has been done and who did it, but I love the man who knows what to do and does it."

INDUSTRY is calling for men who know not only what has been done and who did it, but who can also teach what to do and how to do it. It is reaching out its arms for the sympathy and help of our educated and successful class, that they may help to teach the laws of industry. Industry! Upon which all classes depend for their very existence.

All schools should teach that "no one can succeed through education and talent alone—that they are valuable allies, but are dangerous when they usurp the place of solid labor." We must teach that there will always be work to be done, that no amount of education and culture in a nation can reduce the necessity for work; that there must always be just so much work done to support the people of our country; that there is but one way to lessen human labor, and that is by labor-saving machinery and devices—that labor-saving machinery is the cause of our being better paid for our industry than the ancients; that labor-saving machinery and devices are the cause of our better homes, better conveniences and everything we call modern.

There is a great work before the men of education in America. It rests upon them to work out plans by which industrial education may help to raise this country to first place in the world of industry; to restore it to a place of industrial peace, where we have not only the few who have been taught what has been done and who did it, but also the great majority who have been taught what to do and how to do it.

Closed-mindedness is the besetting sin and the insignia of the little man, just as open-mindedness is the universal distinguishing quality of the big man.—Lewis.

THE EMPLOYER'S NEED

ISOMETIMES think employers, owners and managers need education, fully as much as some employees, but education of a different kind," says James Logan, the manufacturer of Worcester, Mass. "Most of the problems which men have put up to them for solution are human problems, and human nature is of more than fifty-seven varieties, and they are usually about all represented in a shop of any considerable size.

"To handle the hard and trying situ-

ations and decide not only what is right but expedient, calls for judgment, patience and tact plus, and these are things which cannot be learned from books, but are burnt into men while passing through the crucible of experience.

"It is to be expected that managers, superintendents and foremen are to be respected by the men and women under them, and men in positions of responsibility should remember that these men and women will often size them up, while they may be quite unconscious of the judgment that is being passed on them; and the sizing up of the average man or woman of intelligence is in the long run fairly accurate.

"Teach men that on the journey through life, the man with the smile wins every time against the man with the frown. So at the start, employers should learn to keep sweet and smile. We will grant that it will not always be easy, but the trick is to do the hard things. Anyone can do the easy things."

The vision of things to be done may come a long time before the way of doing them appears clear, but woe to him who distrusts the vision.—Jenkins Lloyd Jones.

SAVING LOST MOTION

THERE is no waste of any kind in the world that equals the waste from needless, ill-directed and ineffective motions, and their resulting unnecessary fatigue," said Frank B. Gilbreth, before the American Academy of Political and Social Science. You will recall that it was Mr. Gilbreth who discovered the lost motions in bricklaying, and in consequence was elected an immortal in the annals of scientific management.

Since then, Mr. Gilbreth has devoted his time to scientific motion study, and his work has been of great value to manufacturers and others. It is really surprising, when you stop to think about it, that a little study enables one to reduce eighteen motions to five, twenty to thirty motions to ten or twelve, in such every-day occupations as folding cotton cloth, pasting paper on boxes of shoe polish, and similar work. But the greatest saving in time, in money and in energy will result when the motions of every individual, no matter what his work may be, have been studied and standardized.

It is not necessary to make use of micro-motion machinery, such as the chronocyclegraph, cross-sectioned backgrounds, the vitagraph, and the other paraphernalia used by Mr. Gilbreth in his scientific research, to enable all of us to discover many lost motions in our daily tasks. The trouble with most of us is that we never stop to think about the matter. We do things in a certain way from force of habit—because we have always done them that way.

A little more clear thinking about the things we do—a little less senseless hurry—and at the end of the day we will have attained greater accomplishment, with less fatigue, and will be in better sorts with ourselves and the world at large. The introduction of motion standards in industry has resulted in increased output and increased wages, with an accompanying decrease in cost. What motion study has done for industry, it will do for us—no matter who we are, what we are, or where we are.

Your foresight may not be as good as your hindsight—but be cheerful about it anyway. You have lots of company in your boat.

DEBOWER'S PLAN

WITHIN the short space of ten years, Herbert F. DeBower, of Chicago, has developed three very successful business enterprises. He admits that he is not what might be termed a detail man, and he attributes most of his success as a business builder to the fact that he knew how to pick the right people for the right places, and permitted them to work out the actual plans and processes. "Tell me how you did it," said an admiring visitor. "How do you recognize initiative and capacity, especially in young men who have not held executive positions or done similar work with other concerns?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said this employer, who has piled up a fortune in ten years. "I find out a man's likes and dislikes, I find out what his ambitions are, and I find out what he does with his spare time. A man's ambitions have a great influence on his actual worth, and what he does with his time outside of regular business hours determines in a large measure his value during business hours.

"Now, don't misunderstand me, because I am not moralizing. A man may have some negative habits, he may be holding a minor position; but if he has ambition, if he is fitting himself for a better position, if he is spending some of his leisure time in self-development—he is a possibility. The people who are satisfied with their jobs or are doing nothing to fit themselves for better ones, need no better ones. It has always seemed to me that people who are striving for something better, and are spending some of their time in fitting themselves for something better, are the kind I want."

And this reminded the visitor of something he once read in a little book called "The Test of Efficiency." "It is the way in which your hours of freedom are spent, as well as your labor, which increases or decreases your efficiency. If you would become an expert in your line, devote some of your leisure time to studying the technique of your business."

DEVELOPING THE TRADE WE ALREADY HAVE

MAKING two sales grow where but one grew before is the ever present problem with most of us. The business of getting business may, however, be easily divided into two parts. Getting the business in the first place is, of course, important; but keeping it is the second and perhaps most vital part. Some men devote all of their energies to the acquisition of new business. Through their pleasing personality, their powers of persuasion and their aggressive follow-up, they secure a great deal of new business, but through lack of attention old patrons are lost. First orders are seldom profitable ones, if we take into consideration the advertizing, the follow-up and the time consumed in securing the new business.

J. C. Aspley, western representative of *Printers' Ink*, says: "The woods are full of business men who have allowed their sales policies to become one-sided in their mad grabbing for new business. In their anxiety to satisfy their thirst for more business, they neglect old customers while seeking new ones. Instead of keeping their eyes firmly fixed on the relation of volume to cost, they fall into the common error of spreading selling effort out too thin. They overlook opportunity right under their nose.

"In our quest for sales we should not pass by what is perhaps the greatest undiscovered market of all—the *customers already on our books*. What can we do to double the sales to these prospects next season? How can we make the man who bought \$5,000 worth of our goods last year buy \$10,000 next year? Butler Brothers attribute the greater proportion of their increased sales to their 'visitors,' who go out among customers with suggestions for bigger sales. If personal visiting is impossible, the customer can be visited by mail."

THE writer knows of a large concern in a New England city which does a good volume of business, gets a good price for its product, and should earn a good profit. This concern employs a larger selling force than others in the same line; but, through lack of attention to the old customers, its clientele is changing continually. For several years the writer was manager of another concern in the same line and in the same city. Our volume of business was less than half that of the concern referred to. In most cases our prices were lower. And yet it is safe to say that our profits were fifty per cent. larger. Why? Because it was our policy "never to go after new business until we were absolutely sure

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Spending three or four weeks in the country is a wonderful vacation for you—but it is not a vacation for your wife if she has to cook meals in a bungalow or Summer home. A kitchen is a kitchen whether in the mountains, on the seashore or in the city. Our kitchen is your kitchen when you know

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that regular customers had been properly taken care of."

Very often one must choose between a large volume of business at a small margin of profit, and a smaller volume of business at a larger margin of profit. The circumstances surrounding each individual case must determine which policy is the better one to follow. But, as a usual thing, the second method is the better because it allows for better service, and the better the service the more likely you are to retain a satisfied customer. As Gustav Erbe, of Yawman & Erbe, once said to the writer, "To establish permanently satisfactory relations with a customer, it is essential that all transactions be mutually beneficial."

COMPETITION will very largely dictate the prices at which goods may be sold, and yet if your service is right and the goods are right, even tho your prices are a trifle higher, your regular patrons will hesitate before giving their business to others. Your key to the situation is the kind of service which you render. Service may be divided into two parts. *First*, your goods must fit the needs of your customer, and must be of the right quality. *Second*, after the goods have been delivered you ought to keep in touch with the customer and make sure that he is getting full value out of them, and to ascertain when he will need additional goods.

Other things being equal, it is easier to sell goods to an old customer than to one who has had no previous dealings with you. When you strike a case where this is not true, it is time you made an investigation of your goods and service. It matters not what line you are in, make a specialty of service to the old customer. And if your goods are right and your service is right, others will hear about it, and it will be easier to get new business.

As Mr. Aspley expressed it: "No matter what you make or how you sell it, there ought to be some way of getting the customers already on your books to buy more. Why not devote some of the effort you now spend in developing new business on those who know you and whom you know to be safe and sure accounts?"

Kipling summed up all the necessary attributes of a successful executive, when he wrote:

"THE SERGEANT"

"'E learns to do his watchin'
Without it showin' plain;
'E learns to save the dummy,
And shove him straight again;
'E learns to check the ranker
That's buyin' leave to shirk;
An' he learns to make men like him
So they'll learn to like their work."

The profit from loss is experience.

OPPOSITION TO THE "STEVENS BILL"

A CLEAN-CUT issue between the small retailers and the big price-cutting dealers is to be fought out and decided at the coming session of Congress, according to a statement made by Edmond A. Whittier, secretary of the American Fair Trade League.

The issue is similar to that decided by the Supreme Court in the suits brought by the government against several of the "trusts," wherein the chief basis of complaint was that these big organizations of capital crowded out their smaller competitors by price-cutting. While the Supreme Court upheld the contention of the government in a number of instances and dissolved some of the "trusts," the Stevens bill is designed to prevent price-cutting before the smaller dealer is actually eliminated, instead of punishing the offender afterwards.

According to Mr. Whittier, a declaration of war has just been issued by the price-cutting interests against the Stevens bill. This is the first time, he says, that the big interests have come out into the open, and the Fair Trade League welcomes the issue thus formed. Until now, the large mail-order, chain-store and department-store interests have made no organized attack on the Stevens bill; but the National Retail Dry Goods Association has just issued a call to its members to come out in the open against the bill, which now seems likely to be enacted by Congress early in December.

In the statement issued by F. Colburn Pinkham, secretary and treasurer of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, he stated that he had made a trip through the country and that he talked with the retailers in fifteen cities on the subject of price maintenance. These retailers, he says, are opposed to the Stevens bill. Mr. Whittier contends that it is only the big mail-order, chain-store and price-cutting department-store interests which oppose the bill; and that the great majority of retail merchants, the small stores who he says are fighting for existence, are heartily in favor of the bill.

The National Retail Dry Goods Association objects to the bill on the ground that the small dealer would sometimes be left with spoiled goods on his hands because he had to sell them at a fixed price, and that the dealer who is far away from the shipping point will suffer by reason of having to sell at the same price as the dealer who is near the shipping point.

Mr. Whittier contends that the bill specifically protects the dealer in that the manufacturer must take the goods back at the original purchase price, or

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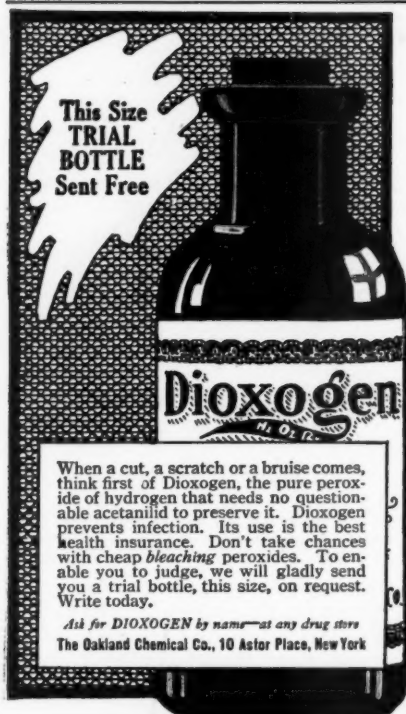
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permit the dealer to dispose of them in any way he may choose and at any price he may choose. He contends that the only object of the bill is to enable the manufacturer to fix the resale price, so that the mail-order, chain-store and large department-store organizations cannot cut the price to the injury of the small dealers. He contends there is nothing to prevent the manufacturer from adjusting territorial questions by paying the freight or fixing zone differences, and these questions have and will be worked out naturally in the course of trade.

Every man who expresses what he honestly thinks is true is changing the spirit of the times. Thinkers help other people to think, for they formulate what others are thinking. No person writes or thinks alone—thought is in the air, but its expression is necessary to create a tangible spirit of the times. The value of a thinker who writes, or a writer who thinks, is that he supplies arguments for the people and confirms all who are on his wire in opinions often before uttered.

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—William Marion Reedy.

Shear Nonsense

Aeronitis, the New Infection.

Aviation is an ultra-modern source of humor indicated by the spread of what is called aeronitis. Under that head *The Aerial Age Weekly* furnishes cases like these:

Jacob A. Moller, of New Rochelle, announces that he has solved the problem of the submarine menace by inventing an aeroplane which not only will lasso a torpedo but turn it back upon and destroy the submarine which discharged it.

The aeroplanes will be equipped with chains in the form of lassos, which will be operated automatically. As a torpedo is sighted an aeroplane is to swoop down, lasso it and, with a reverse English, send it careening back to its source.

He says he evolved the idea from watching seagulls seize fish from the waters of Long Island Sound.

THE PUZZLING POINT.

Enthusiastic Aviator (after long explanation of principle and workings of his biplane)—Now you understand it, don't you?

Young Lady—All but one thing.

Aviator—And that is—?

Young Lady—What makes it stay up?

SO SAY WE ALL.

Old Zeppelin and all his works

I'd find myself forgiving

If he'd soar up to where it lurks,

And from the sky

So high, so high,

Bring down the cost of living.

One of our most consistent admirers is an old ante-bellum negro, William, who is known locally as a "character." William likes to explain all the details of flying with actual volubility and assumed wisdom. Quite recently, an overdressed woman of pompous and dominating mien came to look the flying boat over accompanied by a rather pretty but timid girl, evidently her daughter. After inspecting the boat and subjecting our humble self to an insolent scrutiny the



A New Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

Type 53

THE new Eight-Cylinder is ushered in on the heels of the most impressive success ever recorded in the motor car industry.

It follows a car which has entrenched itself in a positive position of pre-eminence.

The whole country now knows that the number of cars which are even candidates for comparison with the Cadillac, has been narrowed down until they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The country no longer asks if the Cadillac is as fine a car as some other; but inquires, instead, what other cars compare with the Cadillac,—and how.

If public opinion could be translated into a few simple words, it would doubtless result in the statement that there never has been a motor car equal to the Cadillac Eight,—either in performance or in stability.

It is this kind of a car—this one example of V-type efficiency, demonstrated by a year's experience—which the new Cadillac succeeds.

It succeeds a car which many thousands of people believe to have been the best car which the world had yet produced.

The new Cadillac is the fruit of experience, acquired in the building of 13,000 V-type Eights, and of their service in the hands of 13,000 users.

We believe that in this new car the V-type engine is developed to a point of excellence which even the most conscientious effort to equal, cannot reach in many and many a day.

A year ago the Cadillac Company was blazing new paths of progress.

It pioneered new principles and new processes, pushing them to a point of certainty before its first V-type engine was marketed.

Nothing can take the place of that hard and painstaking period of invention, selection, rejection, adjustment and adaptation.

As a result, there is but one V-type standard based on extended experience; that is the Cadillac standard.

There is but one V-type criterion based on a demonstrated certainty; that is the Cadillac criterion.

It is obvious, therefore, that the first Cadillac Eight is the source from which V-type development must borrow its inspiration.

And in that fact lies an exceedingly important consideration.

In the pioneering process to which we have referred, the problems solved were peculiar to Cadillac construction.

They referred to that intimate relation between all the

parts and all the processes of manufacture which make for a harmonious whole.

The Cadillac transmission and the Cadillac clutch—to cite only two of a number of features—were developed with direct reference to the requirements of the Cadillac V-type engine and the Cadillac car.

Their adaption by other makers may or may not be successful.

It is not the V-type engine, merely as a type, which has proven such a triumphant success, but the Cadillac Eight-Cylinder V-type engine, built into a Cadillac chassis according to Cadillac ideals—and as Cadillac artisans know how to build it.

That is what we meant when we said that nothing can take the place of Cadillac experience in building 13,000 cars.

That is why we do not believe that the equal of this new Cadillac Eight will exist for many a long day.

The first Cadillac Eight furnishes for those who would emulate its excellence, the one certain source of V-type information based on extended experience.

And the second Cadillac Eight, with that wonderful experience to build upon, naturally and logically marks an advance over the initial achievement.

There are no doubts or uncertainties about it.

Its advantages and virtues are all clear and positive and plain.

It has taken the one safe V-type criterion and carried it to the highest pitch.

It is twelve months away—13,000 cars away—from the least or last element of experiment.

Its pre-eminence cannot consistently be questioned.

In the face of the widespread adoption of the very principles which produced that pre-eminence, its leadership is not even a subject for discussion.

We believe that the new Eight-Cylinder Cadillac embodies the most practical combination of all 'round efficiency.

No really desirable qualities are sacrificed in order that some less essential—which provide more spectacular, but empty "talking points"—may be exploited.

We believe that it possesses a maximum of the worthwhile characteristics which the most exacting motorist wants in his car—power, speed, smoothness, flexibility, ease of operation, dependability and endurance.

We repeat—again—we do not believe the equal of this new Cadillac exists.

And we do not believe that it can or will exist for a long time to come.

Styles and Prices

Standard Seven passenger car, Five passenger Salon and Roadster, \$2080. Three passenger Victoria, \$2400. Five passenger Brougham, \$2950. Seven passenger Limousine, \$3450. Berlin, \$3600. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

woman addressed William with Southern familiarity as follows:

"William, do you think it is safe to trust Elsie to go for a flight with this aviator?"

"Yes, sircce,—marm,—" replied the old negro, "Marse Beech, done hab bofe hands accipied on dem levers all de time."

Two Ways of Measuring.

Mr. Lloyd George's wit on the platform is well known, but *Pearson's Weekly* says that the following was one of the neatest retorts he ever made:

He was addressing a meeting in South Wales when the chairman, thinking to be witty at the chancellor's expense, remarked to the audience that he was a little disappointed in Mr. Lloyd George's appearance. "I had heard so much about Mr. Lloyd George," he said, "that I naturally expected to meet a big man in every sense; but, as you can see for yourselves, he is very small in stature."

Many an orator would have been grievously upset by such an unfortunate beginning to the proceedings, but not so Mr. Lloyd George.

"I am grieved to find," he said, with mock seriousness, "that your chairman is disappointed in my size, but this is owing to the way you have here of measuring a man. In North Wales we measure a man from his chin up, but you evidently measure him from his chin down!"

After that the chairman made no more personal remarks.

The Lack of Observation.

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students, "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For instance—" Picking up a jar of chemicals of vile odor, continues the *Windsor Magazine*, he stuck one finger into it and then one into his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student. After each one had licked his finger, and had felt rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor exclaimed triumphantly: "I tol' ye so. Ye dinna use your faculties. For if ye had obsarved, ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth."

The Mule Story by Telephone.

Luke had been sent to the store with the mule and wagon. What happened is told by the N. Y. *Evening Post Saturday Magazine* as Luke's end of the conversation over the telephone from the store.

"Gimme seb'n'-leben.

"Gimme dat number quick, please 'm.

"Dis yer's Luke, suh.

"Dis yer's Luke, I say, suh.

"I tuk de wagon to de sto' fo' dat truck.

"Yas, suh, I'm at de sto'.

"Dat mule, she balk, suh.

"She's balkin' in de big road, near the sto'.

"No, suh, she ain' move.

"No, suh, I don't think she's gwine move.

"Yas, suh, I beat 'er.

"I did beat 'er good.

"She jes' r'ar a li'l bit, suh.

"Yas, suh, she kick, too.

"She jes' bus de whiffletree li'l bit, suh.

"No, suh, dat mule won't lead.

"Yas, suh, I tried it.

"No, suh, jes' bit at me.

"No, suh, I ain't tickle de laigs.

"I tickle um las' year, suh, once.

"Yas, suh, we twis' 'er tail.

"No, suh, I ain' done it.

"Who done it?"

"I t'ink he's li'l travelin' man f'um Boston, suh. He twis' 'er tail.

"YAS, SUH! SHE SHO' DID!

"Right spang in de face, suh.

"Dey's got 'im at de sto'.

"Dey say he's comin' to, suh.

"I don't know—he do look mighty sleepy to me, suh.

"Yas, suh, we tried dat.

"Yas, suh, we built a fire under 'er.

"No, suh, dat ain' make 'er go.

"She jes' move up li'l bit, suh.

"Yas, suh, de wagon bu'n right up. Dat's whut I'm telephonin' yu 'bout—to ast yu please sen' a wagon to hitch up to dis yer mule. She ain' gwine budge lessen she's hitched up. Good-bye, suh."

WHO WILL WIN THE WAR?

—A COLLOQUY—

[Two war correspondents of the Chicago *Tribune* met a few days ago in Sweden. One—Robert R. McCormick—had been doing his work in England, France, Russia, Austria, the Balkans and Greece. The other—James O'Donnell Bennett—had been in England, France, Belgium, Austria and Russia. They began to exchange notes. One thoroly believed in the allies and the other in the Teutons. Each tried to convince the other that he was deluded, fatuous, mad. Neither succeeded. But they agreed to submit the colloquy to their readers at home and the following brand-new form of war story is the result.]

BENNETT: "From what you learned in Russia, how would you sum up the situation in a nutshell?"

McCormick: "The war is won."

Bennett: "By Russia, you mean?"

McCormick: "Exactly."

Bennett: "Why?"

McCormick: "Because the German forty-year plan of campaign, which involved the military conquest of France, has broken down."

Bennett: "Why has it broken down?"

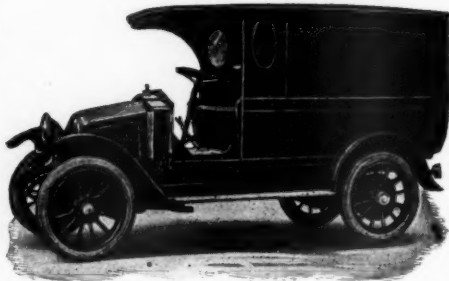
McCormick: "Because Russia struck Germany in the back and pulled her away from the gates of Paris—not once, but twice, in August and in October."

Bennett: "Granting that your interpretation of what has happened on the east

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front is sound, how long do you think the war will last?"

McCormick: "About three years at least."

Bennett: "Why?"

McCormick: "Because Germany has made an extraordinary levy en masse, and may as a result be able to maintain a military preponderance for that length of time. How long do you think the war will last?"

Bennett: "The best I dare to hope is that an end may be reached with Russia next autumn, with France toward the close of next winter, and with England, perhaps at the end of a year and a half, perhaps at the beginning of winter after next. But all my guesses are really most indefinite, because the more I see the less confidence I have in prophecies, especially my own prophecies. When the greatest generals of the age do not dare to anticipate, who am I to vaporize? But surely the war will last until the allies grow weary of beating their heads against the ring of steel and concrete protecting Germany. The value of that ring is not solely military. It is of enormous economic value in that within the ring every man, woman, and child is safely and confidently doing the appointed task. Why is it the German territory now occupied by the allies is of no significance?"

McCormick: "Because Germany was vastly superior in military resources at the outset of the war."

Bennett: "But you greatly miss the significance of the German military and economic organisms if you think the superiority you concede will not be maintained. Proof that it is being maintained and warrant for believing that it will be maintained lie in the Germans' constant discovering, inventing, and developing of new military and economic resources and expedients. The Germans are the most resourceful, the most ingenious and the thriftiest people in the world, and there are 70,000,000 of them. All their pre-eminent attributes they are now applying to the business of war-making with the same intensity they displayed in applying those attributes to carrying out the greatest experiment in practical socialism which the world has seen."

McCormick: "All that will be equalized when the other nations have been studying the business of making war a little longer."

Bennett: "A little longer! Man alive! Germany has been learning what she knows ever since the time of Frederick the Great's father. It's taken nearly two centuries."

McCormick: "Please let me finish. Of the three allies, Russia was the only militaristic nation, but it was neither a scientific nor a manufacturing nation. When Russia has received the benefits of its scientific and manufacturing powers,

then its numerical and physical preponderance will turn the scale."

Bennett: "Meanwhile Germany will have won the war. What of this report I hear that the 'only sons' in Russia—always exempt from military service except in case of a supreme crisis—have been called to the colors?"

McCormick: "I don't know about that, but I do know that Russia has only first-line men and has not had recourse to Landwehr or Landsturm."

Bennett: "How can Russia reconcile itself to the indubitable moral effect on the Balkans of the retaking of Przemyśl?"

McCormick: "Przemyśl was hard to hold because the Russian railway extends only to the borders of Galicia. When I was in Lemberg the road had not been extended that far. But the great point is this—that Russia has been able to fight the war with an eye solely to military con-

sideration, while Germany has found it necessary to subvert military ends to moral effect, as shown, first, by withdrawing six army corps from before Paris to repel the raid into East Prussia, and, second, by an attack in Galicia, which can hardly bring any military advantage, because by pushing in the Russian front the Germans are merely lengthening their own lines of communication and shortening the lines of the Russians. A military move of genuine value would have been to strike south from Königsberg."

Bennett: "This is madness or fatuity. The price of successful invasion is the keeping open of your long lines of communications."

McCormick: "That has seldom been done in history. The attempt to do it has ruined greater men than their Excellencies Hindenburg and Mackensen; *vide* the retreat from Moscow."



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Bennett: Cracow is unscathed; two-thirds of Galicia is cleared of the enemy; Przemyśl is retaken, and there is not a Russian foot on German soil. What do you make of that?"

McCormick: "The Russians have never made an offensive against Germany except as a diversion to pull the German forces from the western front. In other words—again my phrase—to draw Germany away from the gates of Paris and Calais."

Bennett: "After your travels in three of the allied countries, what reasons do you find for the pitiless attitude of the press not only of the allies but of technically neutral countries toward Germany?"

McCormick: "I don't concede the premises of your question. I don't believe there is a pitiless attitude toward Germany. The neutrals feel that Germany is bent on conquest, and the allies are therefore fighting for their continued freedom."

Bennett: "Broadly speaking, is it not true that Germany, except for the two nations in arms with her, has not a friend in the world? That certainly is my conviction."

McCormick: "Sweden, as you and I have seen in the past few days, is a friend to Germany—platonic, perhaps, but certainly friendly. Furthermore, Germany has got the Kings and Queens of most of the Balkan States and the Queen of Greece. Personally, I feel that the extinction of Germany would be most undesirable from the point of view of the United States."

Bennett: "Why? I ask because I am glad you concede that much, and I want to hear your reasons."

McCormick: "Germany is undoubtedly the world-leader in the development of organized community life; and that, when combined with a democratic form of government, is the ideal toward which civiliza-

tion is reaching. From a national point of view, I feel that the overwhelming defeat of their side in this struggle would leave the victor strong enough to threaten the power and even the freedom of the United States."

Bennett (aside): "Precisely as England is doing at this moment."

McCormick (catching the words): "And so is Germany."

Bennett: "Any way, you and I are beginning to get to a common basis. Your just spoken views on Germany as a world leader in the task of making life better worth living for those who used to find life hardest become identical with my views. After ten months in Germany and after observations in alien territory, now not only conquered and occupied by Germany, but also brilliantly reorganized and administered by Germany, it is my profound conviction that Germany has a mission as the reorganizer, cleanser, and discipliner of Continental Europe."

McCormick: "Then you admit the allies' point of view?"

Bennett: "I don't quite catch your meaning."

McCormick: "You believe that Germany has a mission to conquer Europe?"

Bennett: "You are not playing fair. You twist my words. But put it that way if you like. A mission to conquer Europe, yes. But not by arms. The present struggle of arms is preliminary to Germany's entry into colossal economic and scientific works that will extend from the Baltic to the Bosphorus. When has Germany abused victory? Is not German Poland the better for Germany being there? Is not German Poland the answer to the case of Ireland when you come to contrast English methods of administering conquered countries with the German method?"

McCormick: "You say that German Poland is the better for Germany's being there?"

Bennett: "Decidedly."

McCormick: "The Poles don't think so."

Bennett: "I beg your pardon, but I am confident they do. I have spent a month in German Poland since the war began. I saw much of the good attitude of the Poles toward the German Government in the present crisis. As a result, especially of the good attitude of the Polish Catholic clergy, Posen has to-day an Archbishop for the first time in several years; I think it is twelve years."

McCormick: "A Pole is not allowed to build a house or a pigsty without the consent of the Prussian autocracy."

Bennett: "If you mean that a Pole in German Poland has to conform to the best building regulations in the world, I can only say that so does a German have to."

McCormick: "A Pole is dispossessed



When the War is Over

Merely talking about it isn't going to increase your individual prosperity. When the trade currents become fiercer, they will the more easily sweep you into the back waters if you lack the strength to keep to the channel.

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Think, man, of the opportunities when the War is over. Half the world bank-

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of his land without adequate compensation."

Bennett: "I don't believe it. The fact is that the Germans in a somewhat visionary effort to Germanize Poland have paid extravagant prices for hundreds of Polish farms. That fact I had on the authority of a nephew of Prince Bismarck. Furthermore, the prices paid by the Germans for these Polish farms and estates often were so lavish that Poles whose funds were not in land frequently made a good thing out of Germany by buying up the farms of their compatriots at a reasonable figure and reselling them to the Germans at a large advance. This happened so often that Count Bismarck acknowledged that the German land scheme in Poland had been, if not a failure, certainly a disappointment."

McCormick: "But let's go back a little. You ask me, 'When has Germany ever abused victory?' Like every other country, she has abused victory every time she has won. She is ruthless in Schleswig-Holstein, in Poland, in Alsace-Lorraine, stamping out national characteristics with great brutality."

Bennett: "With tactlessness, yes."

McCormick: "The Norwegian Amundsen was not allowed to lecture in Schleswig-Holstein in a Scandinavian tongue. That was only so late as last year, and you and I have the fact from the explorer himself. As to contrasts that you seem to think are evoked by the woes of Poland and Ireland, I can only say that I hope to live to see home rule attained by both the Poles and the Irish. Now, I want to ask you a question, and I think it is a fair one. Do you think Austria-Hungary will ever free herself from the domination of the Hohenzollern family, which this war has already created?"

Bennett: "Not to evade, but honestly to state my belief, I don't think such a domination exists. Such measures of self-sacrifice as have been taken by Austria have been taken for the weal of both countries. As to the future, the relations between Germany and Austria will not involve German domination, but will comprehend a working partnership between the two countries. But let us not get too deep in the Weltpolitik."

McCormick: "Good."

Bennett: "How long can Russia keep it up?"

McCormick: "Oh, forever. Ah! of course that's a rhetorical answer, and I don't mean it. But, to the best of my belief, they don't contemplate an offensive for at least one year, and I know that their ammunition contracts are made for a minimum of three years. I don't mean that all contracts are made for that period, but the output of big factories working twenty-four hours a day has been purchased for that period, with the option of renewal."

Bennett: "How about the food sup-

ply for the civil population in Russia?"

McCormick: "I discovered no signs of alarm. How is it in Germany?"

Bennett: "Given the present conditions, the situation could not be more satisfactory. I have been in at least twenty German cities, large and small, and I found no evidences of want. You can still eat more than is good for you in Germany for 2 marks (50 cents). And what do you make of this fact? Of all the warring powers, Germany is the only one that has not had to waste time and

heartache over the drink problem. Think of that, man!—a nation that can say, 'In our time of stress we have not to deal with drunkenness.' As to pauperism—I don't mean poverty—but as to pauperism, Germany can say the same thing. It's wonderful, and it is beautiful."

McCormick: "I don't believe there is any drink problem."

Bennett: "It's the curse of the world, and you know it."

McCormick: "Do you think there is any serious question that the Kaiser party in



If a Giant Cut the Wires

Suppose all telephones were silent, and that for forty-eight hours you could not even call a telephone exchange anywhere in the Bell System to ask what the trouble was!

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Germany considers that the Kaiser has the divine right to change even international law to suit the needs of imperial Germany?"

Bennett: "The Germans are not idol worshippers. The so-called divine right attitude is a fantasy not created by them but by a credulous world. The Hohenzollerns never believed in their so-called divine right save in the sense that any honest, pious, patriotic man believes that a divine obligation is laid on him to do his work in the world. Read the history of that family. No man can understand the Germany of to-day who hasn't read Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great.'"

McCormick: "Nonsense! Carlyle was a romancer."

Bennett: "About the hardest-headed one I ever encountered."

McCormick: "Why are the Germans torpedoing so many Norwegian boats?"

Bennett: "The natural inference is that the Norwegians are getting rich out of carrying contraband. That inference is justified by the enormous increase in the value of Norwegian ships—an increase known to you as being at least double."

McCormick: "Why did the Germans shoot Belgian civil prisoners?"

Bennett: "Because they madly violated the rules of war."

McCormick: "Do you feel that in embarking to-morrow on a Norwegian boat bound for England I am going to get the full protection of international law?"

Bennett: "Decidedly not, and I wish you would not do it. You will not get that protection for the reason that Germany, rightly or wrongly, believes that Norway is carrying on traffic in violation of regulations governing contraband."

McCormick: "Then I have to make a conclusion from your two admissions, and I have you on the hip. For I must say that in the case of Belgium, Germany has taken the extreme of a possible construction of the law to justify the killing of Belgians, and is taking the extreme of an opposite construction of the law to justify the killing of Americans. I cannot but feel that Germany's international lawyers are frantically endeavoring to find excuses for the hereditary militarists who consider the command of the Kaiser, or of those who stand in the place of the Kaiser, to be above every law, national, international, religious, or humane."

Bennett: "War is war, and because it is what it is it involves the relaxation and often the infraction of laws we try to maintain in peace time, and, with more or less success, do maintain. The drastic infraction of those laws is peculiar to no nation in arms. You dwell on the German reprisals against Franc-tireurs in Belgium. It was terrible, I grant; but apparently it had to be if a whole army corps was to escape destruction. But, drastic as were these reprisals, there is not a page in German history saddened by a record

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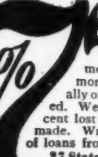


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of such reprisals as the English felt they had to make in India."

McCormick: "Is the conquest of a civilized people and the blotting out of its racial or its national institutions justified on the principle of discipline, organization and 'Kultur'?"

Bennett: "Absolutely yes. That's history, that's civilization."

McCormick: "Do you believe that this is the opinion held in Germany?"

Bennett: "Yes."

McCormick: "Then what application of this view do you make in regard to our country?"

Bennett: "We do our work in the world, or we perish from it. Otherwise why cumber we the ground?"

McCormick: "I don't know but that's right, tho not precisely in the way you mean."

PLAYING A GHOSTLY "MARSEILLAISE" TO VICTORY

[Here is an unparalleled story of a French hero band of musicians. All fell on the battlefield leading a charge—all save one trombone player—but with him their spirits and the army marched on. Camille Decreus, French composer and pianist, immortalizes the story in the *N. Y. Times*.]

IT WAS at Vauquois that an incident happened which I suppose stands alone in this war, the charge of a regimental band at the head of troops. Nowadays the bands are usually kept at the rear. But a critical moment came. Our men had three times attacked the Germans, and had thrice been repulsed. The colonel felt that a time for supreme effort had arrived. He summoned the leader of the band.

"Put your men at the head of the regiment, strike up the 'Marseillaise,' and lead them to victory," he commanded. "The bandmaster saluted. He called his musicians, and told them what was expected. Then the forty of them took their positions. Our line reformed. The bandmaster waved his baton.

"Allons, Enfants de la Patrie!" rang out, and the men took up the song. France was calling upon them to do or die. The band started out on the double-quick, as if on rapid parade. The Germans must have rubbed their eyes. No musician carried a weapon. But they were carrying the 'Marseillaise' against the foe. Then came the continuous rattle of the machine guns. The band marched on, their ranks thinning at every step. The leader went down. The cornettist followed him. The drummers and their instruments collapsed in the same volley. In less than five minutes every man of the forty was lying upon the ground, killed or wounded, that is, with one exception. That was a trombone player.

"His whole instrument was shot away except the mouthpiece and the slide, to which his fingers were fastened. He did not know it. He still blew, and worked the slide. It was only a ghostly 'Marseillaise' he was playing, but the spirits of his dead comrades played with him, and at the head of the regiment, and with that fragment of a trombone he led the way to victory. The trench was taken. Half of the band had died on the field of honor."

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Some foods that we eat, if hermetically sealed in a thin glass retort as pictured, would literally explode—no wonder we're half sick most of the time!



Some Foods Explode In Your Stomach

Synopsis of Course

1. Nine great laws that govern life.
2. What food is and its true purpose.
3. Digestion, assimilation and metabolism.
4. Chemistry of the body and the chemistry of food.
5. How wrong eating causes disease.
6. How foods establish health by removing causes of disease.
7. Scientific eating explained, sample menus.
8. Harmonious combinations of food tables.
9. How to select, combine and proportion your food according to age, sample menus.
10. How to select, combine and proportion your food according to occupation and season of year, sample menus.
11. Obesity, cause and cure, sample menus.
12. Emaciation, cause and cure, sample menus.
13. The business man's right and wrong ways of living, sample menus.
14. The new Vieno System of Food Measurement.
15. Food and Morality.
16. Tea, coffee, liquor, tobacco, etc.
17. Supercidity, fermentation, gastric catarrh and ulcer, intestinal gas and auto-intoxication. Causes, sample menus.
18. Supercidity, fermentation, gastric catarrh and ulcer, intestinal gas and auto-intoxication. The remedy, sample menus.
19. What to eat and omit for all stomach and intestinal disorders. Ready reference lesson.
20. Intestinal congestion (constipation), cause and cure, sample menus for the four seasons of year.
21. Appendicitis—cause and cure, sample menus.
22. Nervousness—cause and cure, sample menus.
23. Curative menus for each season of year for manual laborer and sedentary worker.
24. Diagnosis simplified and made practical.

There are many foods, harmless in themselves, which when eaten in combination with other harmless foods produce a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode. If you could look into your stomach right after breakfast, lunch or dinner any day, you would understand the cause of over 90% of all sickness, why most men are less than 50% efficient and why the average life of man is only 39 years.

Food is the fuel of the human system—it furnishes the motive power for the day's work. Yet not one in a hundred knows the chemistry of food or the effects of different foods in combination. Some of the meals we are constantly eating have the same effect on our system as dynamite, soggy wood, mud and a little coal would have on a furnace. No wonder we often lack the vital energy necessary to overcome every obstacle in our fight for success! No wonder so many of us are constantly being held back when we should be forging ahead! The trouble is that we're trying to run on fuel our system simply can't get any power out of.

Christian's Course in Scientific Eating

No Money in Advance—Examine it Free

Dr. Eugene Christian has long been recognized as the world's greatest authority on food and its relation to the human system. Over 25,000 people have come under his care and the results of his work have bordered on the miraculous. Without drugs or medicines of any kind—simply by teaching the proper selection, combination and proportion of foods under given conditions, he has cured nearly every known ailment by removing the cause and has increased the personal efficiency of his patients to well-nigh 100 per cent.

24 Boiled Down Lessons Scientific Eating contains Dr. Christian's 39 years' experience in actual practice. Every step is logically explained. Reasons are given for each statement which anyone can easily understand and it is a simple matter to follow the simple directions. And the beauty of Dr. Christian's methods is that you get results with the very first meal. No special foods are required. You don't have to upset your table to follow Dr. Christian's directions. Neither do you have to eat things you don't enjoy—Nature never intended that you should.

An Aid to Success You can't do good work unless you feel full of "pep" and ginger. The best ideas, plans and methods—the biggest business deals are put over when you are bubbling over with vitality. It is impossible to be really fit unless your food is scientifically chosen to supply the nutritive elements your mind and body demand. Man is made up of the sum total of what he eats. You can't add up to a very high state of efficiency if you don't know how to select your food, for the wrong foods counteract the good in right foods—and very often two right foods in combination make a wrong food. Dr. Christian has times without number turned sluggish, slow, unsuccessful men and women into very dynamo of money-making efficiency by merely teaching them food values.

Send No Money The Christian Course in Scientific Eating was designed and prepared to sell at \$10. A great many people have enrolled at this figure and have expressed the deepest satisfaction. Dr. Christian has decided, however, that both he and humanity at large would benefit more if he could make a price that would put this great work in the hands of the greatest number of people in the quickest possible time. So by cutting out all fancy bindings, etc., we have been able to make an introductory price of \$3 on the complete course in 24 lessons. But Dr. Christian doesn't even want you to pay this trifling price until you have had an opportunity to examine the course in your own home and find out what a wonderful aid to health and efficiency it really is. So you are not asked to send a penny in advance.

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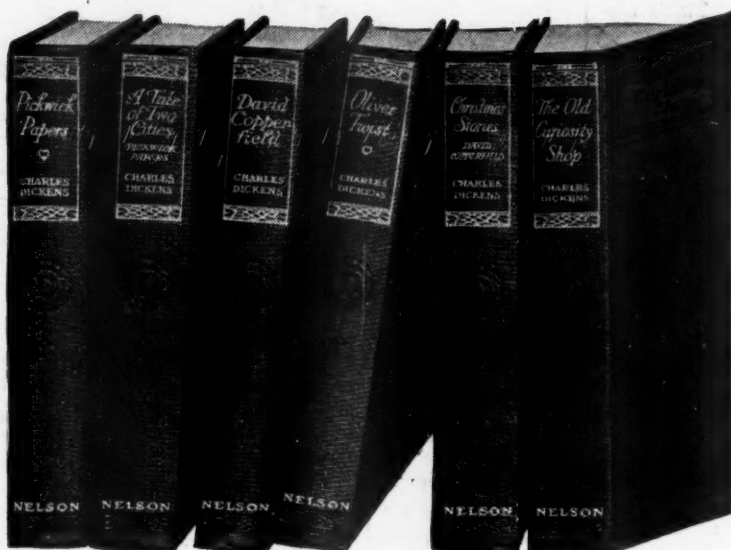
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